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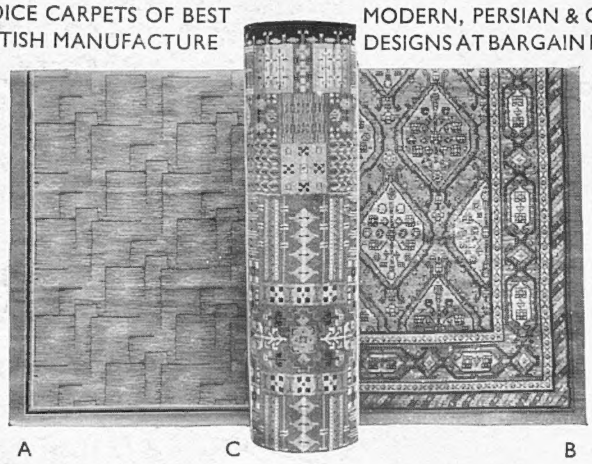

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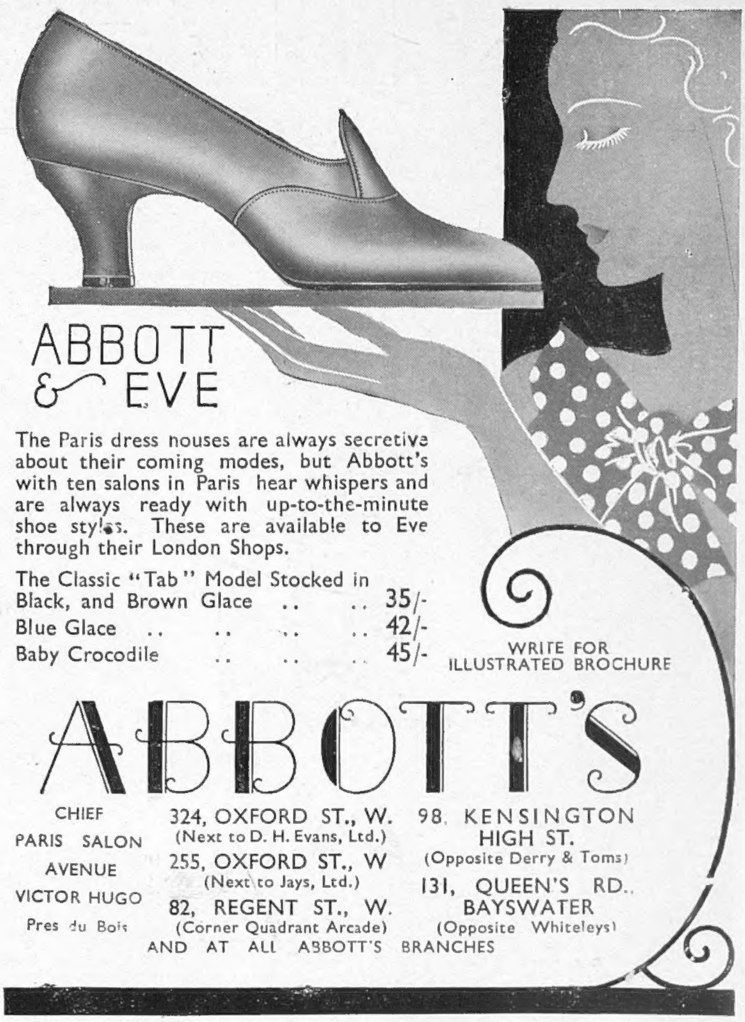

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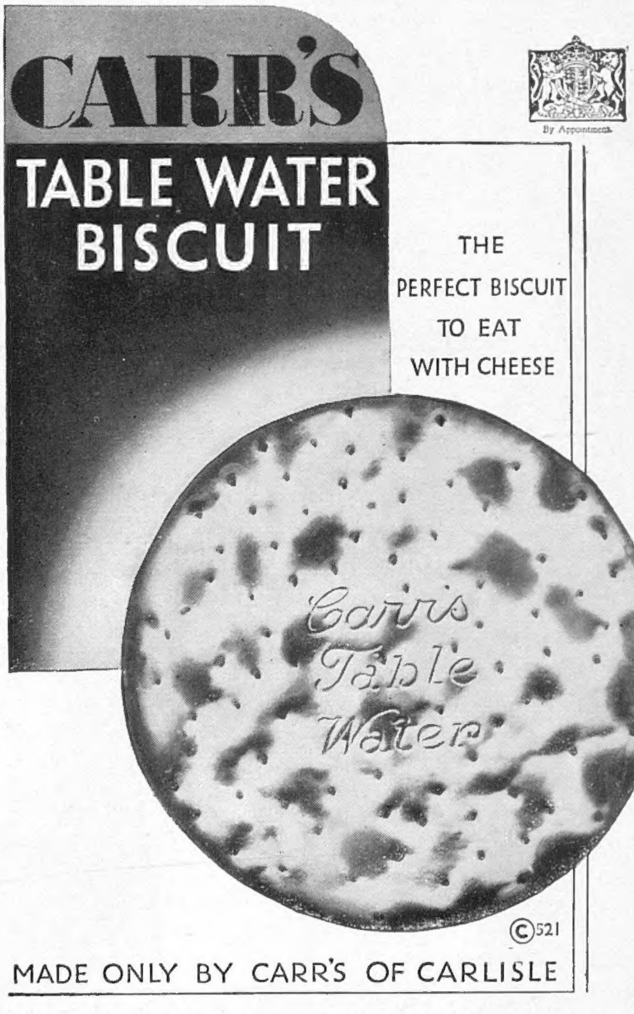

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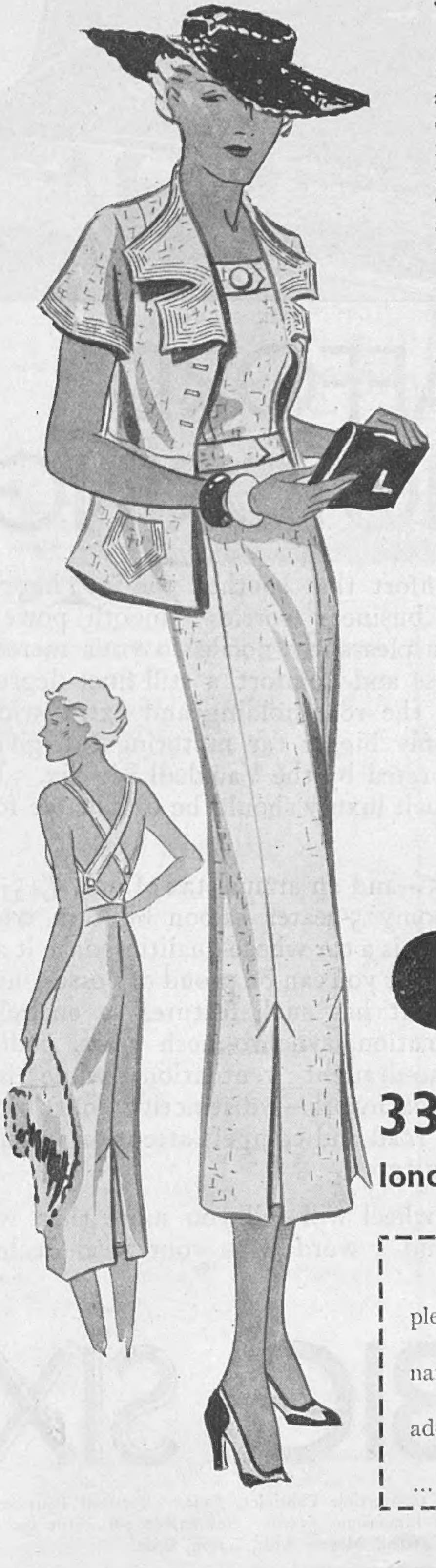

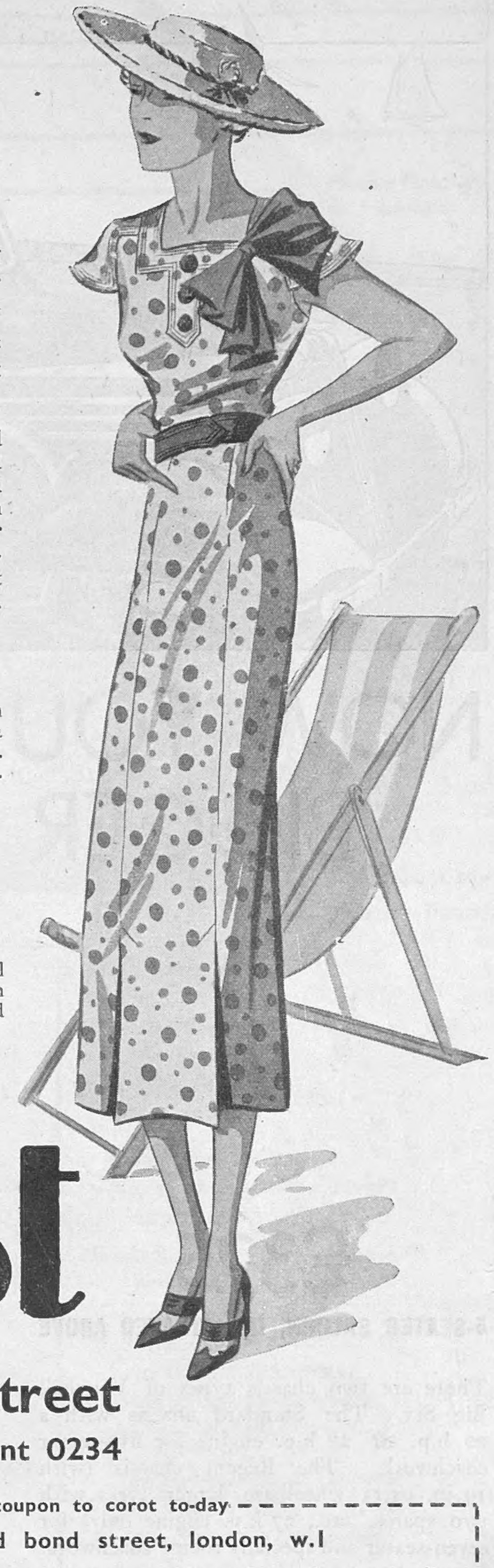

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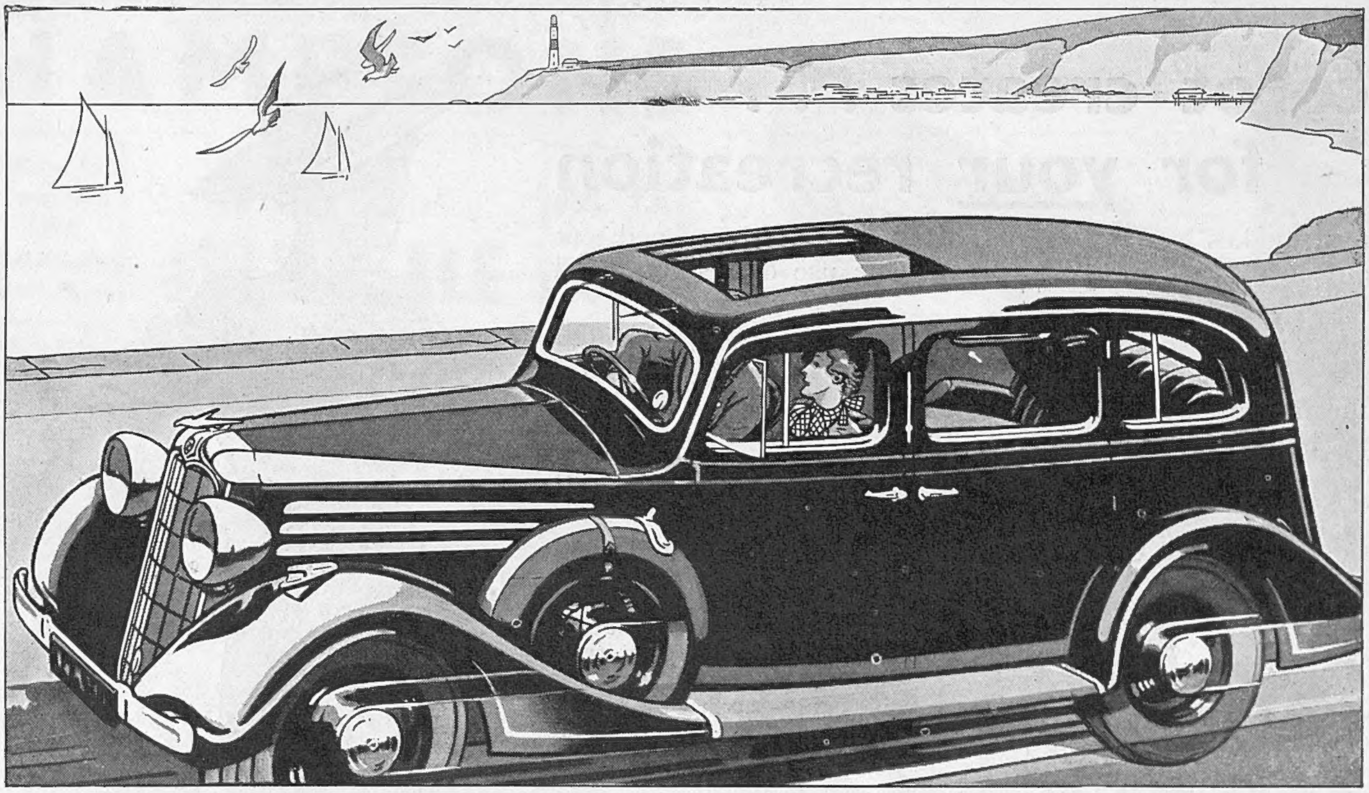

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BRITANNIA and EVE

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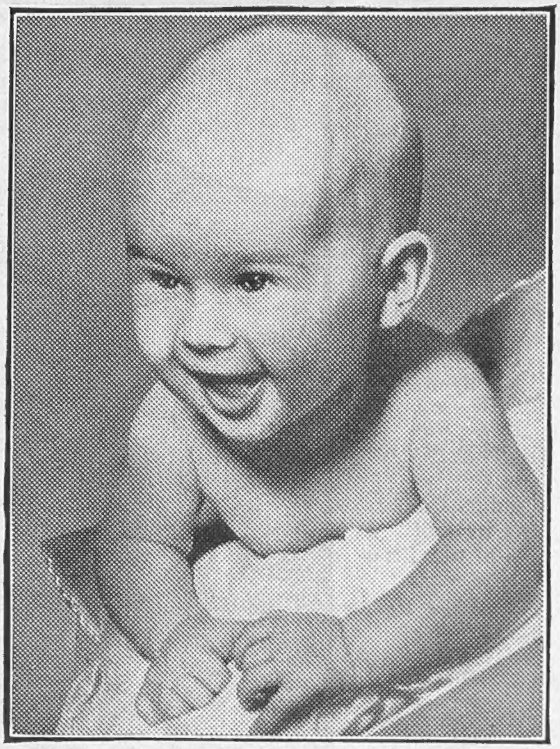

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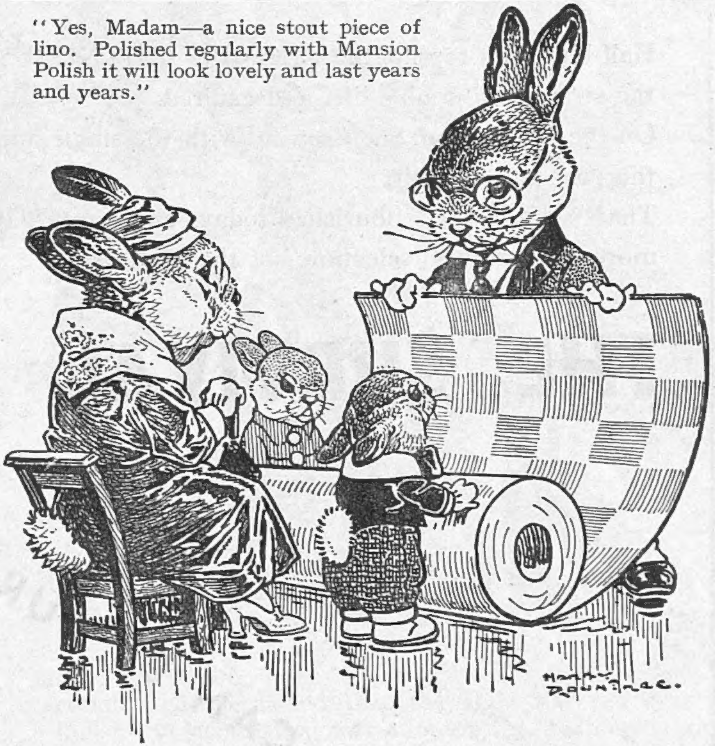

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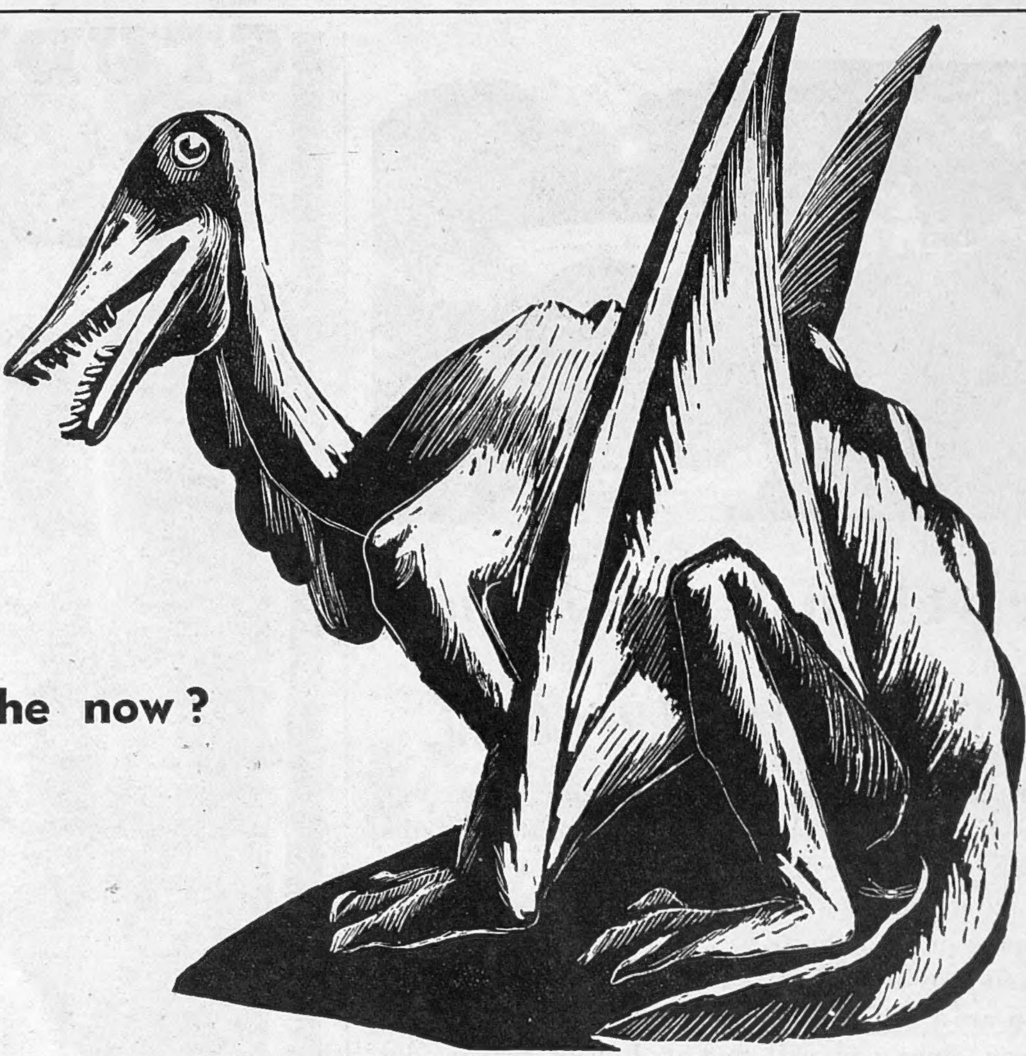

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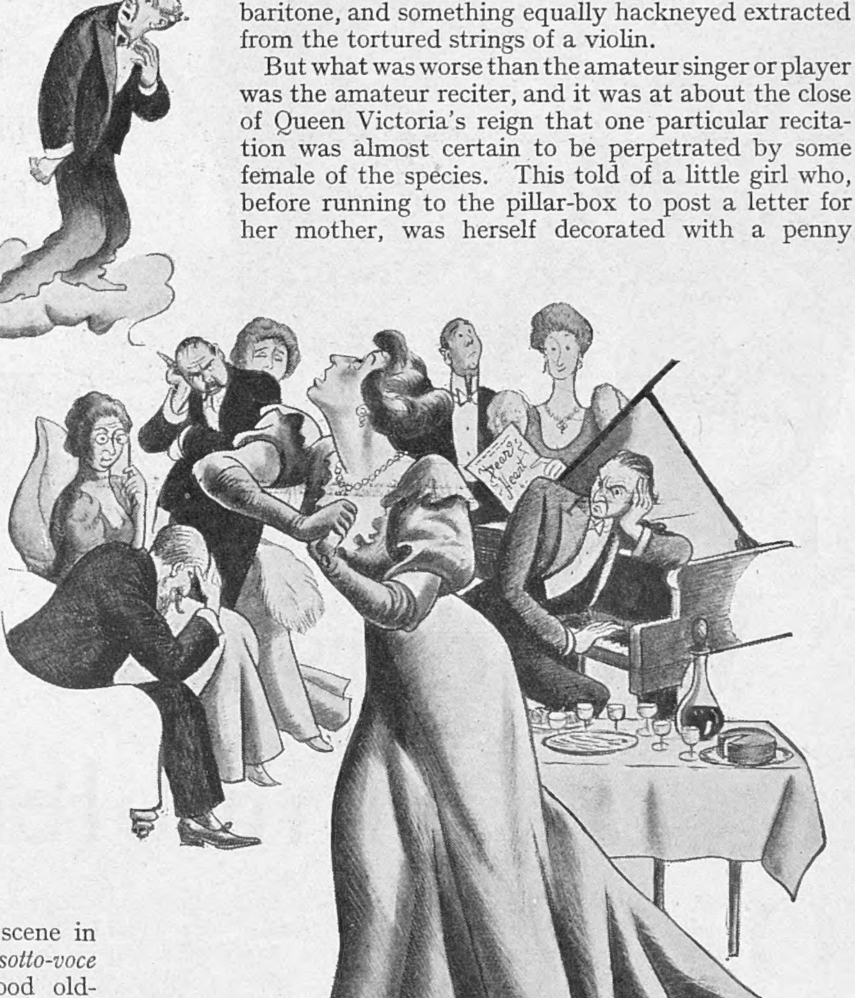
How Times *do* Change

No. 7: *After-Dinner Entertainments*



THE poor, benighted creature who to-day is unable to play a creditable hand at contract bridge may, perhaps, sigh for the time when hostesses did not rely almost entirely on cards—and one game at that—to keep their guests amused after dinner.

"When we were very young" the principal card game was whist, but this was considered too serious a pastime for ordinary post-prandial entertainment; and were cards played at all, it was generally vingt-et-un or snap for exceedingly small stakes or no stakes at all (were the Vicar present) which might be arranged by a middle-class hostess for the amusement of her guests. In all probability, however, reliance would more likely be placed on "a little music."

In that famous farce, "Dandy Dick," the late Sir Arthur Pinero wrote a scene which satirised this form of entertaining, when the guests sat round in a semicircle, the women in evening frocks and the men sporting black waistcoats and white ties, and a deathly stillness prevailed while various guests, at the behest of their hostess, entertained the rest of the company—a deathly stillness only broken by a murmur of appreciation (or was it relief?) as song, pianoforte or violin solo came to an end. It was during this scene in "Dandy Dick" that one of the characters made a *sotto-voce* remark: "No, there's nothing like it: the good old-fashioned English musical evening at home." And no doubt this was true. There was nothing like it!

A CERTAIN ritual was attached to the proceedings, one of the rites being that if either host or hostess was capable of entertaining, some guest should insist upon almost immediate performance. This was expected, and if by chance everyone was backward in adopting the onus of asking, the disappointed songster cleared a throat in an impressive manner to remind guests that duty, duty must be done.

Then, again, any guest called upon to perform was expected to show surprise and diffidence at being asked, even though both were proved to be assumed when the guest returned to the drawing room carrying a sheaf of music which he had thoughtfully brought with him.

It would, indeed, be something of a rarity if during the course of the evening those compelled to listen were not regaled with "Simple Aveu" on the piano, a ballad by Frederick Weatherley, sung by a throaty baritone, and something equally hackneyed extracted from the tortured strings of a violin.

But what was worse than the amateur singer or player was the amateur reciter, and it was at about the close of Queen Victoria's reign that one particular recitation was almost certain to be perpetrated by some female of the species. This told of a little girl who, before running to the pillar-box to post a letter for her mother, was herself decorated with a penny stamp. Fate ordained that the child was run over and killed, but consolation was afforded the distraught parent in that her little one was regarded as a letter which had been stamped and delivered at the heavenly gates!

Even though in the course of the evening exhausted frames were nourished with sandwiches and cakes washed down with port wine and claret cup, these evenings were hard to bear, and it is possible that the non-player of cards in the present day is luckier than his parents and grandparents in not being asked to move from his own fireside with the wireless and gramophone handy. After all, they can be silenced at will!

The Seven Wonders of Wimbledon

1. The All-England Club;
2. The Renshaw Brothers;
3. The Doherty Brothers;
4. Miss Elizabeth Ryan;
5. Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen;
6. William T. Tilden, and
7. The Vines-Crawford Final, 1933

ONCE again the Championships are on us. The climax of another season of lawn tennis has been reached. Months ago, in the rural atmosphere of Church Road, the All-England Club stirred in its winter sleep, and began quietly to prepare itself for the great moment of its year—the Wimbledon Fortnight.

You could scarcely blame the "Club" for suffering a little from swollen head about this time. It has become the Mecca of lawn tennis champions from Norway in the North and New Zealand in the South, America in the West and Japan in the East. It is the stage on which the fastest and fiercest grass games in the world are played. And it knows that for a glorious two weeks it will oust politics, earthquakes, murders, and stock exchange crises from the headlines of the world's newspapers.

Not long ago, in a West End restaurant, I was discussing the Wimbledon Fortnight with a Wightman Cup player, an ex-Lady Champion, and a gentleman who has played several times in the Men's Doubles Championship. Each of us gave a version of what he or she considered to be the Seven Wonders of Wimbledon—meaning, of course, the seven most wonderful happenings or personalities in the history of lawn tennis. For the story of the Wimbledon Championships is essentially the story of the game itself.

Our individual theories necessarily varied—though to a surprisingly small extent. And on one point we were unanimous. The primary Wonder of Wimbledon is the All-England Club.

IT is not easy to realise that little more than half a century ago there was no such game as lawn tennis. No, I did not say there was no All-England Club! Had you walked down Worple Road, Wimbledon, on any summer evening in 1870, you would have passed, near the old South Western Railway banking, the grounds of the then recently formed All-England Croquet Club. There were no nets, no rackets, no bouncing balls, simply a number of middle-aged ladies and gentlemen amusing

Willie Renshaw who won the championship seven times—from 1881 to 1886 and in 1889

The Vines—Crawford Final at Wimbledon, 1933. The finest game of Lawn Tennis ever played on the Centre Court

The Doherty Brothers

Miss Elizabeth Ryan

William T. Tilden: The first American to triumph at Wimbledon.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen

By
Howard Jones

themselves with wooden balls and mallets. To observe the birth and first developments of lawn tennis, you must leave them there for a few short years, and make the journey to Nantclwyd, North Wales. It is Christmas, 1873, and a certain Major Wingfield, a member of a house party, has just introduced a game he rather obscurely calls *Sphairistikê*. The game is played on a court twenty yards long, ten yards wide at each end, and divided in the middle by a net seven yards from post to post. India-rubber balls and rackets are used, the "server" taking his stand in a "diamond" roughly in the centre of one half of the court.

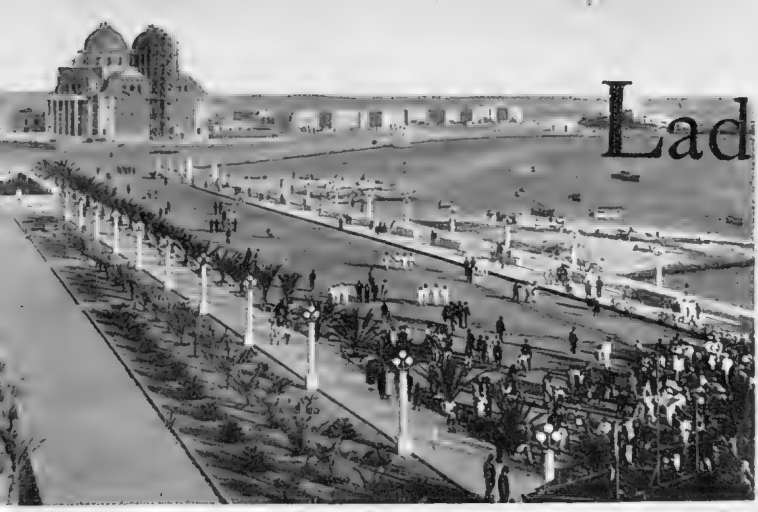
There is not much resemblance between this pastime and lawn tennis as we know it to-day. Yet *Sphairistikê* is the forerunner of our modern game. It proved immediately popular, developing so quickly that, in 1873, a sub-committee of the Marylebone Cricket Club issued a code of rules for the attention of its devotees. Incidentally, the game was now known as lawn tennis (to distinguish it from real tennis), but exactly how or when the clumsy designation *Sphairistikê* was dropped has never been recorded.

Equally obscure, too, is the reason why a few dozen staid croquet players down at Wimbledon should suddenly decide to adopt lawn tennis as a side line. But adopt it they did, and once the step was taken there was no turning back. From that moment, in the spring of 1877, when they decided to re-name their club the All-England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club, and to institute a lawn tennis championship, croquet ceased to be of real significance to them.

True, they by no means neglected their hoops and mallets, and for many years afterwards an annual croquet tournament was staged at the Worple Road grounds. But lawn tennis, which they had adopted as a sort of orphan child, grew and thrived so rapidly that, unless they had given it the major portion of their time and attention, it would soon have become quite unmanageable.

In spite of the rules issued by the M.C.C., the game was in a very loose condition when the All-England Club took it up. For instance, a net seven feet high was permitted in handicap play, and the stipulations regarding rackets and balls could be interpreted much as players wished. So a committee consisting of C. G. Heathcote, Julian Marshall, and Henry Jones revised the regulations, and submitted their ideas to the M.C.C. for approval. That august body gave them its blessing, and not long afterwards waived all claims to be consulted in the matter. If the truth (*Continued on p.* 112

Lady Drummond Hay discovers the Beginnings of a New Roman



A view of Benghasi showing the marine promenade and the Cathedral. Some 12,000 of the 18,000 Italian inhabitants of Cirenaica live in this city

Colonel Douglas-Matheson in his shack, which overlooks the Bay of Sollum. The "stones" on the verandah are interesting fossils which he has found during road-making

Derna, the "Pearl of Cirenaica," showing the road beside the Wady. A town of palm groves and gardens, abundant sweet water, flowers, grape-vine pergolas and peaches. A veritable modern Eden

The Governor's Palace at Benghasi, Cirenaica

ITALY has a vision of re-creating an Imperial Roman Empire in North Africa. Mussolini's genius is trying to make the desert bloom. He is watering the sands with money to develop the arid regions of Cirenaica and Tripolitania into productive colonies. Outside of Italy, very little is known of this stupendous undertaking, especially of the task in Cirenaica, which was war-ridden and practically impenetrable until a few years ago.

From the green Valley of the Nile to the city of Tripoli I journeyed westward over infrequently-travelled desert roads and trails, completing my personal experience of North Africa from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. It was an impressive and thrilling panorama of Past glories, Present enterprise, and Future dreams.

The glistening white fort of Amséat rose sheer from the desert plateau. A mirage of Romance under turquoise skies and burning sun, I half-expected the heroes of "Beau Geste" to appear on its castellated walls. Dashing Italian officers did the honours.

Hours of desert driving westwards over rough tracks. Not a human being, camel, goat or donkey to be seen until the evening, when gazelles timidly ventured out. Listening, poised as if for flight, they scattered like leaves in the wind at the sound of cars. Tobruk by night, sparkling on a peninsula, contrasted with Tobruk next morning, hot and parched.

More desert. Enveloping, inescapable desert, golden setting for Derna "Pearl of Cirenaica," ringed by the emerald of palm groves and gardens. Abundant sweet water, colourful flowers, banana plantations, grape-vine pergolas, peaches, luscious berries to be had for the picking. An Eden of the twentieth century, curiously deposited like a pledge of God, in verdant isolation on the unquenched and sun-baked spaces surrounding.

Cirene, birthplace of Aristippus, founder of the Greek school of philosophy, rich in history and ruins. Suspended on the very edge of a plateau, two thousand feet above sea-level, like frozen hanging gardens. Tombs, temples and stones, greyly shadowed by plateau cloud-cap. Crumbling antiquity dominated by a palatial hotel, complete with ultra-modern furnishings, elaborate cuisine and cocktail-bar.

A glimpse of Italy's costly efforts to create an outlet for her surplus population

Empire *in* North Africa

Ruins of the Greek city of Cirene, Cirenaica, the birthplace of Aristippous, founder of the Greek school of philosophy

An Italian road through the district between Cirene and Benghasi, where colonial settlements exist or are being established. Heavy rains call for well-built highways with adequate drainage, factors which make them costly

Ancient Apollonia, twelve miles north-east on the sea coast, was, and still is, Cirene's seaport. The Temple of Apollo, once centre of the city, now washed by greedy waves. I found remains of mosaic pavements to be the most common pebbles on the beach.

Cirene to Benghasi, 145 miles through the Wady Kuf, along superb roads, lies the path of modernisation and progress. Centres of Italian colonisation, claims staked in the New Roman Empire in Africa.

Benghasi, where live some 12,000 of the total 18,000 Italian inhabitants of Cirenaica's 212,000 square miles. Hotels, cafés, shops, broad boulevards, magnificent cathedral. Model market, where the poorest Arab buys his humble scraps of meat and fish from State-controlled refrigerators and fly-proof safes at State-controlled prices.

Cirenaica is still in the raw. The Italians, having conquered the human inhabitants, are still fighting Nature. Their difficulties and problems are patent to the traveller. You see a colony in the making, weapons hardly cold, hatchets and axes agleam from the toil of clearing. Settlements planned. A geographical and mental No-man's Land dividing the races, to be bridged later by mutual understanding and broadened common sympathies.

Cirenaica is the eastern portion of Italian Libya, whose entire area of some 559,500 square miles is bounded by Tunisia in the west, Egypt in the east, the Mediterranean in the north, and the Sahara Desert in the south. The area of Cirenaica is approximately 73,000 square miles, but with the hinterland, the Zone of Kufra, 212,000 square miles. To all this, only 102 miles of railway. Excellent roads are being built, however, under the present Governorship of Marshal Italo Balbo, who described himself to me as a "Man of Roads."

According to the 1931 census, the native population consists of 145,746 Arabs, Berbers and Jews. Of the 18,861 Europeans, mostly Italians, some 12,000 centre in Benghasi.

Following through the centuries Phœnicians, Greeks, Egyptians, Romans Arabs and Turks, the Italians succeeded Turkey in Benghasi in 1911. The hostile

[*Continued on page* 106

(Below)

A new village at Beda Littoria (Sidi Rafa). Built in the modern style, each such village or settlement includes a Church, School, Fascist Club, Doctor, and Clinic. These facilities are provided for the inhabitants of the colonial houses so that they may have a sound and cultured centre around which the colonists will settle contentedly

The church at "Primavera," another central village or settlement, under construction

Candid Confessions of a Climbing Hostess

Told to Patrick Balfour

Illustrated by Edgar Spenceley

My parents were the Wrong People. Quite the Wrong People. My father's name was Smith. He was in the real estate business in a small way, down at Brixton, with an office round by the prison. He was a jolly man, with a slap on the back for everyone, and a fund of anecdote which made him popular in the local pubs, and brought him a good deal of business. He had great business acumen, and a capacity for hard work, and was building up a prosperous concern.

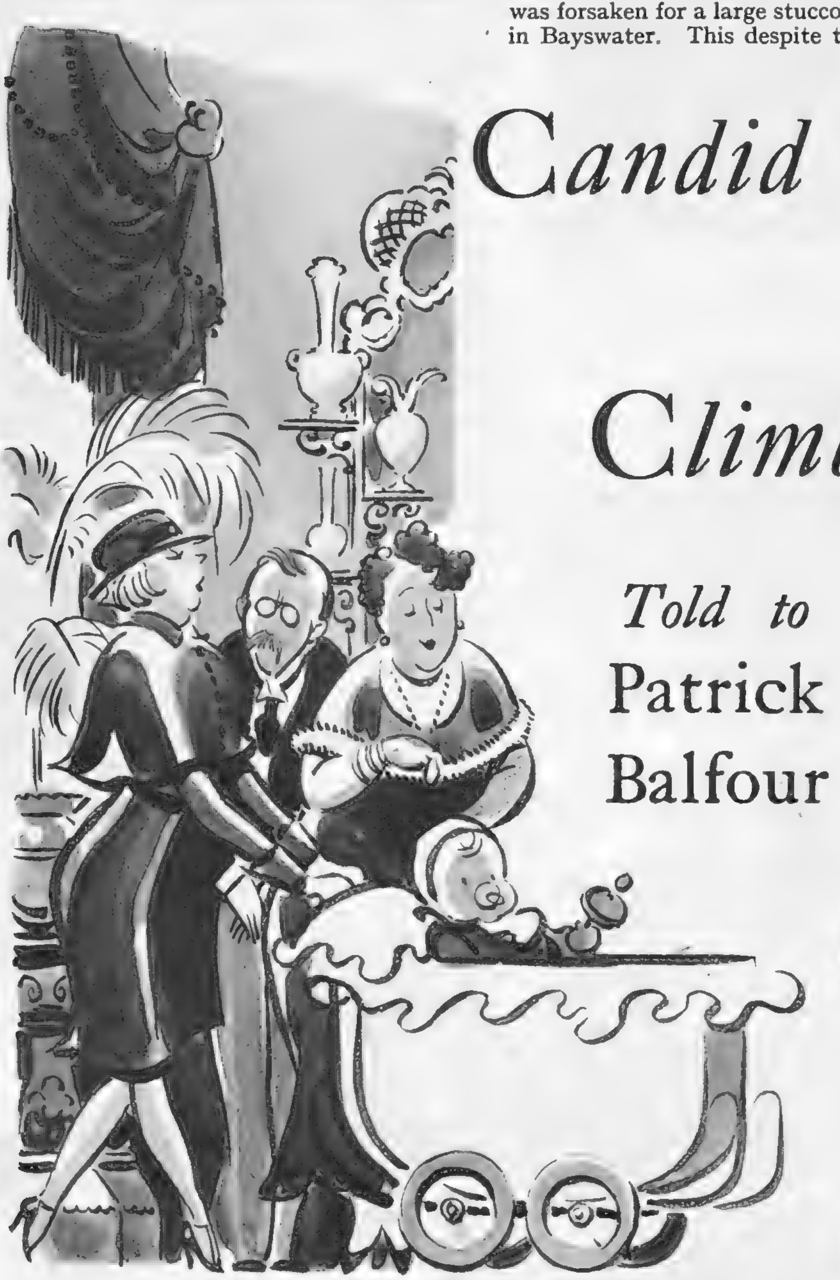
He met my mother in a boarding house at Worthing, one August Bank Holiday. My mother was a Miss Bone, and looked it. She was one of a family of four daughters who had " come down in the world." Their mother used to take them the rounds of the holiday boarding-houses in a despairing search for likely young men. My father was pounced on at once by Mrs. Bone. My mother, being the eldest of the four, and having already almost given up hope of a husband, was given first option, and took it. Why my father married her I never quite made out. The answer, I suppose, is that he didn't. She married him. She was a tiresome, pushing woman, with protruding teeth and no compensating attraction. My father was absorbed in his business, and took very little interest in women. I suppose he wanted a home, and thought one wife as good as another. My mother was never tired of boasting about her ancestry. She maintained that the Bones were a branch of Lord Herringbone's family, but, oddly enough, Debrett did not record the fact. She kept rubbing in to my father that he was of common stock, but since the only stock he cared about was 10 per cent. preference stock, her taunts went like water off a duck's back.

I was born a year after their marriage, and was christened Felicity Belvedere. Felicity, I suppose, was to epitomise the marital bliss which had somehow eluded my parents. Belvedere was my father's second name. He was christened John Belvedere because, at the time of his birth, the Smiths were living at " Belvedere," 143, Streatham Hill Road, S.W.19. Not long after my birth, my mother decided that plain Mrs. Smith was a name unworthy of a scion of the Herringbone family, so she became Mrs. Belvedere Smith, and my father was forced to hyphenate his name by deed poll. I, therefore, was Felicity Belvedere Belvedere-Smith.

When I was two years old, my father pulled off a big deal in real estate, as a result of which we Belvedere-Smiths could look forward to a life of some considerable prosperity and comfort. My mother immediately insisted that we move to a more elegant neighbourhood, and the villa in Brixton was forsaken for a large stuccoed mansion in Bayswater. This despite the protests of my father, whose work was in Brixton, and who not unnaturally would have preferred to go on living in that neighbourhood. Thenceforward he had to make his way every morning from the refined purlieus of Bayswater to his office in the suburbs, returning exhausted at night.

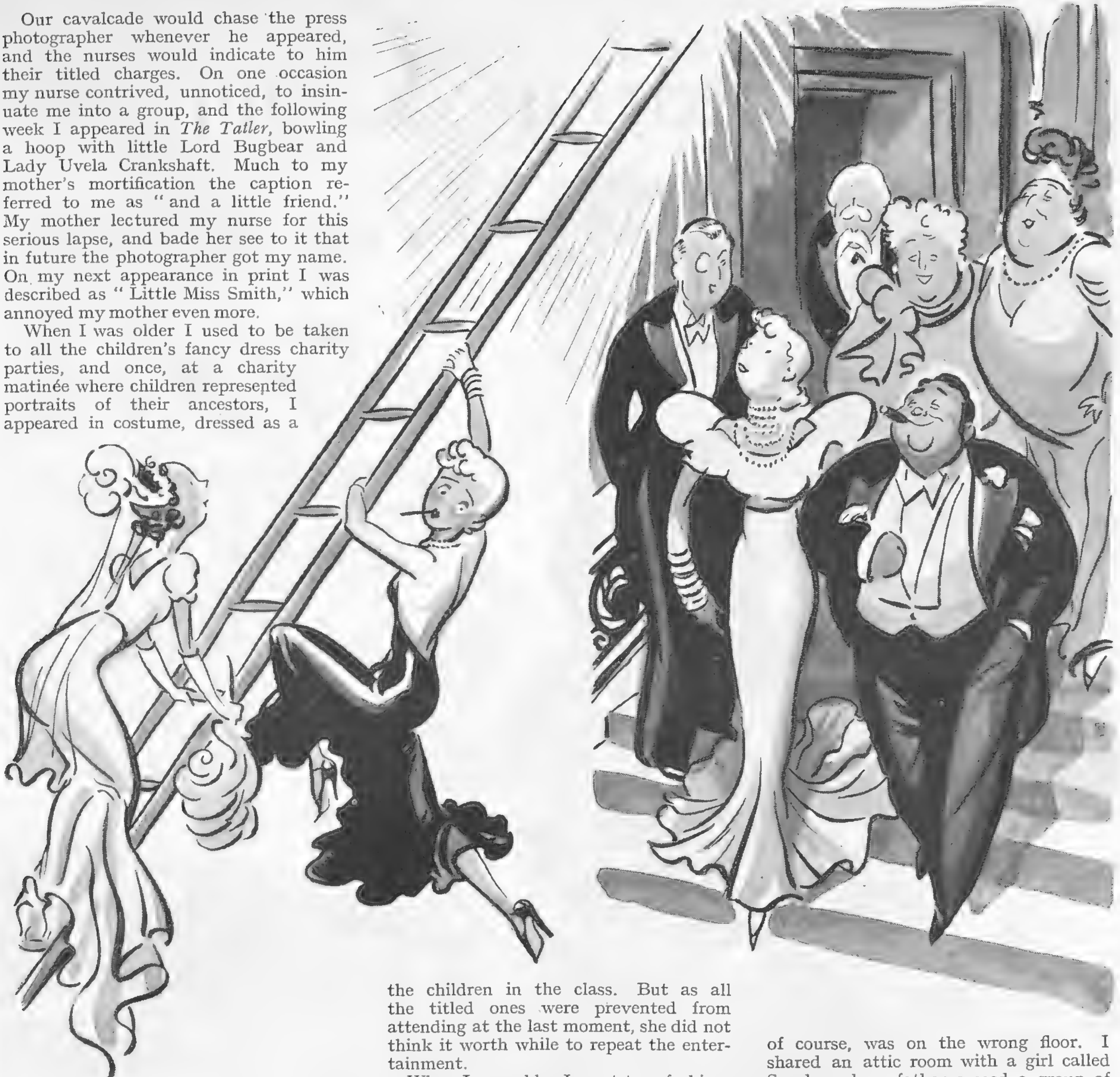
My mother started to spread herself. The house was furnished by Maple, who at that time was the fashionable decorator. The drawing-room had a suite of satinwood furniture and an elegant overmantel of the same wood, filled with blue and white china. The walls were panelled in lilac brocade and in the windows were a number of tropical ferns and palms in brass pots. Here she used to give whist drives, until somebody pointed out that this form of entertainment was not considered genteel in the West End, so she took to giving what she called conversaziones instead.

A nurse was engaged to look after me at a salary of £80 a year, and a nursery-maid at £25. The nurse regarded our family with some scorn, as she had come straight from the nurseries of Lady Ditchwater, who, however, had proved too irregular in the payment of wages. I had an ostentatious white perambulator, in which she wheeled me in Kensington Gardens each morning. Here she would only hobnob with what she called the " right " nurses, most of whom wheeled coroneted prams. They accepted me into their circle only by virtue of her previous connection with Lord Ditchwater



Our cavalcade would chase the press photographer whenever he appeared, and the nurses would indicate to him their titled charges. On one occasion my nurse contrived, unnoticed, to insinuate me into a group, and the following week I appeared in *The Tatler*, bowling a hoop with little Lord Bugbear and Lady Uvela Crankshaft. Much to my mother's mortification the caption referred to me as "and a little friend." My mother lectured my nurse for this serious lapse, and bade her see to it that in future the photographer got my name. On my next appearance in print I was described as "Little Miss Smith," which annoyed my mother even more.

When I was older I used to be taken to all the children's fancy dress charity parties, and once, at a charity matinée where children represented portraits of their ancestors, I appeared in costume, dressed as a boy with lace frills and holding a papier mâché pigeon. Beneath my photograph appeared the caption, "Miss Felicity Belvedere-Smith as Gainsborough's 'Boy with a Dove,' a portrait of her ancestor Viscount Bone, son of the second Earl of Herringbone. Her mother, Mrs. John Belvedere-Smith, who has a charming house in Inverness Terrace, is a kinswoman of the present earl."



ONE Christmas my nurse got me invited to the annual children's party at Ditchwater House, a service for which she received a substantial increase in salary from my mother. She was careful to point out beforehand that Lady Ditchwater never invited parents to this party. I was surprised, therefore, on arriving, to find more grown-ups than children present. But none of them looked or spoke at all like my mother. I used afterwards to meet the Ditchwater children at my weekly dancing class, but they were always rather standoffish and paid very little attention to me. One year my mother gave a children's party to which she made me invite all the children in the class. But as all the titled ones were prevented from attending at the last moment, she did not think it worth while to repeat the entertainment.

When I was older I went to a fashionable school near Ascot, where I received no education at a cost of eighty guineas per term. My mother used to come down often and make me invite the "right" girls out to lunch, but when their mothers came down they only invited the "right" girls too, so this didn't get us anywhere. When I was nearly seventeen, I was sent to a school in Paris to be "finished." The fees were a hundred guineas a term, and the extras, including the only part of the school curriculum which was of any importance from a finishing point of view, totalled anything up to another £75. It was thought that here at least I should have the opportunity to mix with the "right" girls, as all the most fashionable sub-debutantes were at the school. But our mistresses had a strongly developed social sense. The school had three floors. The daughters of dukes and earls occupied the first, the lesser nobility and country gentry the second, while those who had no particular claims to birth or breeding were relegated to the third. Moreover, it was a social convention that the various floors hardly intermingled at all. I, of course, was on the wrong floor. I shared an attic room with a girl called Sparks, whose father owned a group of chain stores in the Midlands.

At the age of eighteen I came out in London. My mother wrote to Lady Herringbone to ask her to present me at Court, but Lady Herringbone replied, through her secretary, regretting that it was her rule to present only relatives or other girls personally known to her. So I was not presented my first season. Nor did I go to Ascot. My mother's application for Royal Enclosure tickets was rejected owing to pressure of space in the enclosure that year. However, she gave a ball for me in June to which five hundred guests were invited and about 750 came. This entertainment cost her close on £1,000: supper at £1 ahead, a hundred guineas for the best band in London, and another hundred for the hire of a large house in Mayfair. Gate crashers were not discouraged, as my mother thought that by this means it would be possible to attract some of the Right People to the dance. Certainly, because of the excellence of the band, a number of them came, but of course, being uninvited, did not invite me to their own dances (*Continued on page 121*)

A Victorian Complex

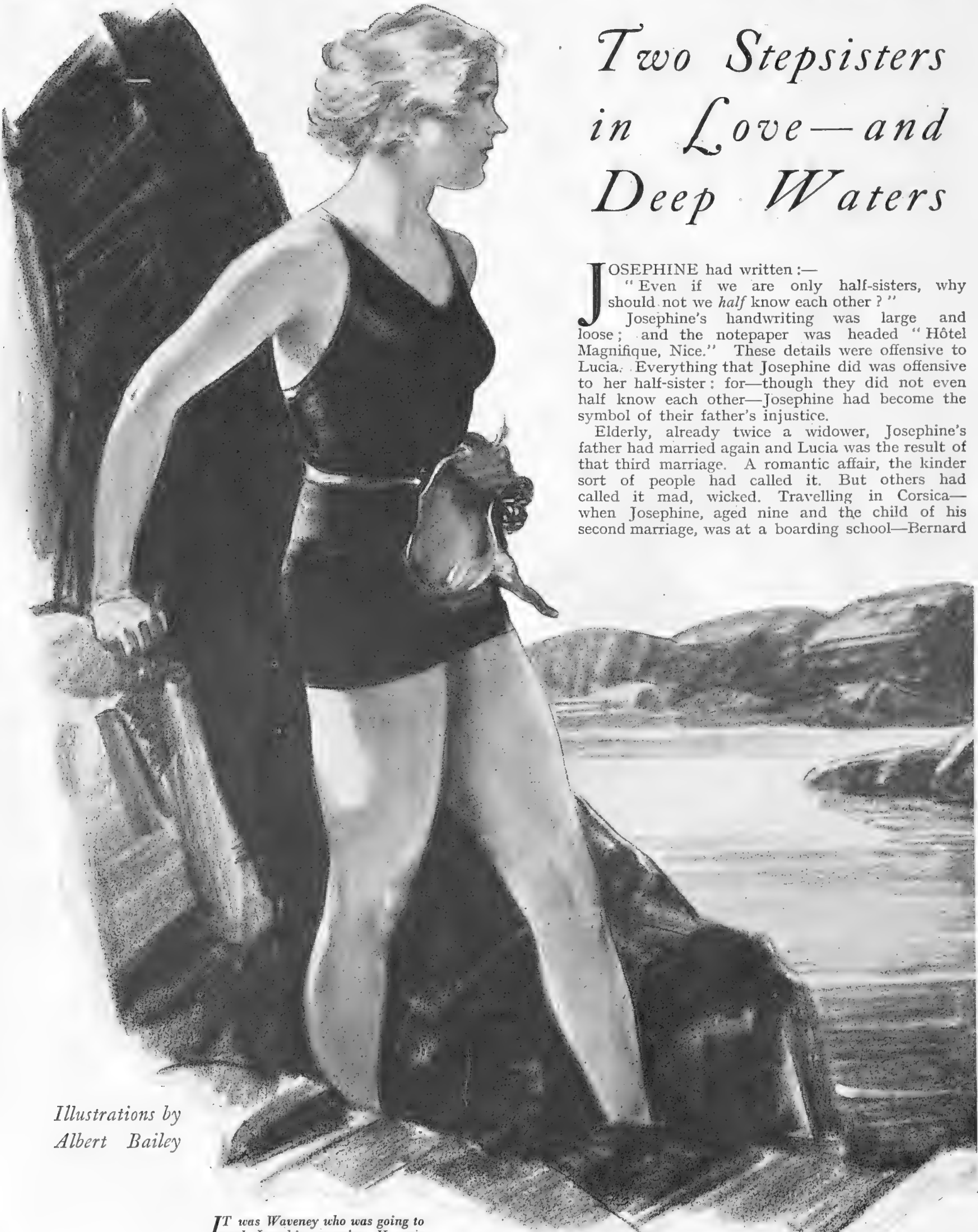
Two Stepsisters in Love—and Deep Waters

JOSEPHINE had written:—

"Even if we are only half-sisters, why should not we *half* know each other?"

Josephine's handwriting was large and loose; and the notepaper was headed "Hôtel Magnifique, Nice." These details were offensive to Lucia. Everything that Josephine did was offensive to her half-sister: for—though they did not even half know each other—Josephine had become the symbol of their father's injustice.

Elderly, already twice a widower, Josephine's father had married again and Lucia was the result of that third marriage. A romantic affair, the kinder sort of people had called it. But others had called it mad, wicked. Travelling in Corsica—when Josephine, aged nine and the child of his second marriage, was at a boarding school—Bernard



Illustrations by Albert Bailey

IT was Waveney who was going to teach Josephine to swim. He came down to the pool in the rocks on the fourth morning of Lucia's visit

Rush had "gone crazy" about a peasant-girl. Not even pretty, people said; of a poor, roughly bred family. Bernard Rush's friend and travelling companion always declared that the girl was not mercenary, that she was deeply in love with Bernard—for some reason incomprehensible to the friend.

If the couple had stayed in Corsica to rear Lucia, it might have been better for them and for her. But Bernard's fit of untimely passion, or romance, or whatever it was, was only like a playing of coloured light over his integral English character. They went to England, where it was soon apparent that the marriage was a silly mistake. The third Mrs. Rush was ignorant, with no desire to improve. Her manners were bad; she liked raw onions: she had a strong prejudice in favour of the Romanist religion. Also she was very jealous and demonstrative when she was angry. Having collected Josephine for her holidays, Bernard Rush saw that his little daughter might be injured by association with her stepmother. True that the third Mrs. Rush was kind to Josephine; true that Josephine was delighted with the infant Lucia. Mr. Rush sacrificed these outfluxes of affection to his resolves for Josephine's future, to the memory of the past with Josephine's mother, who (he now realised) was the only important wife that he had ever had. He arranged that Josephine should spend her longer holidays with her great-aunt at Bath. Later he sent her to a Swiss school; and the mistaken marriage disintegrated bit by bit. A separation was made after a violent row, when (it was said) Mrs. Rush flung a witch-ball at her husband.

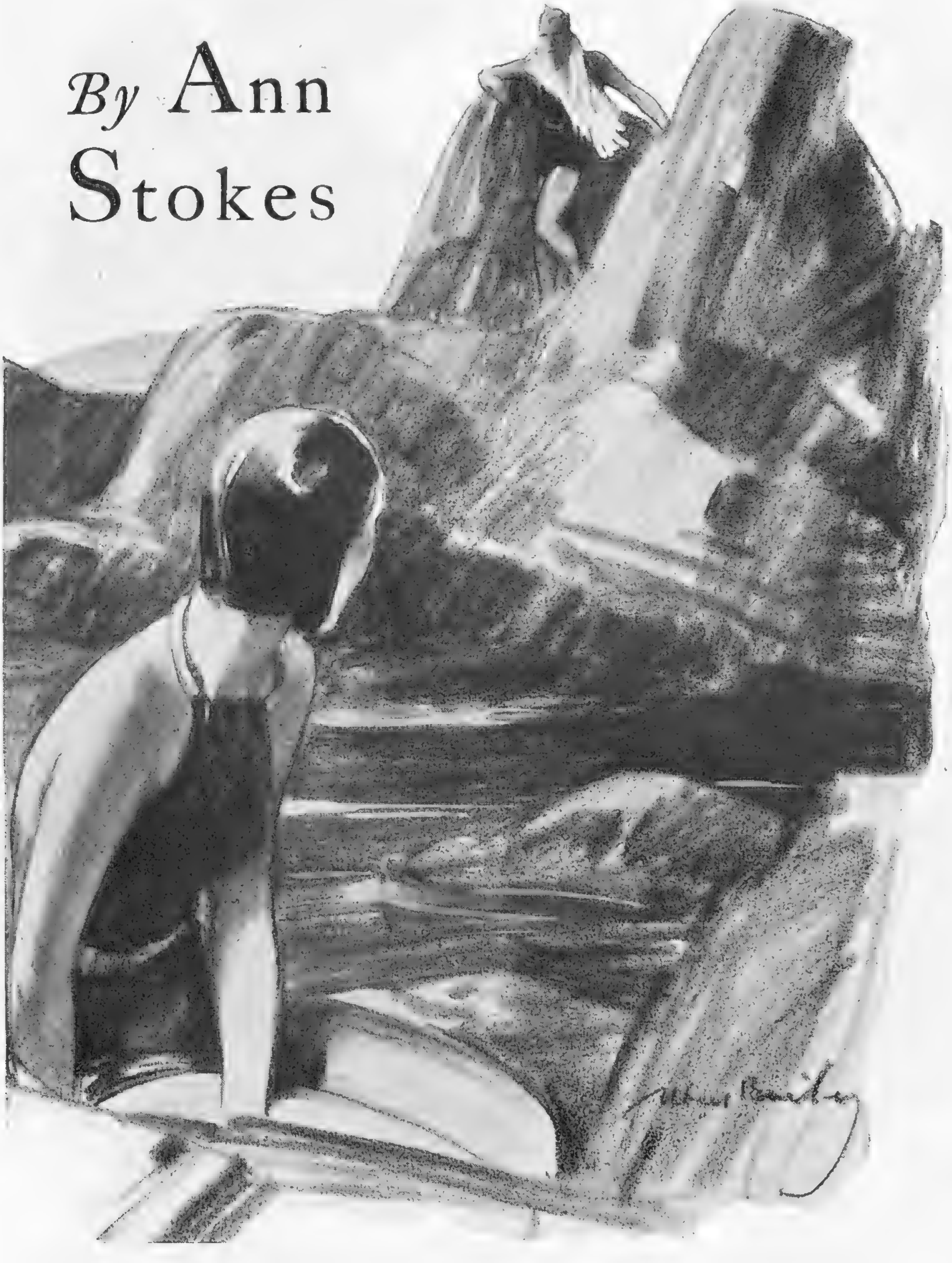
Mr. Rush had tried to send Lucia, too, to school. But her mother, in her unreasoning devotion, would not let the child leave her. When the separation came, Lucia was nearly fourteen, attending a good day-school and having many music lessons. She went on studying music while she and her mother were living on the moderate allowance that Mr. Rush gave them.

She was a hard student, had a neat touch on the piano and a good soprano voice. She qualified as a teacher of piano and singing; and, at the time of her poor devoted mother's death, was doing quite well. She even sang sometimes at concerts: her voice was good enough for that.

Mr. Rush—who had paid for her education—reduced the allowance after his wife's death. He gave Lucia two hundred a year.

Three years later he died. Josephine—still unmarried and with a phenomenal number of friends and relations—had been very little at home. (It was not her fault, for her father had taken to travelling again.) Mr. Rush left her practically all his money—a comfortable sum, not "staggering" as the crossword competitions say of their prizes. Lucia's two hundred a year was to continue on the condition that she remained steadily a professional musician and teacher.

By Ann Stokes



NOW Josephine was rushing back to England. She was resolved that she and her stepsister should meet. A second letter told Lucia that Josephine had taken a cottage in the West Highlands of Scotland. She meant to spend at least two months—June and July—in seclusion in that lovely place; and Lucia must be her guest. Josephine—writing now from the Savoy—was rapturous about the cottage. She had been driven down to see it: it was thatched: it stood in fluffy woodland, on the edge of a fairy lake. A sort of lake, at least, but opening into the sea at one end and with *salt* water. Josephine would bring only two servants, not her maid. She wanted to be quiet, to laze, to get to know her sister.

All this, in the large loose writing, with no boggling at split infinitives, with superfluous exclamation marks, was revolting to Lucia, who had trained herself, in bitterness of heart, to be, in all minor things, precise, exquisite, reserved.

In all lesser things. For, in one major thing, Lucia knew that she was already beyond her own self-taught control; drifting on a flood of emotion like a boat drifting on a sea dreamy with rosy golden light.

In fact, Lucia was in love, and not wisely.

But, in minor matters, she was wise. She re-read the untidy, eager letter. There was (she thought) something oddly Victorian about this Josephine who had seen so much of the modern world. Perhaps it was the influence of the great-aunt at Bath? Lucia toiled back into her various memories of Josephine in their ever less frequent meetings before the witch-ball incident had completely separated them. Always something big, good-natured, gushing about Josephine. Always a suggestion of curls and flying bonnet-strings and a crinoline. Not, of course, that Josephine (who had nice clothes) had *worn* any such things. But she *suggested* them.

There must be a Victorian complex somewhere in her make-up.

Lucia smiled at the thought; and, smiling, resolved to accept the invitation. For a fortnight or three weeks in July: that was all that a busy music-teacher could afford.

Her smile went. She felt bitter, thinking that she was a busy music-teacher while her half-sister was a rich woman.

In spite of her bitterness, in spite of the wrongs done to herself, to her mother, to Donald, her lover, she was going to accept this invitation. She was going to get what she could out of the caprice of this rich, idle unmarried woman.

It would be hard to spend a whole fortnight without seeing Donald. But poor, hardworking women had to control even the impulses of love if they were to advance themselves in life. Don, she felt sure, would agree that she was acting wisely in making hay in the sunshine of Josephine's good will.

For Don too was wronged by the will of Bernard Rush. Don—whose acquaintance with Lucia had begun fortuitously—was second cousin and one of the few surviving relations of Mr. Rush. (All that heap of Josephine's relative was on her mother's side.) The part of the estate that *ought* to have gone to Don would be his only in the event of what the lawyers called Josephine's "decease without issue." Don was of Josephine's age and—poor darling!—had played tricks with his own health, whereas Josephine's photograph—enclosed in the letter from the Savoy—showed a robust handsome creature.

Lucia, using her best notepaper, wrote a note of acceptance. It was polite rather than cordial: for, in addition to her fastidiousness, she had a constant personal pride. She might scheme but she could never gush.

SHE loved hills and water and trees; and, on this effulgent last day of June, she was sailing in fairyland. The enchantment was completed when the steamer stopped in an apparent solitude: on the narrow reflecting lake, wooded to the water's edge, with dimpled gold and green hills above. Lucia heard the cluck and plash of oars, saw a blue-jerseyed man open a little gate in the boat's rail, let down a little ladder to a broad ferry-boat.

Big Josephine was in the stern, standing up, smiling, holding out a hand. (No, not two hands as Lucia had expected.) The meeting was indeed more casual and quiet than Josephine's letters.

After the ferryman had landed them at a jetty in an inlet in a steep rocky shore overhung by hazels, he went away—where Lucia could not see, but supposed that he had some sort of home in these woods. She and Josephine, exchanging remarks, went along a mossy path to the cottage. It was very white and thatched, but not like an English thatched cottage; being upright of walls and roof, with five little oblong windows and two doors. Josephine said that it had originally been two cottages; the owner, an artist, had had them knocked together and had made the inside quite wonderful. No electricity, but gas and telephone. Lucia said that the whole place was wonderful.

They had tea in the sitting-room, which was indeed very charming. Josephine said that she had brought a few of her own things: there were cushions and a telephone doll: there was a silver tea-service, and the cakes must have come from town. As they talked, Lucia took observations: she supposed that Josephine was doing the same.

Josephine was big and summery in light blue. When she tossed off her hat her large face and head were—not as handsome as in the photograph—but very attractive and young-looking. Her hair was a fluff of golden brown curls, her complexion pink and white. Her figure was more mature than her face—and, yes, there was that Victorian suggestion of flying bonnet-strings and curls heaving bosom, crinoline. But her talk was modern, conventional, pleasant. She was not so silly and gushing as her letters, Lucia thought, feeling disappointed: for having a fool to deal with would have made it easier.

Josephine took Lucia up a very steep little stair to show her her room. It was mostly roof—no rafters but pale slopes of varying heights. But there were a luxurious bed, a thick carpet, an enormous silk cushion in the armchair, a glass trinket set.

"I'm sorry we've only curtain wardrobes—no room for the other sort," Josephine said. "These drawers will hold all your undies?"

"Yes." Lucia allowed sarcasm in her voice.

"Shall we go down and let Myra unpack for you?"

"Oh, no, thanks, Josephine. Of course, I'm used to doing things for myself."

"I suppose you are. Funny how little we know of each other. You can't think how pleased I am to have you here."

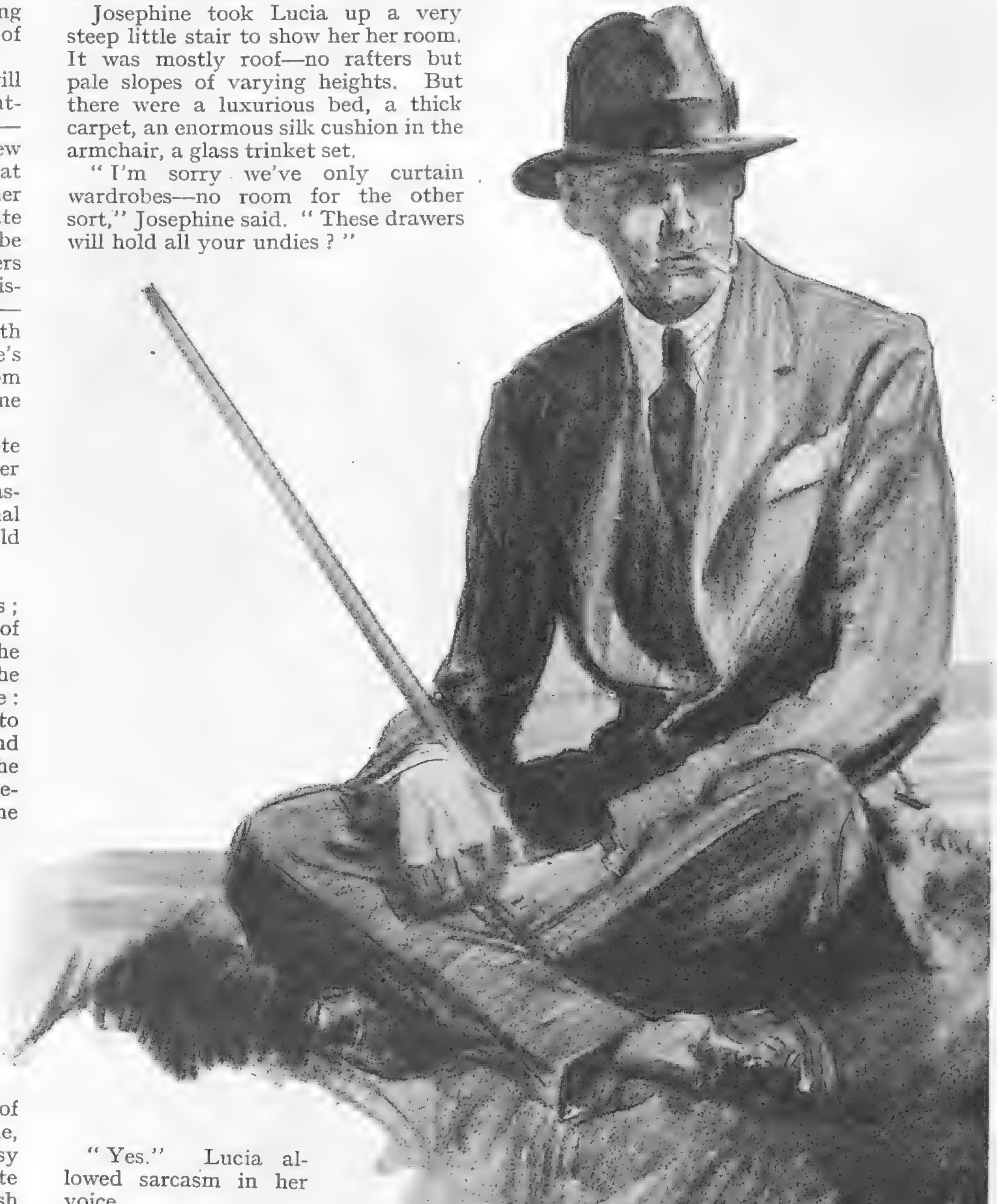
The words, spoken with a pleasant smile, recalled Josephine's letters. But the *manner* was different—merely friendly as Lucia felt with a little annoyance. Did Josephine not like her much? Lucia's pride rose up: she was not going to try to change herself to please anyone.

She stowed away her "few and good" undies, jumpers, etc., in the chest of drawers. Josephine, she noted, did not even glance at them nor at the frocks that Lucia hung in the curtain-wardrobe, but was gazing absently out of the window, a smile playing over her face.

They went through the rather wild garden to the road that ran behind the house.

"What a lovely loneliness!" Lucia exclaimed. "Not a bungalow, not a petrol station in sight. Is that a farm, that big white house over on the point?"

"No," Josephine smiled self-con-



"THAT'S how it is," Don said. He and Lucia were sitting on the Calton Hill above Edinburgh

sciously. "That's Mr. Waveney's house. He's the proprietor—the 'laird' as they say here."

Lucia divined that Josephine wanted to go on talking about Mr. Waveney. The expression on Josephine's face was now silly. Lucia asked:

"Do you know him?"

"Yes. He's coming to dinner to-morrow. I couldn't very well ask him while I was alone." She blushed.

"I don't see why not."

"Oh, that's because you don't know the world." Josephine slipped her plump arm under the hard shapely arm of Lucia, who could not help bursting out laughing at this description of herself.

"Is he good-looking?" she asked on a sudden note of playful intimacy.

"He's lovely. I'm sure you'll like him."

They went back through the garden and scrambled for a little way along the beach. It was not possible to go far in either direction when the tide was full: for the bay in which the jetty stood was flanked by high shores of big rough rocks with deep pools among them. In one of these pools—not surrounded but opening out into the lake—Josephine had a raft and a gay varnished "punt" (as the natives called a dinghy) moored to an iron ring in a rock. A bright little boathouse peeped from among the hazels.

"You swim, of course?"

"No." Josephine smiled and blushed. "But I'm going to learn while I'm here."

She *was* silly in one way at least: Lucia was on the alert like a tennis-player learning an opponent's weaknesses.

"I see." She laughed. "What on earth is that on the raft?"

"Oh, that's my monster. Isn't he lovely? A friend at Nice gave him to me. Jump into the punt and we'll pay him a visit."

The punt rocked alarmingly at the impact of the big Josephine; but she was agile and managed the oars well. A score of strokes brought them to the raft which lay in the open water at the mouth of the pool.

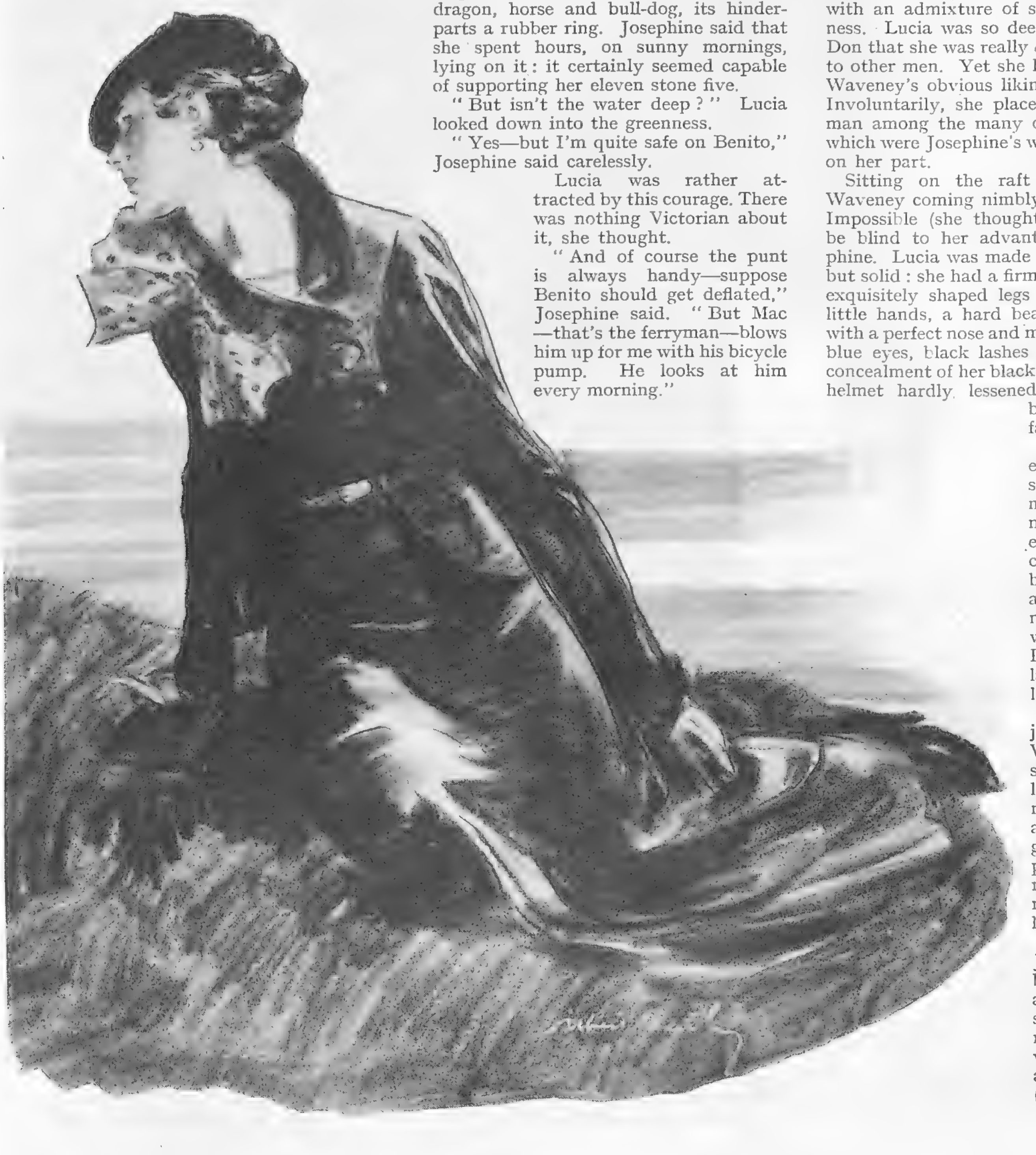
The rubber monster was as big as a mastiff, rose-coloured with black eyes ringed with blue; a combination of dragon, horse and bull-dog, its hinder-parts a rubber ring. Josephine said that she spent hours, on sunny mornings, lying on it: it certainly seemed capable of supporting her eleven stone five.

"But isn't the water deep?" Lucia looked down into the greenness.

"Yes—but I'm quite safe on Benito," Josephine said carelessly.

Lucia was rather attracted by this courage. There was nothing Victorian about it, she thought.

"And of course the punt is always handy—suppose Benito should get deflated," Josephine said. "But Mac—that's the ferryman—blows him up for me with his bicycle pump. He looks at him every morning."



They went home, looked at Josephine's two cars in the makeshift garage behind the cottage. Lucia had a bitter thought that Josephine could easily have arranged for her travelling to Scotland by car instead of in a dusty third-class railway carriage. But rich people were like that: they never really *thought* about other people's needs. Lucia suspected that Josephine had asked her down to serve as a sort of duenna during the visits of the "lovely" Waveney. Lucia was offended by this: she felt that only poor, hard-working music teachers had a right to make use of other people.

OF course it was Waveney who was going to teach Josephine to swim. He came down to the pool in the rocks on the fourth morning of Lucia's visit.

Her first sight of him at dinner at the cottage had shown Lucia that Waveney was a handsome man; tall, blond, blue-eyed. Lucia told herself that he was uninteresting; comparing his candid manner with Don's subtleties. Waveney would do very well for Josephine, who, though not a fool, was (Lucia decided) ordinary, with an admixture of silliness and laziness. Lucia was so deeply in love with Don that she was really *almost* indifferent to other men. Yet she had felt bitter at Waveney's obvious liking for Josephine. Involuntarily, she placed the handsome man among the many other possessions which were Josephine's without any effort on her part.

Sitting on the raft Lucia watched Waveney coming nimbly over the rocks. Impossible (she thought) that he could be blind to her advantages over Josephine. Lucia was made on a small scale, but solid: she had a firm little body, firm exquisitely shaped legs and arms, hard little hands, a hard beautiful little face with a perfect nose and mouth, huge dark-blue eyes, black lashes and brows. The concealment of her black hair under a blue helmet hardly lessened the statuesque beauty of her face.

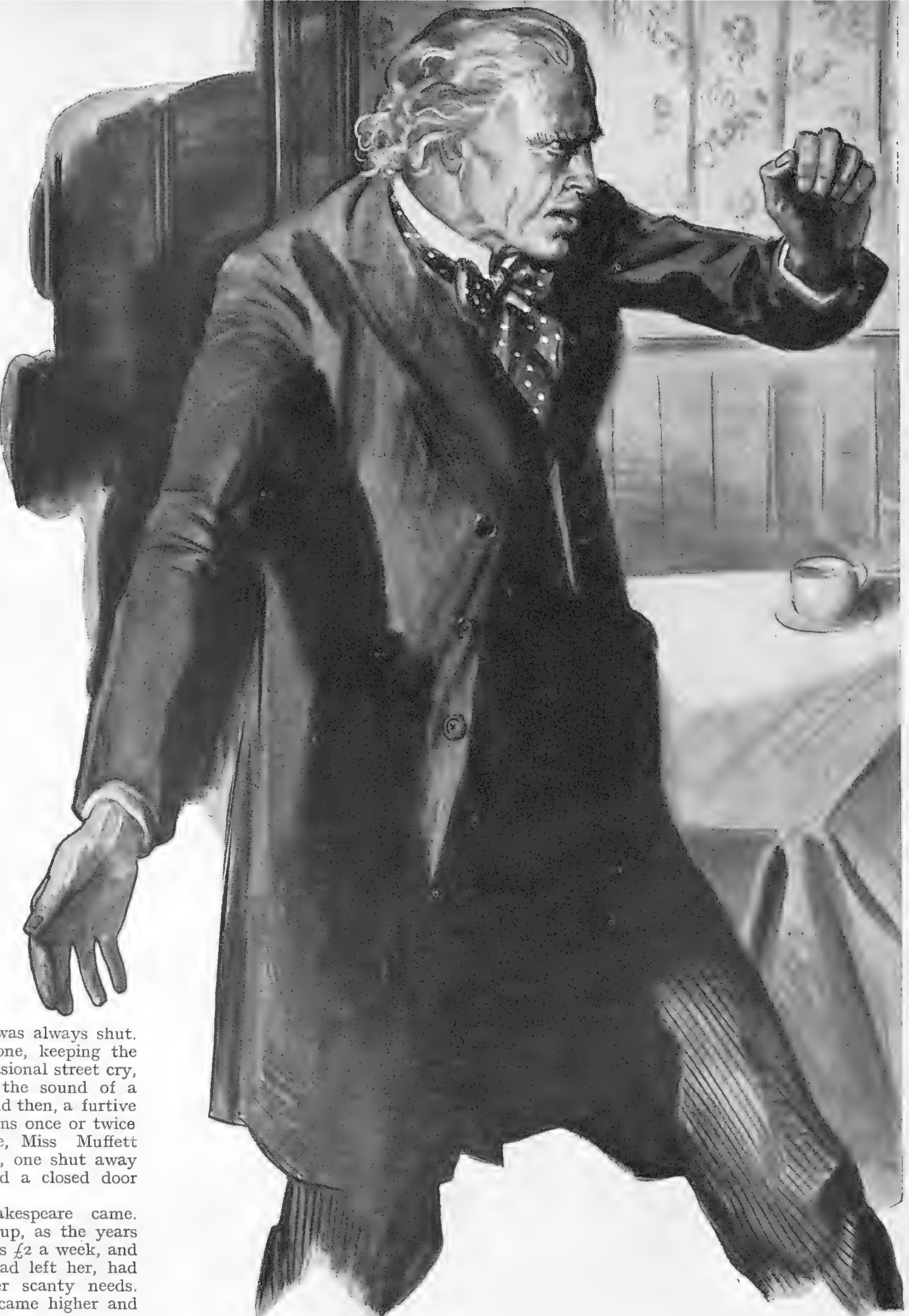
Josephine looked fat in her swim-suit. Could Waveney be after her money? It seemed improbable considering that big white house and the acres of meadow and woodland. But, Lucia had heard, land was worth less in Scotland.

Tactfully, she just greeted Waveney and swam out into the lake. She heard much splashing and Victorian giggling in the pool; and Waveney's pleasant manly voice and laugh.

Her lesson over, Josephine scrambled into the punt and sat in the hot sunshine. She never went long without eating and had brought a

(*Continued on page* 128)

THEN, gradually, Miss Muffett's kitchen became peopled with beings from another world. When the old man recited, Titania, the Fairy Queen, came in. And when, with broad sweeping gestures, he rolled off pages of "Hamlet," the Prince of Denmark seemed to make the room itself worry with his doubts. . . .



AND then one day Mr. Shakespeare came. It was not long before she called him that—no, not openly, but when she thought of him.

Maidenhood had ripened into maturity in Miss Muffett's life, and then the years began to wither her and to make her droop.

Even in youth, she had seemed a born spinster, for she had shrunk from men.

Anyway, she earned the title as the years passed on, and as, on £2 a week or thereabouts, the legacy of her father, she lived alone.

There were several spinsters in the small Tooting street, a backwater of life, where she dwelt in unblessed singleness. But Miss Muffett seemed typical of all the spinsters in the world. She was so retiring, and she would blush almost, if a tradesman called.

Otherwise, her door was always shut. Behind it she lived alone, keeping the world outside. An occasional street cry, the rolling of wheels, the sound of a muffin bell every now and then, a furtive peep through the curtains once or twice a day—but, otherwise, Miss Muffett lived in her own world, one shut away from everything, behind a closed door and drawn-to curtains.

And then Mr. Shakespeare came. Living costs had gone up, as the years went on. Miss Muffett's £2 a week, and the house her father had left her, had seemed enough for her scanty needs. But then the rates became higher and food cost more.

And so, at the age of sixty, she wondered, daringly, one day whether she was not old enough to take in a single man as a lodger. She laughed to herself at the thought, and then trembled a little, and then spent hours writing on a card. And there was before her, at the end of her labours—"Lodgings for a Single Man."

She put it up in the kitchen window at first, furtively, and then went out into the yard to look at it. But oh, how blatant it looked ; how daring !

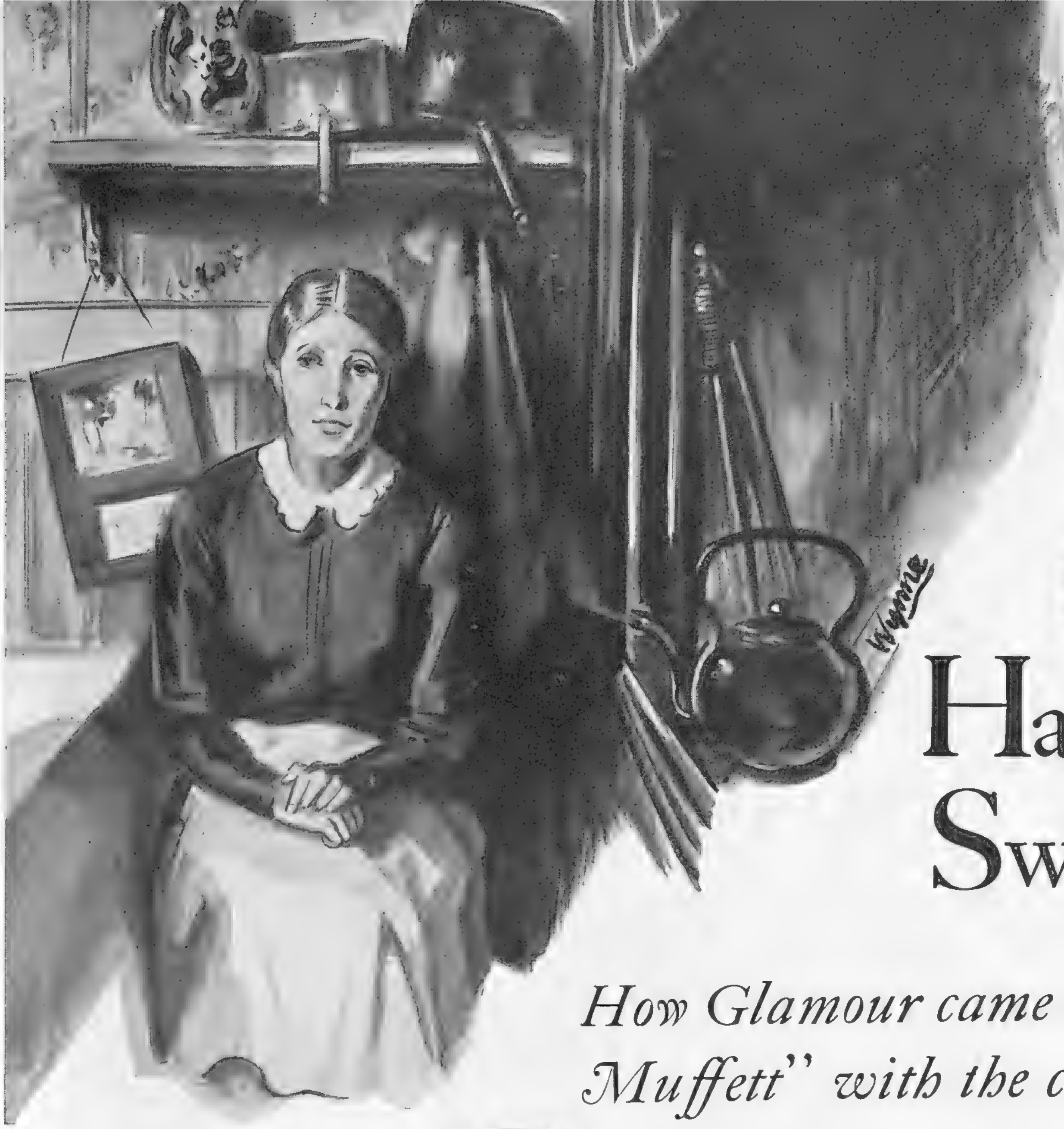
Fancy her Tooting neighbours seeing that in the front room ! She could not bear to think of it. She tore it up. And then, after much cogitation, many hours of thought, Miss Muffett blacked the words, " Bedroom To Let," instead, and, bravely one morning, put it in a side window in the sitting room—and waited.

IT was a single man who called, after all. It was Mr. Shakespeare.

She often thought back, in the months that were to come, of the morning a strange knock came to the door. It did not sound like a tradesman's boy. They just lifted the knocker, as a rule, and let it drop with one sudden bang.

Two or three gentle taps came and when she opened the door—Miss Muffett saw Mr. Shakespeare !

To her the Strand was an unknown world. She had never heard of Charing Cross Road. Leicester Square was merely a name. The man standing before her, hesitant, looked a being from another world altogether. His hair flowed over his ears. He wore the oldest of tall hats and a frock coat that was shiny, and when he spoke, it was with a grave dignity. She did not know, but around the Strand men like him walked often,



Illustrated
by D.
Ll. Wynne

By Hannen Swaffer

How Glamour came to "Miss Muffett" with the coming of

"Mr. Shakespeare"

looking like the ghosts of a pre-war world.

Miss Muffett had heard a parson, years ago, talk something like this man spoke—that is, when the parson was in his most earnest of moods—but the tones in which this voice suggested " You have a room to let ? " was even more impressive, sepulchral almost.

She was so surprised that she did not answer.

" I saw your card in the window," went on the voice.

Miss Muffett nearly curtsied with respect. She felt herself in the presence of Dignity, something to which reverence should be paid. And yet, all the time, she knew, because of the clothes he wore, that this old man in front of her was poor and unimportant.

Still, she did not answer.

" Yes, I saw your card," went on the voice. " I thought I would enquire about your room."

And so it was that Mr. Shakespeare invaded Miss Muffett's life—and changed it. Still, that was to take some time.

He merely moved in a big basket, at first, carrying it up into his room upstairs. Then, for weeks, Miss Muffett saw nothing of him.

She heard, every morning, when he went out, " Good morning, Miss Muffett," learning to wait for it from the other side of her kitchen door. Then, late in the evening, she would hear the key turn and the rather heavy tread of footsteps along the passage, up the stairs, and across the bedroom when the door was shut.

And then, one afternoon, when Mr. Shakespeare came home early, he opened the door just at the moment when, by chance, she had come out of the kitchen to go into the sitting-room. So it was that, in the street, she heard a voice jeering.

" Get your hair cut ! " it shouted. " Good old Sir 'Enery ! "

Mr. Shakespeare and Miss Muffett met in the hall.

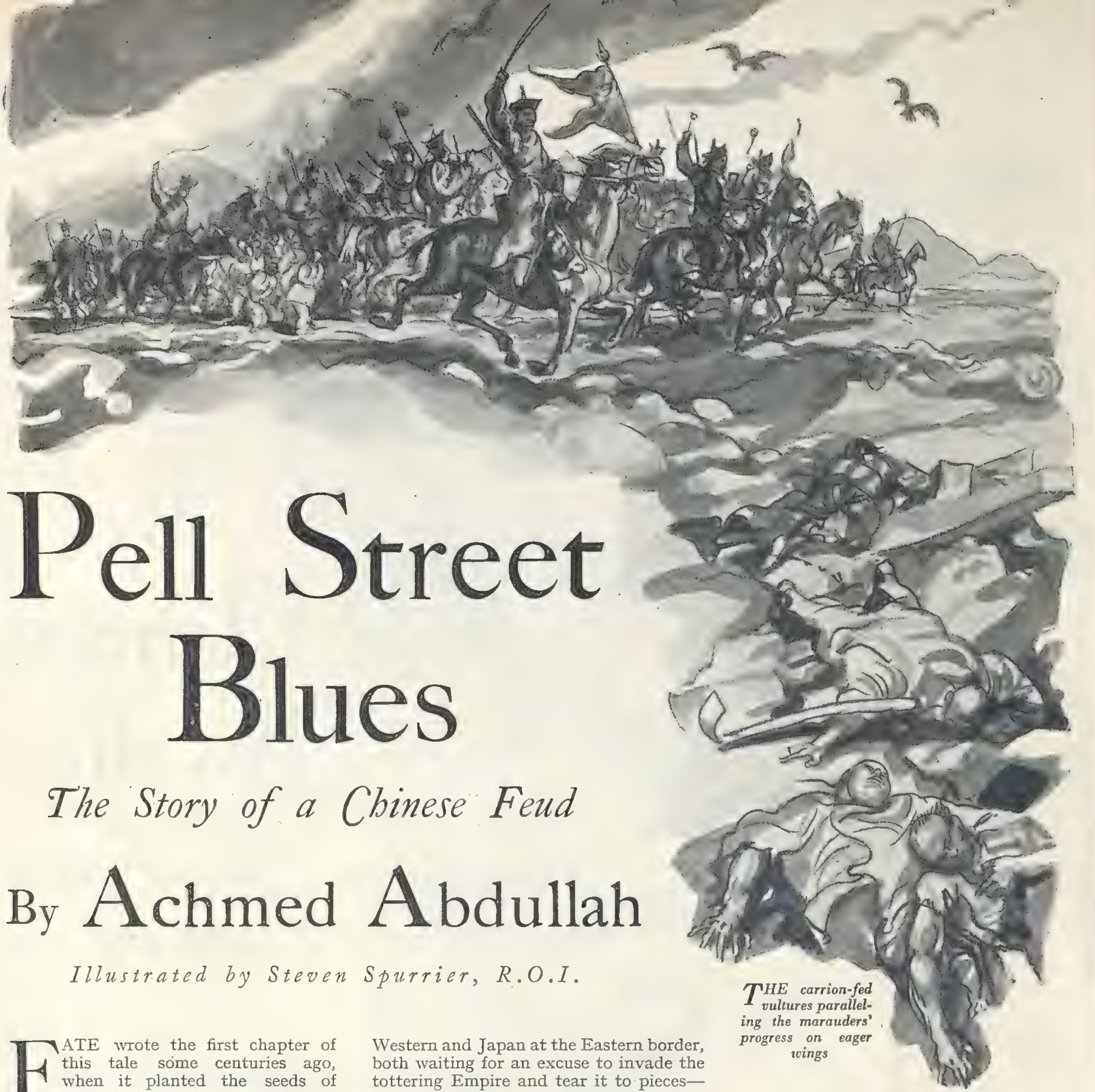
She felt ashamed for him.

" I'm used to that," said the tall, gaunt-looking figure. " We actors, you know . . . ."

And then she knew he was an actor. She stood facing him, not knowing what to say. Miss Muffett had not spoken to a man for years, except when he first called, and when she had said to tradesmen, " How much are eggs this morning ? " or " Can you send it round this afternoon ? " So abashed was she that, to her surprise, she found herself asking Mr. Shakespeare into the sitting-room.

She always remembered how deeply he bowed in acquiescence, how his tall hat was held over his heart, as though she were a queen, and how she saw then, so low did he bow, that, on the top, his hair was very thin. And her heart gave a

(*Continued on page* 116)



THE carrion-fed vultures paralleling the marauders' progress on eager wings

Pell Street Blues

The Story of a Chinese Feud

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

FATE wrote the first chapter of this tale some centuries ago, when it planted the seeds of mutual hate in two kindred Mongol races: in Chinese and in Manchu, and, by the same token, in patient, earth-bound peasant and in hawkish nomad, hard-galloping across the land, conquering it with the swish of the red sword, the scream and bray of the long-stemmed war-trumpets, the hollow, nasal drone of the kettledrums, and, overhead, the carrion-fed vultures paralleling the marauders' progress on eager wings.

Fate wrote the second chapter sixty-odd years ago when Foh Wong and Yang Shen-Li were boys in the cold Northern town of Ninguta, where they threw stones at each other and swapped salty abuse; although it was Yang Shen-Li, the Manchu, the mandarin's son, who did most of the stone-throwing, whereas Foh Wong, whose parents were Chinese coolies tilling the barren clay, did most of the cursing—from a safe distance. For he valued his skin, the which, together with his shrewd brain, was his sole possession.

Fate wrote the third chapter a little over fifty years ago, when parlous times had come to China—with Russia at the Western and Japan at the Eastern border, both waiting for an excuse to invade the tottering Empire and tear it to pieces—and when, one morning, Foh Wong stopped Yang Shen-Li on the street and said:

"A word with you!"

"What is it, mud-turtle?"

"Indeed," replied the other, "I am no more than a mud-turtle, while you are an aristocrat, an iron-capped prince. And yet," slowly, "to-day I have the whip-hand."

"Eh . . ?" exclaimed Yang Shen-Li. He was startled. He wondered if Foh Wong knew, how he knew; heard him drop his voice to a purr:

"You were not alone last night. I watched from behind a tree. And, should I proclaim what I saw, there would be your handsome head spiked on a tall pole in front of the Palace of August Justice."

The Manchu shrugged his shoulders. He tried to speak casually:

"I do not fear death."

"Of course not—since you are a brave fool. But, being also an honourable fool, you would not wish to bring black disgrace on your father, to cause him to lose face. And—forgive the wretched pun—your father would lose a great deal of face if you should lose your head. A murderer's head. . . ."

"I did not murder."

"You killed."

"In self-defence. He insulted me, struck me, drew his revolver and fired—the insolent foreigner. . . ."

"But—be pleased to remember—a most important foreigner. A high Russian official whose corpse—ah—you buried in back of Han Ma's camel stables." He stabbed out an accusing finger. "I saw you."

"Have you witnesses?"

"Not a one. I was alone."

"Then . . . ?"

"There will be witnesses—when the time comes. Three of my cousins. A dozen, if you prefer."

"Lying witnesses!"

"Lying, only, in swearing they saw the deed. Not lying to the deed itself. And, though you are a mandarin's son, the Dowager Empress, with Russia's soldiers massed at the frontier, will give an order to her red-robed executioners, will have your handsome head removed—I repeat—if I should . . ."

"Is there a price for your silence, coolie ?" interrupted Yang Shen-Li.

"Is there not a price for everything ?"

"How much ?"

"No money. Not a single silver tael." Foh Wong paused. "The price of my silence is—a word."

"A word . . ?"

"Yes. A mere word from you—to Na Liu. A word telling her I desire her greatly—wish her to be my wife."

"But—" the Manchu stammered with rage—"she . . ."

"Loves *you ?* I know. And I know, too, that, loving you, she will not relish the thought of your bleeding head grinning down at her from a tall pole—will therefore marry *me*—the mud-turtle—eh . .? *Hayah*—" with sudden violence. "Go to her ! At once ! For to-day I command—and you will obey !"

Yang Shen-Li stared at the other.

"Yes," he said heavily. "I shall obey." He took a step nearer. "But—listen to me, coolie"—his words clicked and broke like dropping icicles—"I hate you. Ah—by the Buddha !—I shall always hate you."

"You hate me no more than I hate you," was the answer. "But"—and Foh Wong's eyes gleamed triumphantly through meagre almond lids—"you are helpless, O paper tiger with paper teeth. I am not. So—keep on hating me. . . ."

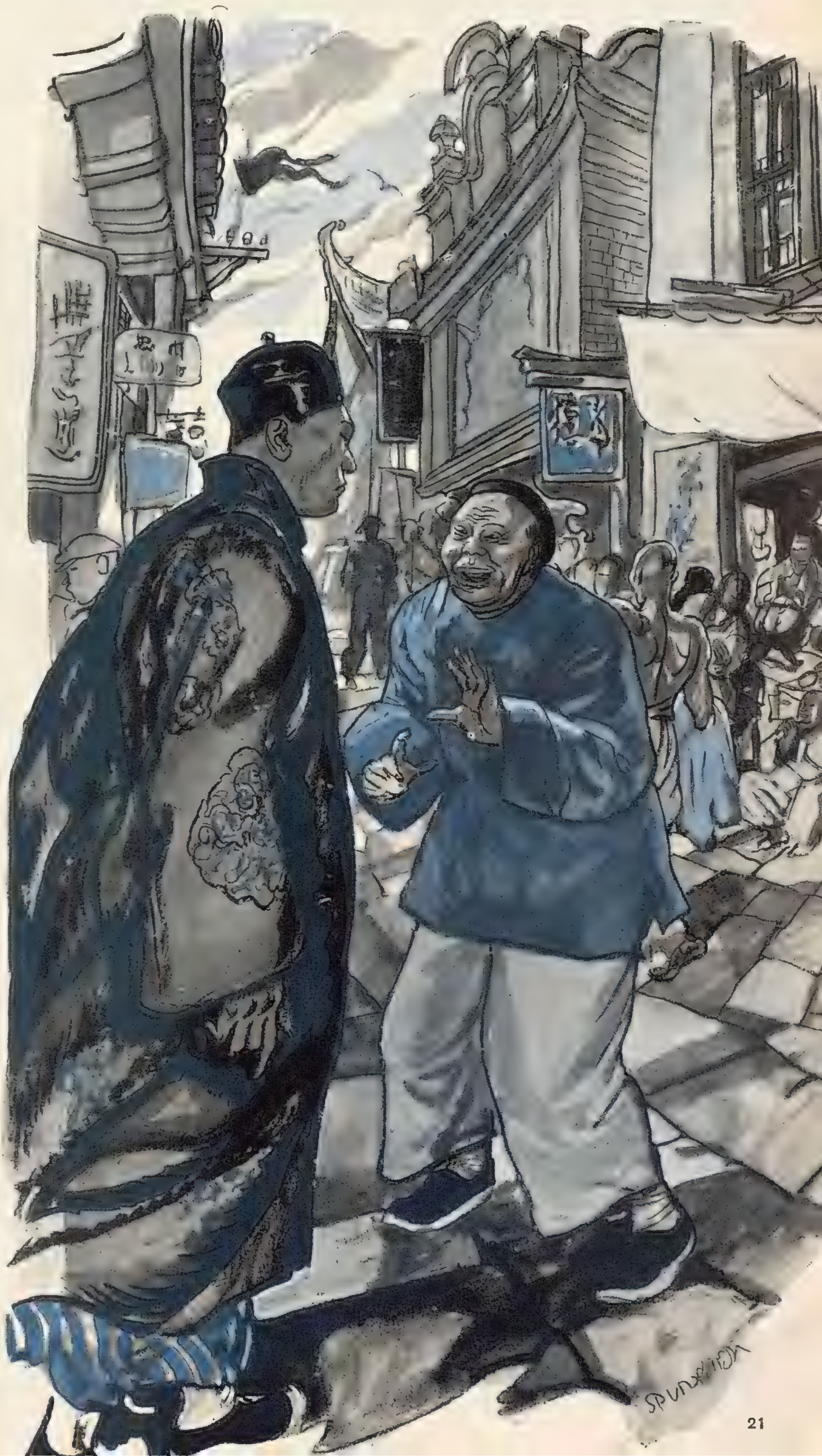
NEVER, throughout the decades, though for long years they did not see each other, did their hate weaken.

It stretched, hard and stark and blighting, athwart the full span of both their lives. It followed the churned steamship lane to San Francisco and Seattle. It travelled thence across the continent, to New York—there to abut and peak to a grim, rather fantastic climax in the maze and reek and riot of half a dozen tired old streets that, a few blocks away from the greasy drab of the river, cluster toward the Bowery, toward the pride of the Wall Street mart, as far even as busy, bartering, negligent Broadway.

Streets of Chinatown. Squatting, turgid and sardonic and tremendously alien. Not caring a tinker's damn for the White Man's world roaring its up-to-date, efficient steel-and-concrete symphony on all sides.

Rickety, this Chinatown ; mouldy and viscous ; not overclean ; smelling distressingly of sewer gas and rotting vegetables and sizzling, rancid fat. Yet a fact to be reckoned with in Gotham's kaleidoscopic pattern. A cultural and civic entity not without dignity. A thing aloof, apart, slightly supercilious—and intensely human. And being human, a fit background for a tragic tale. . . . Not that this tale is entirely tragic. For tragedy, no less than comedy, is, after all, only a matter of viewpoint ; perhaps of race and religion—two accidents whose sum total spells prejudice.

Therefore, if your sense of humour be faintly oblique, faintly Oriental in other words, you may derive a certain amusement



"THERE will be witnesses —when the time comes. Three of my cousins. A dozen, if you prefer"

from the thought of Foh Wong, no longer a coolie but a prosperous New York merchant, cooped up in the sweltering garret of his Pell Street house, with the door locked and the windows tightly shuttered and an agony of fear for ever stewing in his brain. You may also laugh at the idea of Yang Shen-Li lording it gloriously over Foh Wong's Cantonese clerks; spending Foh Wong's money with a free and reckless hand; and, in the evening, after a pleasant hour or two at the Azure Dragon Club over an archaic mandarin gambling game of "Patting Green Butterflies" or "Ladies on Horseback" or "Heigh-oh! Flies the Kite," mounting to the second floor of the Pell Street house, there to bow courteously before Na Liu, his wrinkled old wife, once the wife of Foh Wong—she would be sitting stiffly erect, in the proper Chinese manner, on a chair of ebony and lacquer encrusted with rose-quartz, her tiny feet barely touching the floor and her hands demurely folded—and to say to her:

"Moonbeam, was there ever love as staunch as ours?"

She would give a quaint, giggling, girlish little laugh.

"Never, O Great One!" she would reply.

"Never!" he would echo. "The same love until death—may it not be for many years! The same love that came to you and me, so long ago, when the world was young—back home in Ninguta—and we were young . . ."

"And you the iron-capped prince—and I the gardener's daughter . . ."

"But all the world to me—as you are to-day."

Always, as often as he spoke the words, he made a great gesture with his strong, hairy hand. A gesture that cleaved the trooping shadows in the room with a certain brutality; that brushed through the sudden, clogged stillness like a conjurer's wand, sweeping away the dust and grime of Pell Street, the dust and grime of the dead years, and calling up the cool, scented spring sweetness of the small Manchu-Chinese border town where both had lived and loved . . .

He remembered it.

He remembered—as clearly as if it were yesterday—how on that morning after his talk with Foh Wong, he met Na Liu where they always met, in back of the Temple of the Monkey and the Stork, in the shelter of the enamelled pagoda roof that mirrored the sun a thousand-fold, like intersecting rainbows, endless zigzag flashings of rose and purple and blue and green. There he told her what had happened; told her the full, bitter tale; and said to her as he had to Foh Wong:

"I do not fear death. But there is the honour of my father to be considered. The honour of my ancestors for countless generations."

"Pah!" she cried. "And what do I care for the honour of your father—the honour of all your noble ancestors? It is you I care for. You alone. And the thought of you dead—why—I cannot bear it. Because—you see—" her voice was thin and brittle—"I love you." He was silent.

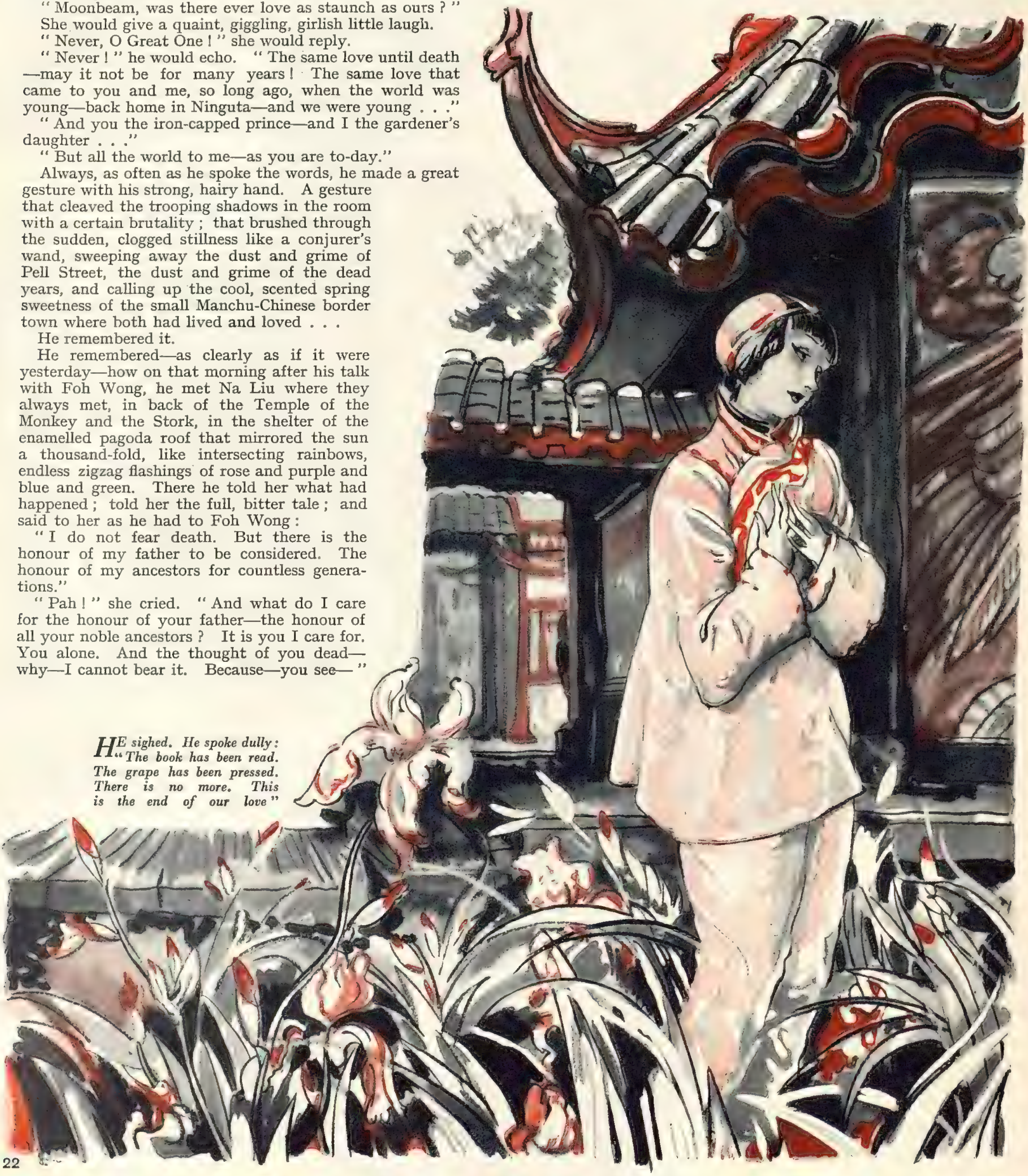
"I love you so," she continued. "There is nothing, nothing, nothing I would not do for the sake of my love. Ah!"—in a tense whisper—"for the sake of my love I would lie. For the sake of my love I would steal. For the sake of my love I would kill. For the sake of my love"—more loudly, with a queer triumph in her accents—"I shall marry another."

He sighed. He spoke dully:

"The book has been read. The grape has been pressed. There is no more. This is the end of our love."

"The end . . .? No, no! There can be no end to our love, as there was no beginning. Why—don't you see?—our love is a fact. A fact!"

He weighed the thought in his mind. Then he inclined his head.



HE sighed. He spoke dully: "The book has been read. The grape has been pressed. There is no more. This is the end of our love"

" That is so," he replied. " A fact—like the living Buddha —eternal and unchangeable. A fact—whatever may happen to you and to me."

They stood there. For long minutes they looked at each other. They did not touch hands. For was she not now betrothed to Foh Wong ?

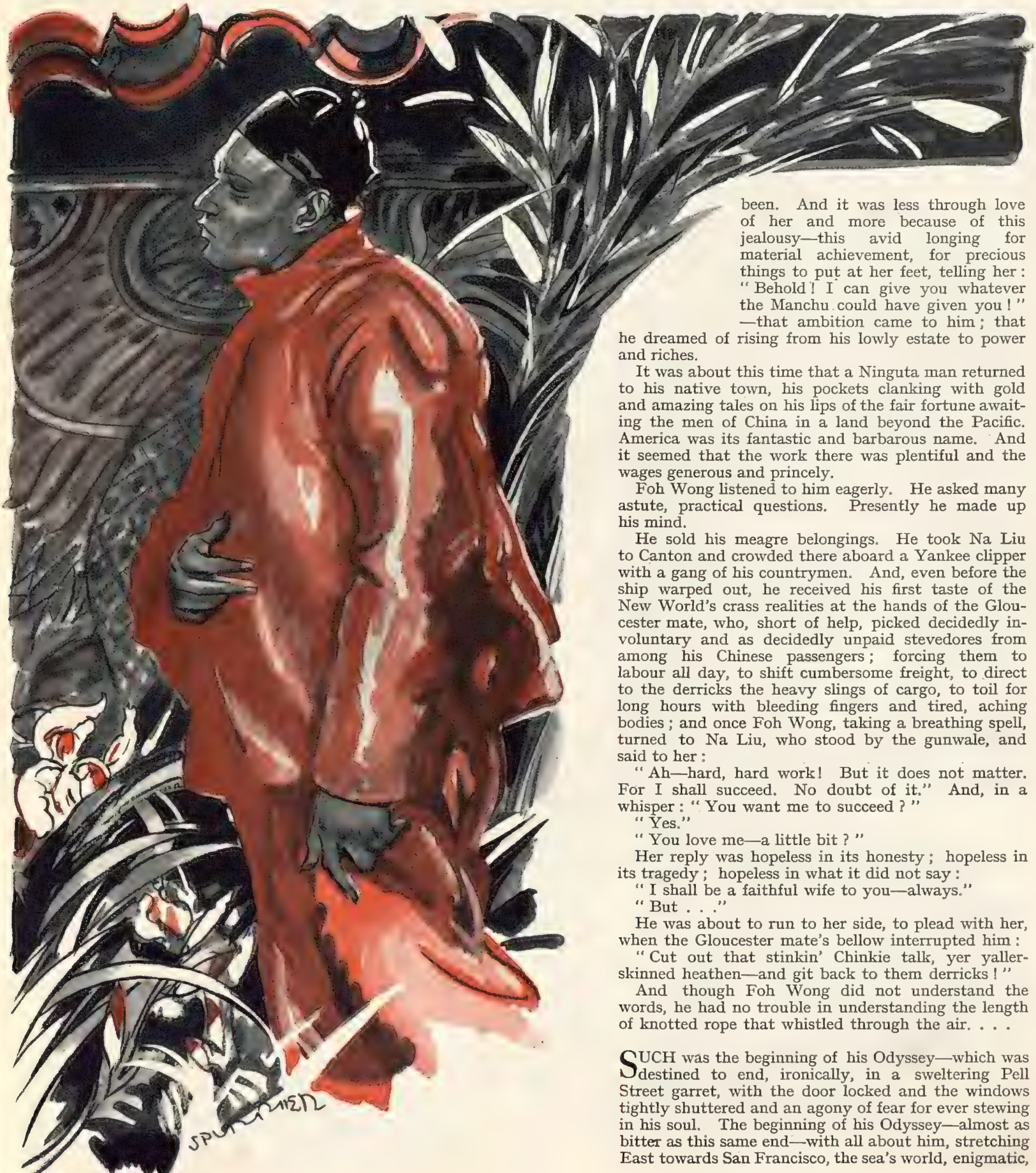
They turned and went their different ways. And, a few days later, Na Liu became the coolie's bride, while Yang Shen-Li travelled South to Pekin, to be a captain in Manchu banner corps and rise high in the favour of the Dowager Empress . . .

SHE was a faithful wife to Foh Wong, since it was her duty; obeying the ancient maxim that a married woman must first widen her tolerance, then control the impulses of her heart and body, then entirely correct herself.

He was a good husband to her. Nor did the notion of her loving Yang Shen-Li—he knew it, though they never spoke of it—disturb his massive Mongol equanimity. Indeed, he was conscious of a keener tang and zest to his passion when he reflected that the other was an aristocrat and he himself a despised mud-turtle ; yet his the woman who might have had her luxurious ease in a mandarin's palace.

Still, there were moments when he was prey to a certain jealousy. Not jealousy of the flesh—how could that be, with Yang Shen-Li in Pekin and Na Liu so rigidly observing the conventions ? Jealousy, rather, of the brain, the imagining ; of the gnawing, recurrent idea—and here his mind took a strange turn-about—that, married to his rival, Na Liu would have lived in splendour of silks and jade, while, as his wife, her life was sordid and mean and frugal.

He would reason, thereby doing her an injustice, that she compared her existence such as it was with what it might have been. And it was less through love of her and more because of this jealousy—this avid longing for material achievement, for precious things to put at her feet, telling her : " Behold ! I can give you whatever the Manchu could have given you ! " —that ambition came to him ; that he dreamed of rising from his lowly estate to power and riches.



It was about this time that a Ninguta man returned to his native town, his pockets clanking with gold and amazing tales on his lips of the fair fortune awaiting the men of China in a land beyond the Pacific. America was its fantastic and barbarous name. And it seemed that the work there was plentiful and the wages generous and princely.

Foh Wong listened to him eagerly. He asked many astute, practical questions. Presently he made up his mind.

He sold his meagre belongings. He took Na Liu to Canton and crowded there aboard a Yankee clipper with a gang of his countrymen. And, even before the ship warped out, he received his first taste of the New World's crass realities at the hands of the Gloucester mate, who, short of help, picked decidedly involuntary and as decidedly unpaid stevedores from among his Chinese passengers ; forcing them to labour all day, to shift cumbersome freight, to direct to the derricks the heavy slings of cargo, to toil for long hours with bleeding fingers and tired, aching bodies ; and once Foh Wong, taking a breathing spell, turned to Na Liu, who stood by the gunwale, and said to her :

" Ah—hard, hard work ! But it does not matter. For I shall succeed. No doubt of it." And, in a whisper : " You want me to succeed ? "

" Yes."

" You love me—a little bit ? "

Her reply was hopeless in its honesty ; hopeless in its tragedy ; hopeless in what it did not say :

" I shall be a faithful wife to you—always."

" But . . ."

He was about to run to her side, to plead with her, when the Gloucester mate's bellow interrupted him :

" Cut out that stinkin' Chinkie talk, yer yaller-skinned heathen—and git back to them derricks ! "

And though Foh Wong did not understand the words, he had no trouble in understanding the length of knotted rope that whistled through the air. . . .

SUCH was the beginning of his Odyssey—which was destined to end, ironically, in a sweltering Pell Street garret, with the door locked and the windows tightly shuttered and an agony of fear for ever stewing in his soul. The beginning of his Odyssey—almost as bitter as this same end—with all about him, stretching East towards San Francisco, the sea's world, enigmatic, alien, unconceivable to his prosy peasant mind. Slimy, brutish toil. Sea-sickness and wretched food and brackish water. The Gloucester mate cuffing and cursing him and his countrymen with a certain austere, Puritan determination. Days with the waves house-high under a puffed, desolate sky. Nights of blackness flecked with white and running back to a yet deeper blackness. Once a gale that shivered a mast into matchwood and swept the bridges clean as with a knife.

He was conscious of fear. But—paradoxically—he was not afraid of his fear. For there was his ambition. There was his passion for Na Liu. There was, stronger than his passion, his hate of Yang Shen-Li; his chilly resolve—so, at least, he expressed it long afterwards, when he had learned to spice his stilted, pedantic Chinese speech with the acrid jargon of the New York gutters: "I'll show that lousy boid where he gets off!"

But it was a decade or two before he reached the particular, and quite potent, Americanisation contained in these words. Decades of hard, sweating, menial labour.

First in California. California of the smashing, roaring, epic era. Gold was king then. Silver-lead was viceroy. Everywhere railroads were being pushed. There was timber. There was wheat. There were cattle ranches and orchards. There was the White Man's bragging slogan:

"Give us the dollars! To hell with the cents! Let the Yellow Men earn 'em!"

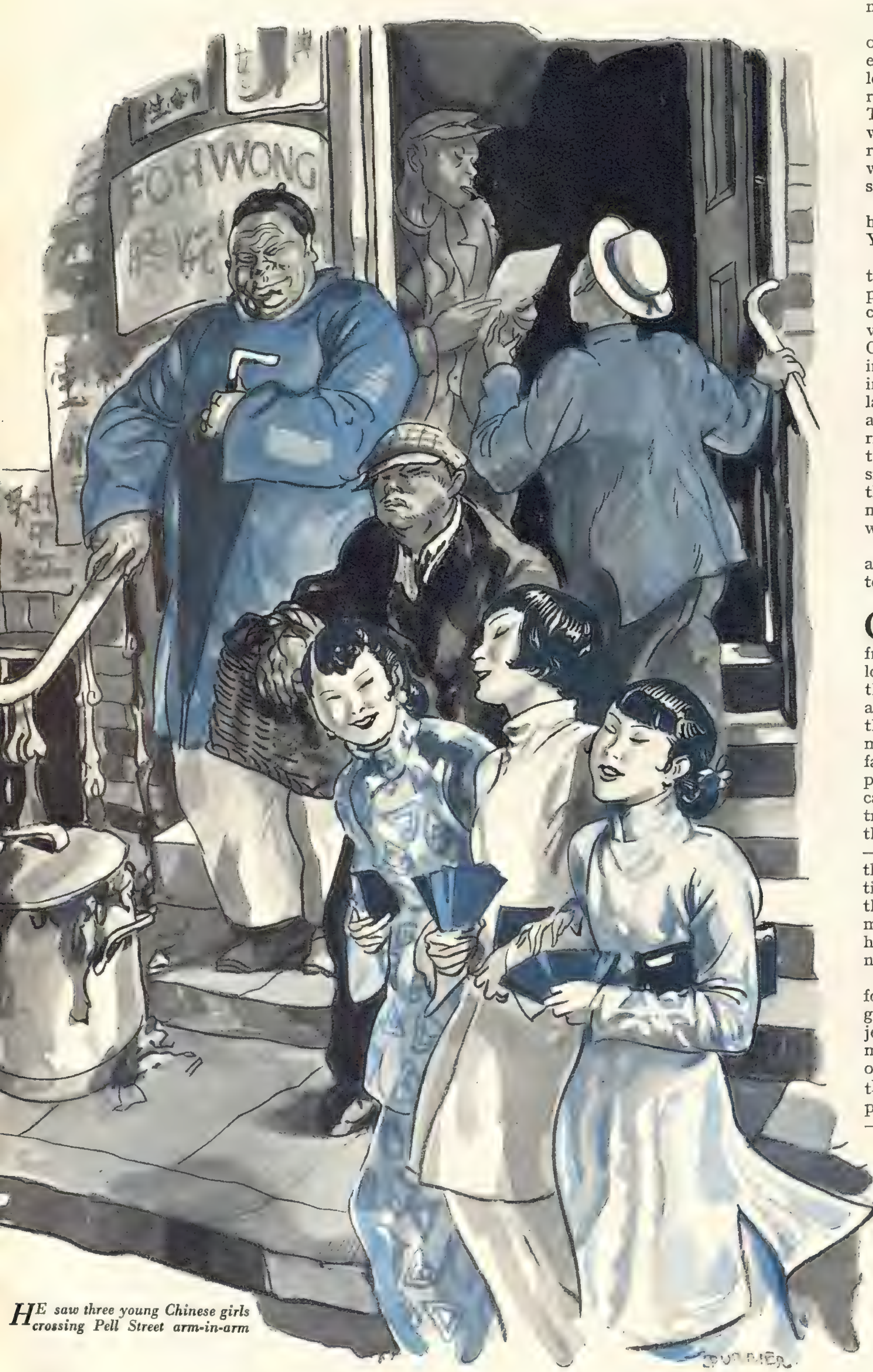
The Yellow Men did. Among them Foh Wong—striving desperately, year after year; living close to the danger line of starvation, in California, Arizona, Colorado, Chicago, at last reaching New York. Frugally hoarding his money, climbing up the ladder of success—until his was a name for shrewdness and solid riches to conjure with in Chinatown, and stout merchants, sipping their tea or smoking their opium-pipes on an afternoon at the Azure Dragon Club, would comment admiringly:

"Gold comes to his hand unasked—like a dog or a courtesan . . ."

ONCE in a while he had news of Yang Shen-Li. He heard from the Canton papers, and the local Chinatown weekly called the *Eminent Elevation* and owned and edited by Yung Tang, how the Manchu, too, was steadily making his way; how, a favourite of the Dowager Empress, he had been appointed captain-general of the Pekin troops, commander-in-chief of the Northern army, and finally—this happened at the turn of the century, at about the same time when Foh Wong paid off the twenty thousand dollar mortgage on his Pell Street house—military governor of his native province.

With every rise in the other's fortunes, Foh Wong's ambition grew. His hate, expressed by his jealousy of material achievement, was not weakened by his own success; although, in this, thoughts of Na Liu no longer played a part. Except—perhaps—indirectly and unconsciously.

He was still a good husband to her in that he treated her with scrupulous politeness and presented her occasionally with expensive gifts. But his passion was dying. For several reasons. One—logically, inevitably—was that he had never been able to make her love him. Besides, she was getting to be an old woman. And—the gravest reason—she had borne him no children.



HE saw three young Chinese girls crossing Pell Street arm-in-arm

She, on the other hand, had not ceased to be his faithful wife: looking after his bodily comfort, making his home a thing of tidiness and beauty, cutting down household costs. Nor did she dislike him. Not at all. Indeed, it would be a hunting after lying, sentimental effect to say that she blamed him for having forced her into marriage. For she, also, was of Mongol race. She believed—to quote a Chinese proverb—that it was just and proper to take by the tail what one could not take by the head; and she would have acted as Foh Wong had acted—in fact, did act so several years later—had the positions been reversed.

Therefore she gave him her respect. She even gave him a measure of friendship. But no love. She could not. She had not forgotten the Manchu; could never forget him.

So Foh Wong's love died. It became indifference. And then, one day, his indifference changed to hate—as blighting as his hate for Yang Shen-Li . . .

On that day, coming home for lunch, he found his wife in tears. He asked her what was the matter. She did not answer; only sobbed.

He saw a crumpled letter on the floor. He picked it up.

It was from her brother.

The latter wrote—for that was the time, after the death of the Dowager Empress, when revolution all over China was no longer the pale, frightened dream of a few idealists, but a fact that seared the land like a sheet of smouldering flame, yellow, cruel, inexorable—he wrote her how in Ninguta, too, several months earlier, the masses had turned against their rulers, the iron-capped Manchu princes. He wrote vividly—and Foh Wong smiled as he pictured the grim scene.

The mob of enraged coolies—*hayah!* his own people—racing through the streets; splashing through the thick, blue slime; yelling:

"*Pao Ch'ing Mien Yong*—death to the foreign oppressors!"

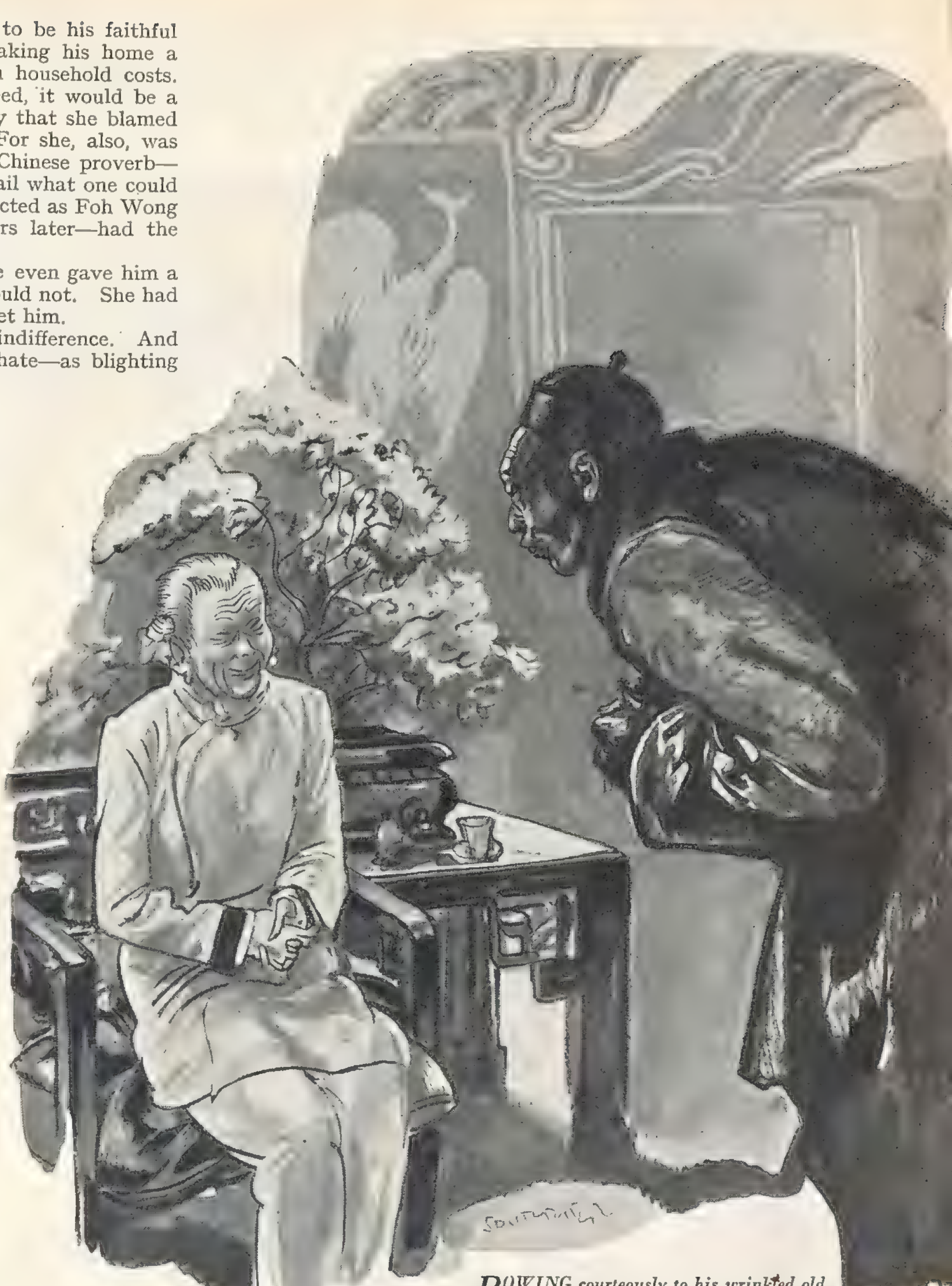
Running on and on, like a huge snake with innumerable bobbing heads; mouths cleft into toothy, sadistic grimaces; shouting loudly:

"*Pao Ch'ing Mien Yong!*"

Rushing on through Pewter Lane. Through the Bazaar of the Tartar Traders. Past the Temple of the Monkey and the Stork. On to the palace of the military governor. Wielding hatchets and daggers and clubs and scythes. Overpowering the Manchu bannermen, who fought bravely.

"*Pao Ch'ing Mien Yong!*"

Heads then. Heads rolling on the ground like over-ripe pumpkins. Heads of Manchus, of foreign oppressors; and amongst them—doubtless, wrote Na Liu's brother, though it had not been found in the crimson shambles—the head of Yang Shen-Li . . .



Bowing courteously to his wrinkled old wife and asking her: "Moonbeam, was there ever love as staunch as ours?"

"*Pao Ch'ing Mien Yong!*" cried Foh Wong.

Yang Shen-Li's head—he thought—his handsome, arrogant head.

He laughed. Then, suddenly, his laughter broke off—and, staring at Na Liu, seeing her so wrinkled and faded and old, he said:

"I wish he had lost his head years ago, when I gave him the choice between losing it and losing you. For had he chosen death, I would not have married you, O turtle-spawn!"

She did not reply. She kept on weeping. And then he beat her; partly because he hated her, and partly because—her tears told him—she still loved the Manchu, loved his memory even after death . . .

He left the room, the house. He thought, with self-pity: "Here I am—wealthy and powerful, and my loins still strong—and saddled with this ancient, gnarled crone—*hai! hai!*"—as he saw three young Chinese girls crossing Pell Street arm-in-arm, with swaying hips and tiny, mincing steps—"when there are so many soft, pretty buds waiting to be picked."

He turned and looked. He knew one of them: Si-Si, the daughter of Yung Tang, who owned and edited the *Eminent Elevation*, the local Chinatown weekly. He did not care for the latter. The man, New York born and bred, was a conservative, an adherent of the former Imperial regime, and had recently returned from China, whence he had sent articles to his own and American papers, praising the Manchus and denouncing the revolutionaries as tools of the Bolshevists.

Still—considered Foh Wong—his daughter was lovely. Ah, what an exquisite wife she would make! And he smacked his lips like a man sipping warm rice wine of rich, oily bouquet.

So time passed.

Whenever he thought of Si-Si—which was often—he beat his wife. And then, one afternoon, at the Azure Dragon Club, stretched out on a mat, between them a table with opium lamps, pipes and needles and ivory and horn boxes neatly arranged, he complained of his fate to Yung Tang, who inclined his head and spoke sententiously:

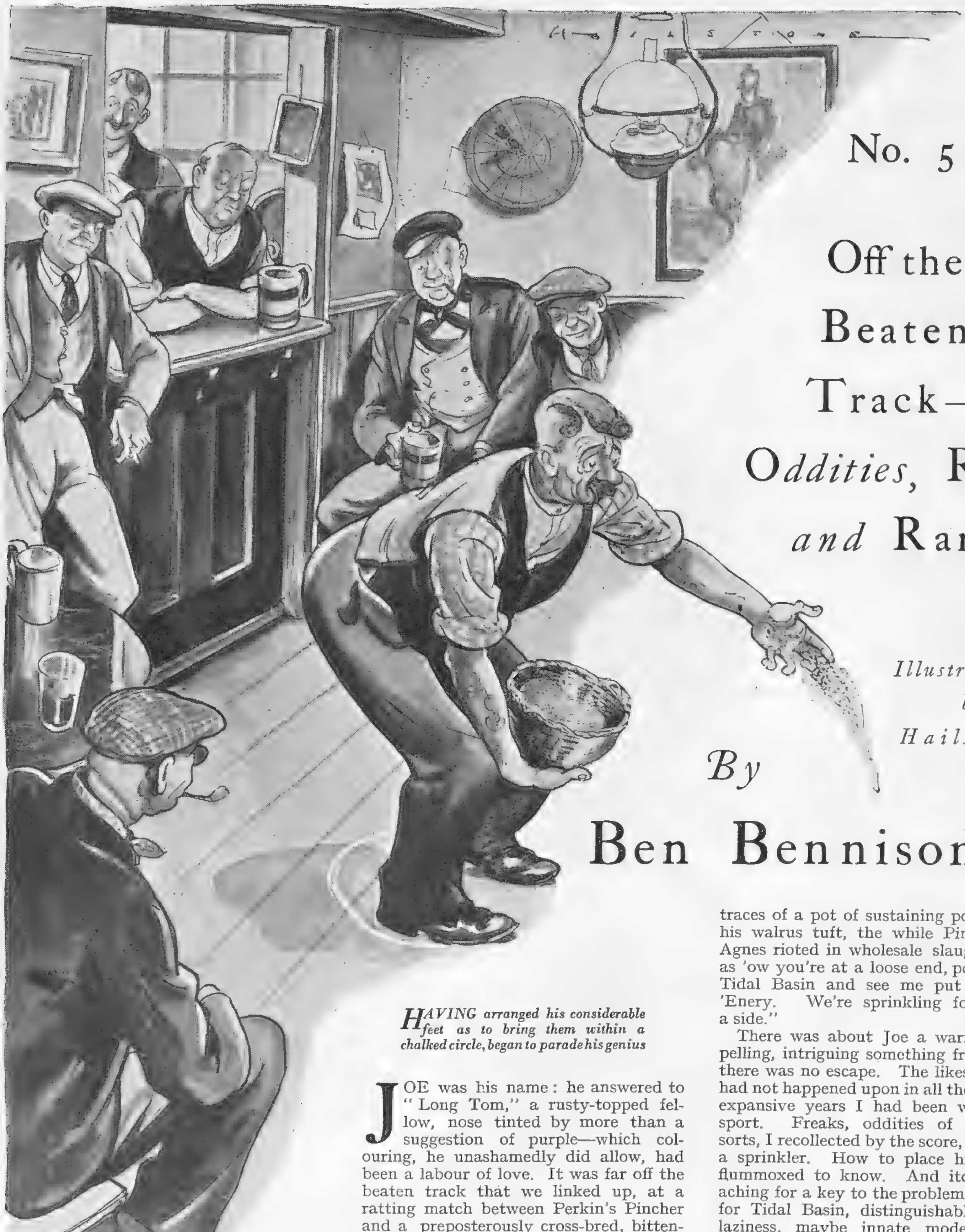
"Women are useless unless they be the mothers of our children."

"That is so."

"My own wife drinks—too much. She talks—too much. She spends—too much. But she has given birth to a daughter and three sons. Ah!"—while, with agile fingers, he kneaded the brown poppy cube which the flame gradually changed to amber and gold—"better a drunken, nagging, extravagant wife who is fertile than a virtuous one who is as barren as a mule."

(*Continued on page* 84)

An Odyssey *of* SPORT



No. 5:

Off the Beaten Track—Oddities, Rich *and* Rare

Illustrations by Hailstone

By

Ben Bennison

HAVING arranged his considerable feet as to bring them within a chalked circle, began to parade his genius

JOE was his name: he answered to "Long Tom," a rusty-topped fellow, nose tinted by more than a suggestion of purple—which colouring, he unashamedly did allow, had been a labour of love. It was far off the beaten track that we linked up, at a ratting match between Perkin's Pincher and a preposterously cross-bred, bitten-eared bitch—Agnes, by name, if I remember aright—nearby neighbours, as surely of the institutions of Old Ford as its policemen, who, more discreet than valorous, were given to walking in pairs. For Old Ford and round about, those days, bore no relationship to Arcadia.

"Guvnor," confided Joe, as with a back-handed sweep he removed the last traces of a pot of sustaining porter from his walrus tuft, the while Pincher and Agnes rioted in wholesale slaughter, "if as 'ow you're at a loose end, pop over to Tidal Basin and see me put it acrost 'Enery. We're sprinkling for a fiver a side."

There was about Joe a warming, impelling, intriguing something from which there was no escape. The likes of him I had not happened upon in all the long and expansive years I had been wedded to sport. Freaks, oddities of incredible sorts, I recollected by the score, but never a sprinkler. How to place him I was flummoxed to know. And itching and aching for a key to the problem, I steered for Tidal Basin, distinguishable by the laziness, maybe innate modesty, with which its street lamps flickered and stammered.

Instinct took me to "the boozer at the corner," over which presided a worldly-wise landlord, who in a jealous guardianship of his pewter tankards had them chained to the bar counter. "For, you see," it was explained, "on such an occasion you really never know: men are apt to develop taking ways. Which is kind of natural, just as is a thirst for beer. Have one ? "

I compromised by having several, so as the more completely to fit in and as an aid to damping down a burning impatience to renew acquaintance with Joe and his challenger to immortality.

In a whirl and twirl of smoke I found Joe, collarless, otherwise neat and prime.

" You're going to see somefink as you've never seen afore," he promised; and if a bleery yellowishness in his ferrety eyes offered no such guarantee, he, at least, took me by both ears.

" It's like this," he whispered, " Jim Nodkins, a potman, same as me, what works over on the other side of the water, fancies his chance as a sawdust sprinkler, and up he comes the other night and offers to back hisself against me. 'What abaht it ? ' arsks me customers, and I says 'Right oh.' And a match was made on the blinking spot, articles drawn up and referee, Teddie Humphreys, what you know, an' all appointed. And money dahn. See ? "

I professed to see daylight to lie outrageously. Whereupon Joe, after the manner of a last ditcher, rose to the limit of his skinny 6 ft. to await a call to action. Which same was mine host's full-throated " All's ready. Taproom is all cleaned up, and if you'll take your places, gentlemen, one and all, we'll start."

To the taproom we repaired, myself with strange, boyish eagerness. Drinks having been served in obedience to long-established custom, Joe, to the accompaniment of a heartening rattle, appeared with a basket balanced to a nicety in the hollow of a capacious right hand. With light and measured steps he strode into the centre of a meticulously brushed-up floor, and having arranged his considerable feet as to bring them within a chalked circle, began to parade his genius.

"TAYPOT"

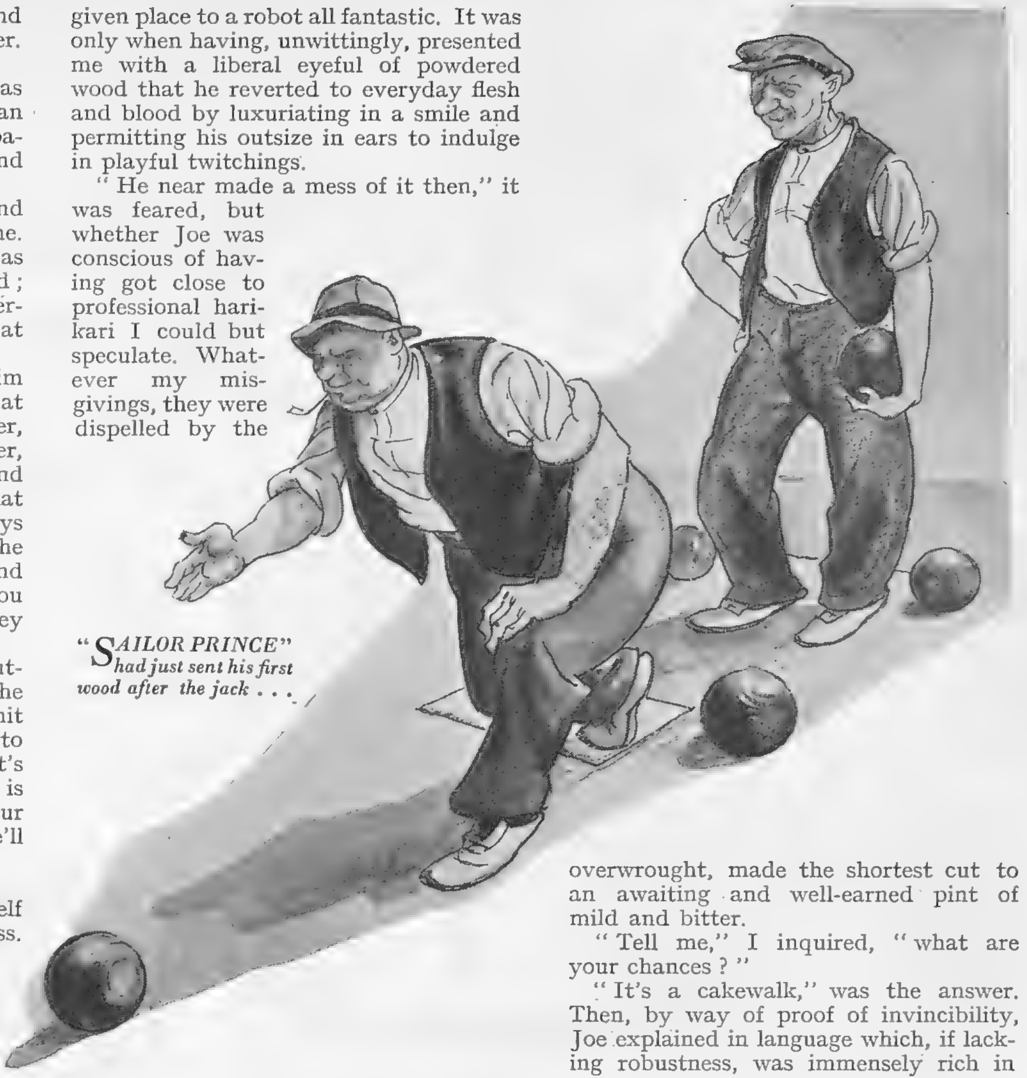
With a free left hand he dug with the delicacy of an artist into the basket, and, as if by magic, started a shower of damped sawdust that reached to the far end of the taproom, not venturing the flick of an eyelash in the process, nor did he move a muscle. My first reaction was to explode laughter, so weird a picture did Joe paint. No scarecrow more grotesque had I beheld or visualised. It was as if he had undergone some devilish metamorphosis: the man in him had given place to a robot all fantastic. It was only when having, unwittingly, presented me with a liberal eyeful of powdered wood that he reverted to everyday flesh and blood by luxuriating in a smile and permitting his outsize in ears to indulge in playful twitchings.

" He near made a mess of it then," it was feared, but whether Joe was conscious of having got close to professional hari-kari I could but speculate. Whatever my misgivings, they were dispelled by the ease, grace and magnificent unruffledness with which he reached for and let go his heaviest battalions to weave a carpet of wondrous patterns—here cristy-crosty, there first cousins to snakes and ladders, again a new species of scorpion. And when, with a final and majestic flick of his tapering digits, he exhausted his basket there was not a speck of bareness to be seen on that taproom floor.

And, becomingly, Joe beamed his acknowledgment of the thunderous applause of his camp followers. For myself I was positively carried away by the enormity of his feat. For well inside five minutes he had accomplished that which I doubted was within the compass of common man—covered a 40 by 30 ft. room with sawdust, so manipulated as to give it the appearance of velvet. Not shoddy velvet, but rich elaborately decorative velvet; and, unbelievably, the creation of it was to Joe, at least, as nothing at all.

From a perch of splendid isolation the referee appraised the handiwork what time Joe, in conformity to rules and regulations, remained in the chalked circle with, forgivably, a grin eloquent of pride and satisfaction. Also was it a challenging grin, directed menacingly to Jim Nodkins, now on his toes all ready and prepared to take up the cudgels.

The arbiter having duly and expertly taken stock of Joe's sprinkle, the floor, under vigorous sweeping, assumed its virgin bareness, and Joe, understandably overwrought, made the shortest cut to an awaiting and well-earned pint of mild and bitter.



"SAILOR PRINCE" *had just sent his first wood after the jack . . .*

" Tell me," I inquired, " what are your chances ? "

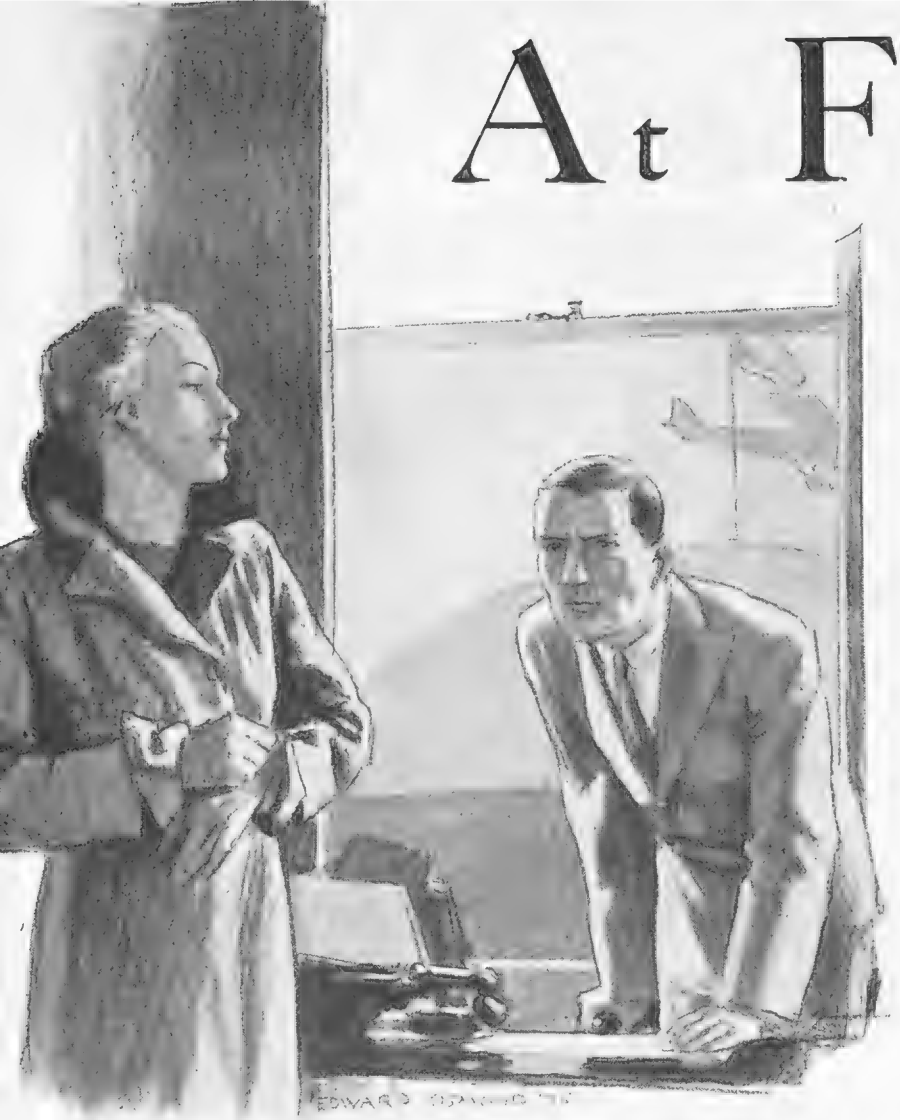
" It's a cakewalk," was the answer. Then, by way of proof of invincibility, Joe explained in language which, if lacking robustness, was immensely rich in bite, that he knew he was a winner so soon as he had made his first flick. And this: " I have not been sprinkling this perishing floor day in and day out for years without knowing every inch of

(*Continued on page 90*)

THEIR physical differences were as marked as their idiosyncrasies

At Fifty Feet

Up in the Clouds the War-less Battle with a Queen



"BEFORE you go, Miss Lyle, remember this: Any fool can fly at five thousand feet, but it takes a pilot to fly at fifty"

LEXHAM stared gloomily from his office window out over the aerodrome. The spring day was sunny, with enough sting in the breeze to stimulate the tardiest liver. Business was good; the Lexham School of Flying thrived upon a satisfied clientele, the private affairs of its proprietor and founder held no threat.

And yet Lexham was vaguely depressed, conscious of an undertone, irritating and disturbing.

"What the devil's the matter with me?" he asked himself, testily.

Was it, he wondered, the monotony of things? Despite his irritation a faint smile touched his lips at the thought. If anybody had told him ten—fifteen years ago that flying could become monotonous!

Of course, things were different then. When George Lexham had been Squadron Leader George Rodney Lexham, R.A.F., airmen seldom lived long enough to complain of monotony. They learned their flying in a hard school from weary, leather-faced instructors whose job was to transform eager schoolboys into wise, deadly fighting automata in as short a time as possible. One either flew or—well, one could go sick, get out, or crash. Lots crashed. The survivors flew.

Lexham's rapid progress through ground school, dual, solo, gunnery, combat, advanced combat, commission—France, had seemed all too long to him, then. But life was so rapid. Men lived and died between smokes in those terrible days.

He thought of it all now; the early 'planes: Avro, Jenny, Bristol, Camel, Pup (the fearful Pup which would rather spin than fly!), and laughed shortly.

That was flying! When you were in one of those planes you didn't need a war to liven you up. Splendidly planned buses, most of 'em; did wonderful things on paper and bench, and still more wonderful things in the air—only not so reassuring! And, remembering, Lexham sighed. He sighed because he was thirty-eight and a little tired, tired because his adventurous youth (with its war-time marriage and subsequent divorce) lay behind, because the air and its riders were no longer heroes—were now no more glamorous than bus drivers.

Not that youth had been all glory. He had learned about death in those days; that men do not always die so silently and picturesquely as some war films suggest. There were, still, nights when his uneasy sleep was haunted by other pictures—when he saw again a black-crossed Pfalz plunging down the sky, flame and smoke pouring from its tank; saw an insanely screaming observer, face half shot away, beating hysterically at the fire which, nevertheless, was no more pitiless than his foe.

And he still dreamed of the day when his elder brother was shot down, when he had gone out to the wreck with the crash wagon; had stood by in silent horror while hard-faced men had tried to find enough for burial.

No—not all glory. But one either died—or *lived.*

"But, damn it," he muttered. "I'm still *flying.* But of course—it's different. It's easy. Australia, America. You could go to sleep in a bus nowadays and it'd land by itself!"

A sudden roar of an engine from directly overhead burst in upon his reverie, a roar which was immediately stifled, and followed by the whine and swish of a gliding plane. From above the office building one of Lexham's training Moths swept obliquely down to a perfect landing. He pushed open the window and called to a man in leather coat who was about to enter the building.

"Hey, Jackson!"

The other stopped and looked up. Joining the school at its inception as a pilot instructor, he had since become Lexham's firmest friend.

"'Morning, George," he said.

"'Morning. Who's in that Moth, d'you know?"

"Young Cynthia Lyle—you know, the girl with the fat-wad father. That's her last flip—she finishes to-day."

"Right; thanks." He closed the window and, going to his desk, drew out a sheaf of pilots' reports from a file and began to study them. Ten minutes later a knock on the door was followed by the appearance of a typist.

"Miss Lyle to see you, sir."

"Very well, bring her in."

Even in his present disgruntled mood Lexham could not help admiring the girl who entered. She looked very businesslike in her flying kit, the keen air had lent a flush to her face and a sparkle to her eyes, so that she brought into the office something of the freshness of the spring morning.

Lexham rose and shook hands.

"Well, Miss Lyle," he said, "I've just been looking at my pilots' reports. They tell me you're a star pupil."

She laughed lightly and sat down in the chair he placed for her.

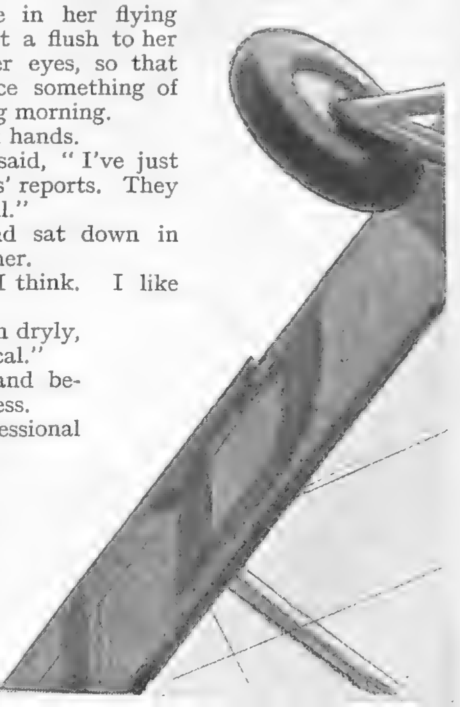
"I've done fairly well, I think. I like your pilots."

"I believe," said Lexham dryly, "that the liking is reciprocal."

She laughed outright and became beautiful in the process.

"Oh—strictly in a professional capacity!" she added.

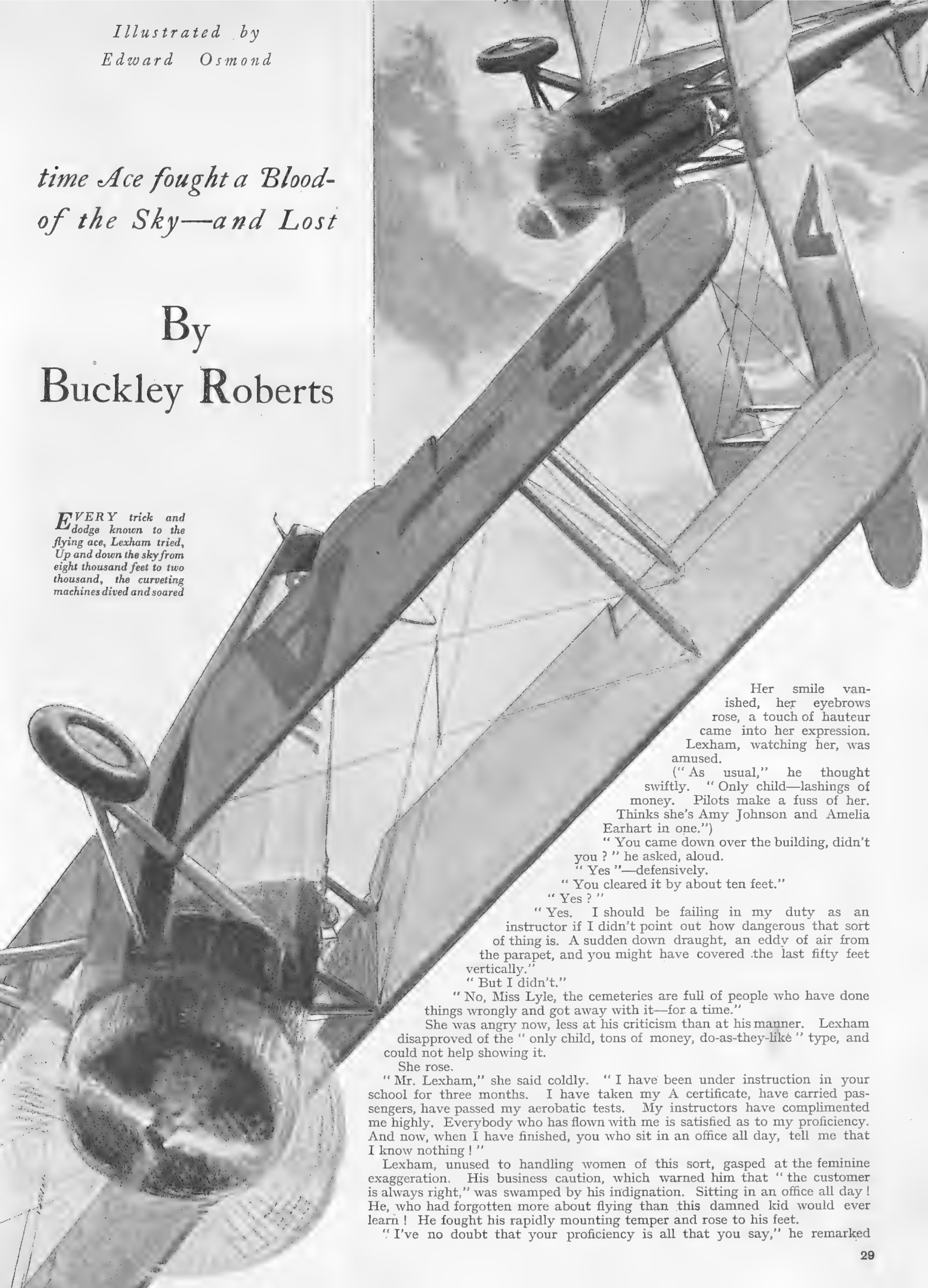
"Quite. And, Miss Lyle, strictly in a professional capacity, I should like to say that you have just accomplished a piece of very bad flying."



Illustrated by Edward Osmond

time Ace fought a Blood- of the Sky—and Lost

By Buckley Roberts



EVERY trick and dodge known to the flying ace, Lexham tried, Up and down the sky from eight thousand feet to two thousand, the curveting machines dived and soared

Her smile vanished, her eyebrows rose, a touch of hauteur came into her expression. Lexham, watching her, was amused.

(" As usual," he thought swiftly. " Only child—lashings of money. Pilots make a fuss of her. Thinks she's Amy Johnson and Amelia Earhart in one.")

" You came down over the building, didn't you ? " he asked, aloud.

" Yes "—defensively.

" You cleared it by about ten feet."

" Yes ? "

" Yes. I should be failing in my duty as an instructor if I didn't point out how dangerous that sort of thing is. A sudden down draught, an eddy of air from the parapet, and you might have covered the last fifty feet vertically."

" But I didn't."

" No, Miss Lyle, the cemeteries are full of people who have done things wrongly and got away with it—for a time."

She was angry now, less at his criticism than at his manner. Lexham disapproved of the " only child, tons of money, do-as-they-like " type, and could not help showing it.

She rose.

" Mr. Lexham," she said coldly. " I have been under instruction in your school for three months. I have taken my A certificate, have carried passengers, have passed my aerobatic tests. My instructors have complimented me highly. Everybody who has flown with me is satisfied as to my proficiency. And now, when I have finished, you who sit in an office all day, tell me that I know nothing ! "

Lexham, unused to handling women of this sort, gasped at the feminine exaggeration. His business caution, which warned him that " the customer is always right," was swamped by his indignation. Sitting in an office all day ! He, who had forgotten more about flying than this damned kid would ever learn ! He fought his rapidly mounting temper and rose to his feet.

" I've no doubt that your proficiency is all that you say," he remarked with a touch of bitterness. "But before you go, Miss Lyle, remember this: Any fool can fly at five thousand feet, but it takes a *pilot* to fly at fifty. As to my office, it may interest you to know that I make a practice of flying every day, when possible. Should you doubt it, I shall be happy to fly with you and demonstrate the truth of my remarks about low flying."

Cynthia Lyle was in a childish fury by now.

"Oh, I know that you fly," she retorted contemptuously. "I've seen you floating sedately round the drome in your Cadet like a little boy on a bicycle. And I learned low flying from your instructors, so your lack of faith in them is a poor advertisement for your school. Good-day, Mr. Lexham!"

Positively quivering, she turned abruptly, her leather skirt whisked in the doorway, and she was gone. Lexham stood staring after her, amazed and angry.

"Insulting little blighter!" he said at last. "'Floating sedately'—'boy on a bicycle'—of all the infernal cheek!"

THERE was a step outside, and Jackson's head appeared at the door. He looked puzzled.

"What have you been doing to my soul-mate?" he asked. "She's gone buzzing out of the building like a bee with the toothache."

"Look here," said Lexham. "Can that girl fly?"

"Can she fly?" repeated the other. "George, that girl's a genius with a Moth. She can do as much with it as she can with me, and what she can do with me is nobody's business!"

"Don't stand there, all head and teeth like a Cheshire cat," said Lexham irritably. "Come in. Now listen, Jack, you're a responsible instructor. Don't you ever tell pupils that it's not good flying to scrape dust off roofs when they're landing?"

"Oh, that was just high spirits! Didn't you ever 'roll' a hangar when you were a kid? Besides, we had to be tactful; she's a bit touchy."

"So I noticed," said Lexham grimly, and related the conversation.

Jackson was tickled. "'Boy on a bike' 's good," he chuckled. "Still"—more seriously—"you shouldn't have put the family curse on her. She may go around telling people we're no good. Never mind, she's a damn good pilot and we made her; so smooth your furrowed brow and let me drive you into Newbury for lunch."

During lunch Lexham's irritation was soothed by the cheerful but shrewd nonsense of his companion, and although the vague depression lingered, he began to see the humour of the morning interview. After lunch they drove back to the aerodrome, and, as they strolled over to the hangars, where his Avro Cadet was being prepared for flight, Lexham made his final comments.

"You know, Jack, flying's too easy nowadays. Look at the people we get. Cocky boys and girls who think they're going to fly the Atlantic after three lessons; elderly rakes who want to cut a new dash; cocktail mothers looking for a thrill. How many *good* pupils do we get—pupils who fly for the sake of flight, for the mastery of a bus, for a career? Most of 'em just want a thrill; talk to 'em about aerodynamics or engines and they run a mile. Did you hear that one last week? '*Do* tell me, Mr. Lexham,' she said, 'how is it that man doesn't get an electric shock when he turns the propeller thing?' I'd give years of my life to see some of our 'star' pupils handling an old Sopwith Pup!"

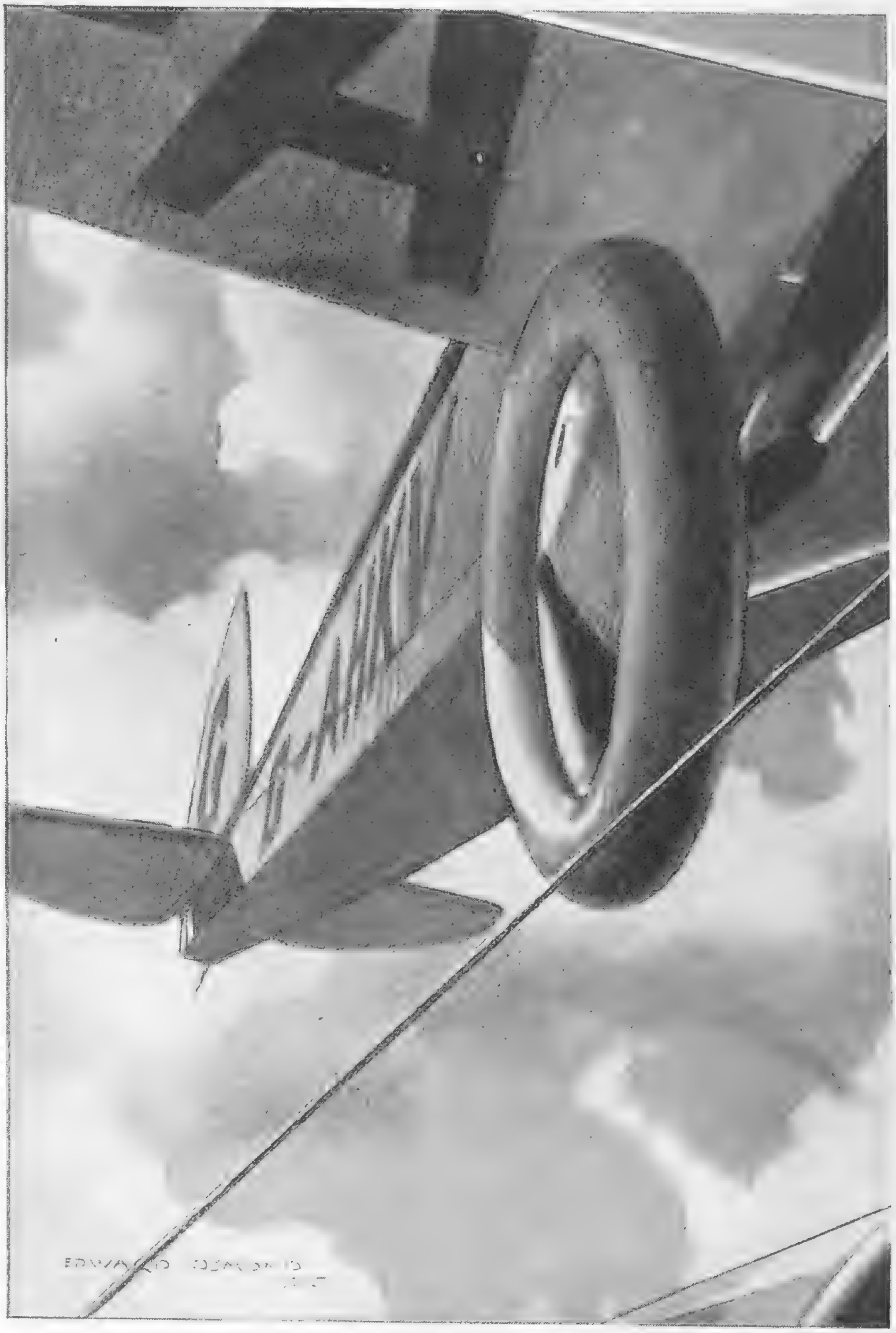
"I believe young Cynthia Lyle could handle anything," persisted Jackson. "She may be a bit headstrong, but she's young and full of confidence. Criticism's hard for people like that. Besides, you're not a model of tact, are you?"

"I don't know what I am," said Lexham, "but let's have this straight—and I'm speaking now as the head of this school. In future, pupils are to be kept off that office roof. When the wind's south, bring them in high and slip across wind—they ought to learn that anyway. And now get on with your job; I'm going for my bicycle ride."

Jackson grinned. "I should," he advised. "It might do your liver good."

THE Avro was all ready now and stood outside the hangar, propeller turning slowly while the engine warmed. It made a fine picture with its aluminium fabric glinting in the sun, and Lexham admired it as he strapped on his helmet. "One thing," he thought, "we've got fine buses nowadays. Flying may be easier, but it's more efficient, too."

He climbed into the rear seat, and two mechanics held the 'plane while he tested the engine by gradually opening the throttle. A wave of his hand, the chocks were pulled away from the wheels, and he went skimming out across the field. The machine had been pointed up-wind so



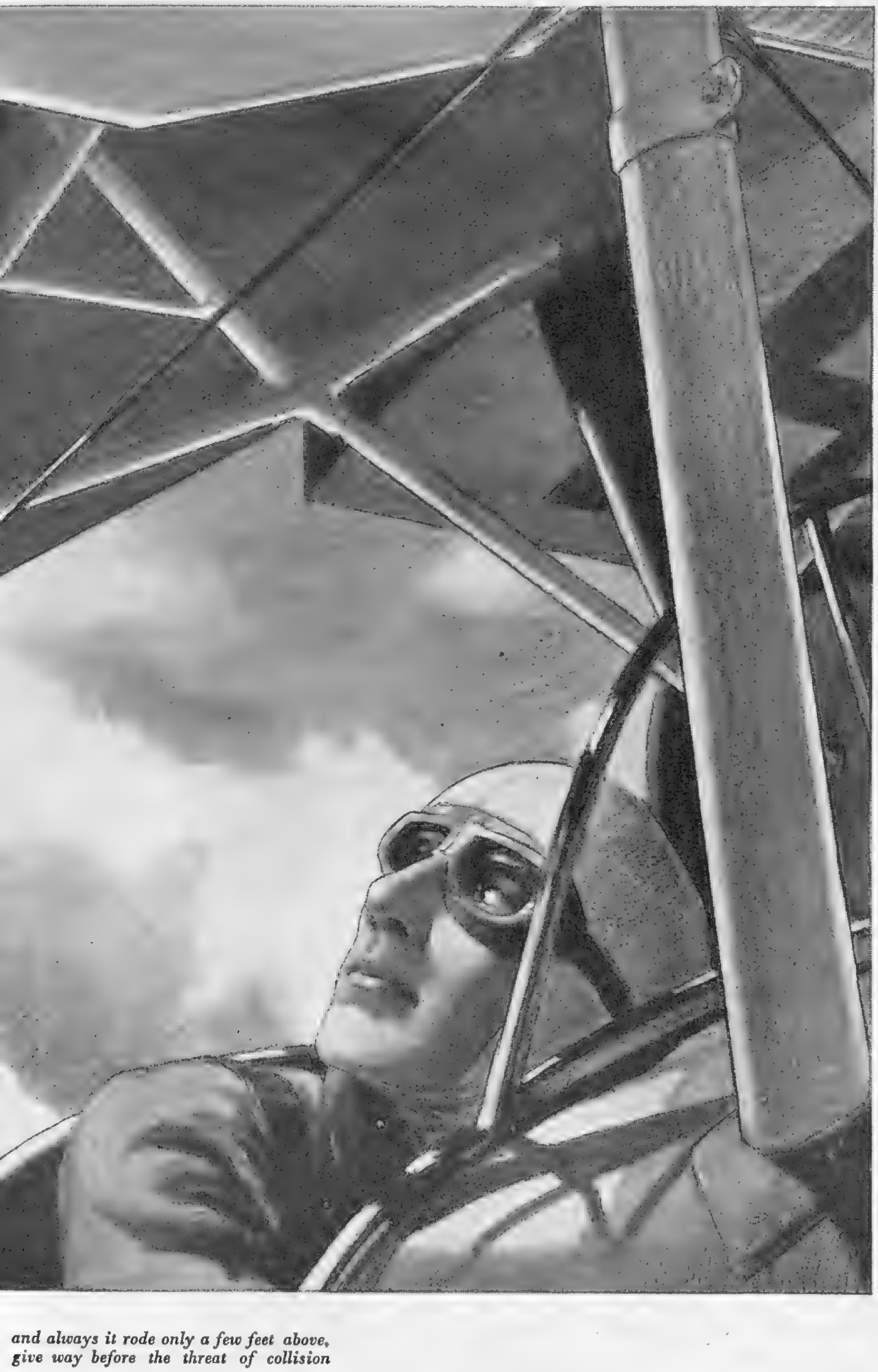
THE Moth followed his every movement, pressing him down, forcing him to that he was able to take straight off, and he climbed slowly—" sedately," Cynthia would have called it—away from the drome.

It was ideal flying weather, clear and not dazzlingly bright, except full in the sun; the horizon was sharp and distant, the air was keen without being chilling. Lexham felt his depression lifting. He was in his element here, away from the ground, could forget that the years were piling on him, that his keen youth was past.

This was his never-failing anodyne, the taut response of the stick, the steady roar of the engine, the buoyant rise and fall of the machine. The old alchemists, thought Lexham, had sought for their elixir of youth in the wrong medium; here was the elixir: here was eternal youth: nothing grew old and dried up here—the air was young for ever.

He banked slightly to port and came round in a wide circle. The drome lay below to his left now. It looked very orderly and minute in the clear light. It was too soon after lunch for any considerable activity; no other machines were up, although two Moths had been wheeled from the hangar and were being attended by little black figures, as though in some Lilliputian dream.

Lexham felt lazy and was content to sit idly, letting the plane fly itself, enjoying the sense of repose and peace. Instead of continuing his circle round the drome, as was his habit, he straightened up and headed west towards Newbury, cruising steadily at about two thousand feet. The country looked its best in its new spring green; far behind on the eastern horizon lay the haze that was London; to the south lay Salisbury Plain, melting slowly into blue distance towards the sea, and far to the north could be seen the dim outlines of the Cotswolds—the whole making a perfect setting for a perfect flight.



and always it rode only a few feet above,
give way before the threat of collision

Lexham found himself remembering other such peaceful flights under different circumstances, when every inch of an innocent blue sky had to be searched constantly by eagle eyes for the surprise attack which never was a surprise. There would be just such an empty sky, just such a sense of peace—perhaps the country would be less beautiful, torn and scarred by two years of savage war, but up here all would be still and calm, not a cloud to hide an enemy, only the V-shaped flight glinting in the morning or evening sun. And then, staring into that sun, with the wisdom that one learned in those days, one would suddenly sight a tiny black speck—two, three, half a dozen! A signal from the leader of the flight, nerves tense, guns ready—the flight would wait for the specks to grow with incredible swiftness into diving enemy planes. The old dodge, ever new—hiding in the sun! Automatically Lexham looked up at the sun, narrowing his eyes at the blinding glare.

" But you never caught me, did you, you old blighter?" he said whimsically. " I was lucky enough——"

The words died on his lips as he stared, stared at the face of the sun through his goggles. Surely—but no, reminiscence and imagination were playing tricks. A speck on his goggles, perhaps. He brushed his sleeve across the goggles and stared again.

By God, it was a speck, a growing speck, a rushing, diving speck!

All his old fighting instinct swept back upon him, his hand tightened on the stick, his feet braced on the rudder bar—and then suddenly he laughed.

" It's England, 1935," he said. " Some fool trying to scare me."

Nevertheless he opened the throttle slightly and turned to face the sun, climbing slowly. The speck was undoubtedly a plane, driving swiftly. Lexham thought quickly. Suppose—suppose it was some homicidal fool——?

He made his decision rapidly. Better take no chances, he was at a bad disadvantage here. He pushed forward on the stick, opened the throttle and started down in a power dive. The dive became a plunge, the engine bellowed, the whole plane quivered, the ground rose towards him like an ascending lift.

Now—he cut the throttle, eased back on the stick, holding off with all his strength. The dive flattened a little, gradually straightened, the wings vibrated from end to end with the strain. As the nose began to lift, Lexham smacked the throttle wide and drew the stick right back as far as it would go. Up came the nose, the engine roared again and the Cadet flashed upward in a terrific zoom, all the velocity of the dive behind it.

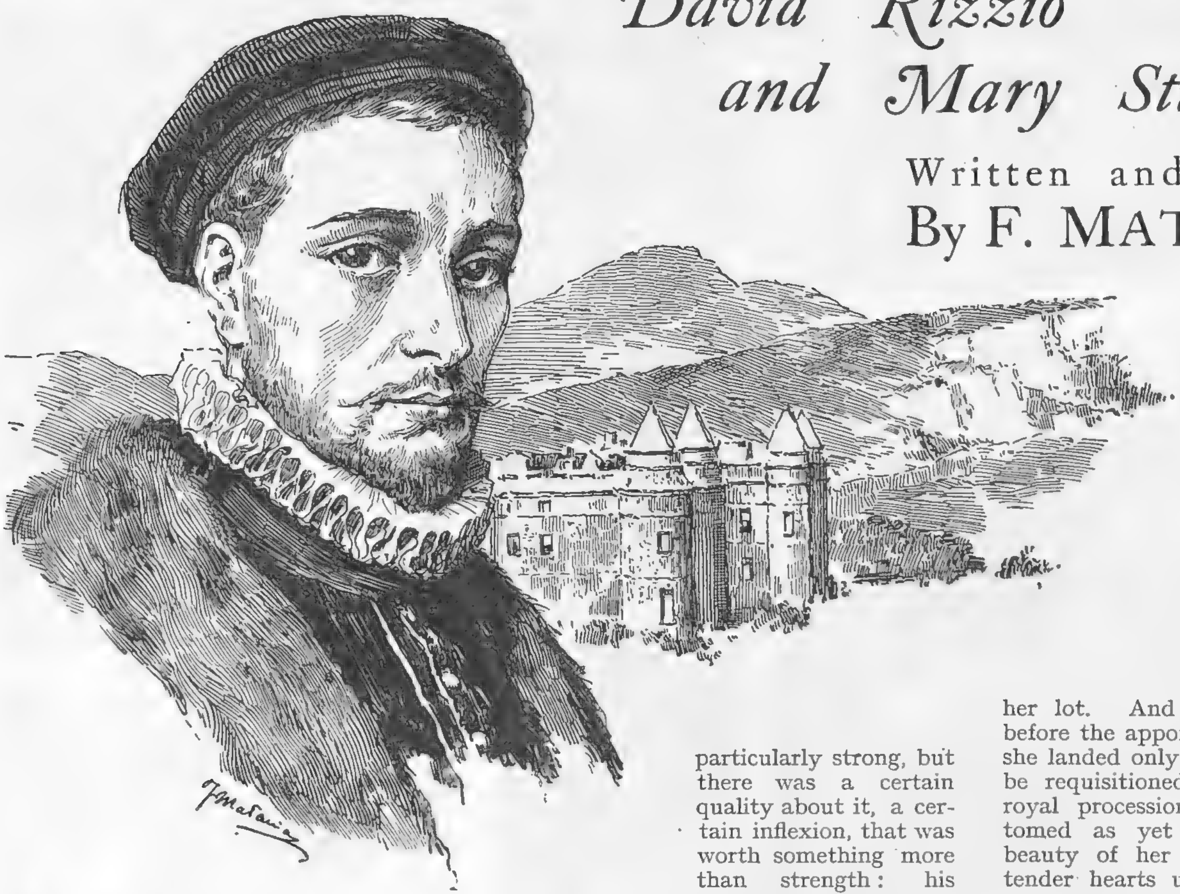
Up, up, up—Lexham thrilled to the surging ascent—this was a zoom that no war time plane could have accomplished without tearing the wings from the fuselage. The speed began to lessen rapidly, the engine to labour. He pushed forward on the stick, shut off, hung for a moment motionless, and then dropped off on one wing, hesitating on the verge of a spin before

(*Continued on page* 94)

Old Tales Re-told

David Rizzio and Mary Stuart

Written and Illustrated
By F. MATANIA, R.I.



WAS it an academic interest in historical research or was it just to satisfy my own curiosity that led me first of all to inquire into the tortuous story of David Rizzio's life? I do not know. . . . But having once begun, I found it was a story that must be followed to the end.

In spite of the fact that he belongs to a period in which the student's interest is inevitably drawn towards the tragic figure of Mary Stuart, Rizzio remains too much in obscurity. I found that the biographers and chroniclers had not pressed the probe of human observation very far. The coldness of their style, the abbreviation, the superficiality of their accounts, only served to increase my interest, and I saw that David Rizzio was a subject worthy of the patient hand of a restorer of antiquity.

In former centuries it was customary in Italy for a son to follow the calling of his father, and their artists and craftsmen tended to become great, not through their own efforts alone, but through the accumulated experience of previous generations.

David, born in Turin about 1533, was educated by his father as a musician, in obedience to the tradition of the family. He was by nature inclined towards sentimentality, and this enhanced his aptitude for the gentler arts as they were practised then. True, there is no evidence from which one might infer that he possessed genius, but at least it is beyond doubt that he played the lute with remarkable skill, and that he was a great lover of poetry. His voice was not particularly strong, but there was a certain quality about it, a certain inflexion, that was worth something more than strength: his soul was apparent in his singing—and it was the soul of a musician.

He was growing up at the time when political necessities kept his native state of Piedmont in constant touch with France. Traces of French, indeed, are strongly apparent in the Piedmontese dialect even to-day, and it is not unnatural, therefore, that a boy of David's intelligence should have acquired a very thorough knowledge of that language. Before he was twenty he had the good fortune of attracting by his ability the attention of the Duke of Savoy, who kept court at Nice. There he entered the service of the Count of Moreta and was enabled to extend and complete his education while finding a practical outlet for the various talents which he had already acquired.

All eyes just then were fixed on the royal courts of France and England. Mary Stuart ceased to be the prospective Queen of France with the death of the Dauphin, the weakest and frailest branch of Catherine de Medici's offspring. The question of her right to claim the throne of England as well as that of Scotland was much discussed, and it was this that produced in Elizabeth that first spark of anger which was to prove the prelude to so long and bitter a hostility.

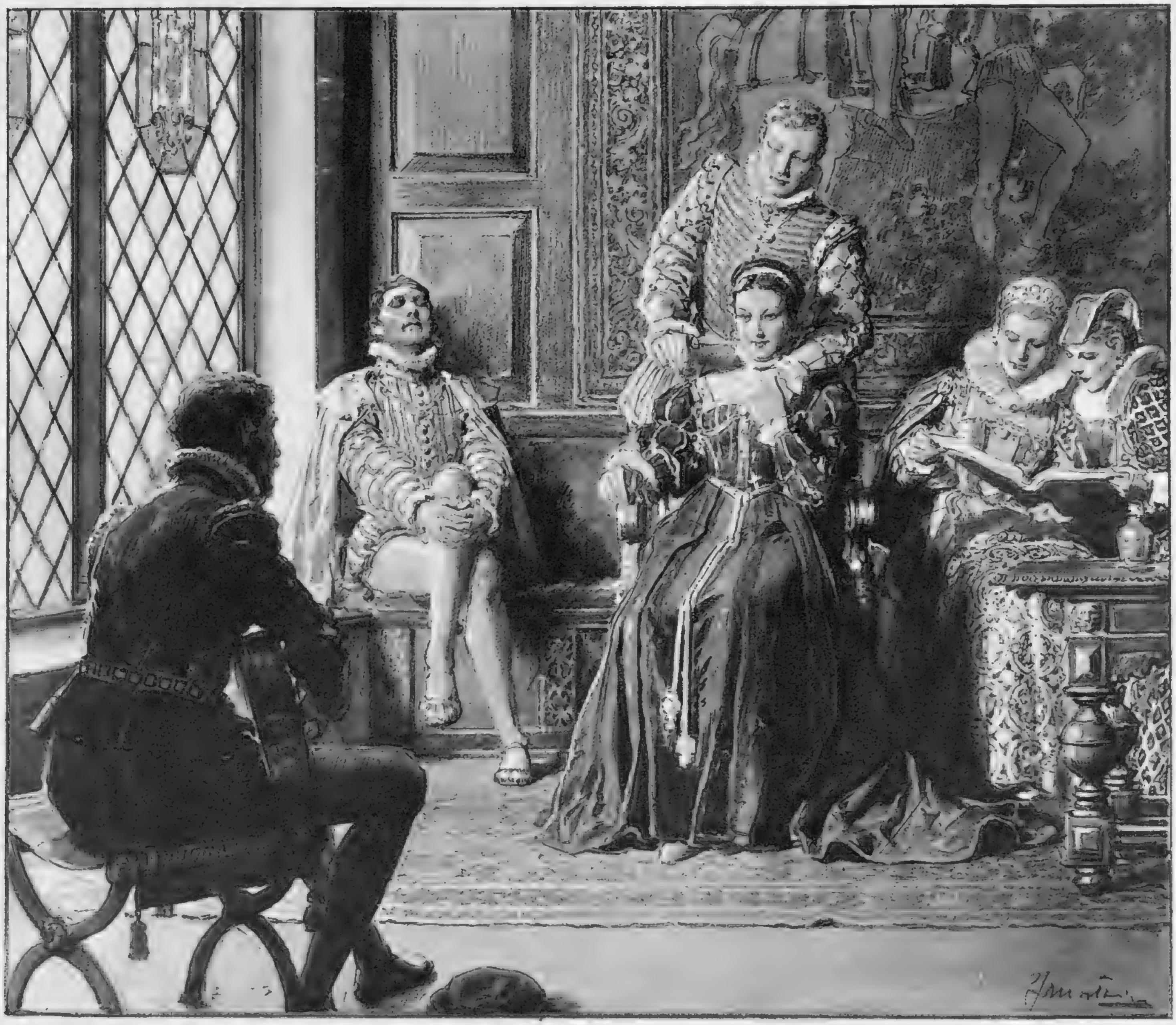
A wave of human pity was evolved by Mary's departure from France, the country she loved, the country where she had been young and happy, unstained even by the life of a court that was famous for its debauchery.

IT was August when she arrived in Scotland. August when the sun should have scorched the rocks, warmed the waters of the rivers, split the corn on the blazing fields. Yet actually the sky of Keel was grey and heavy as a roof of lead. It must have seemed an ill omen to a sensitive soul like hers, a sad premonition of the insecurity of her lot. And she arrived, moreover, before the appointed time, so that when she landed only a few poor horses could be requisitioned and the parody of a royal procession improvised. Unaccustomed as yet to appreciate the wild beauty of her new kingdom and the tender hearts under the rough surface of her new people, she stopped her ears to the violent tearing of the bagpipes; but she smiled all the time, for she knew that they were doing their best to honour her.

It happened some time later that the Duke of Savoy sent the Count of Moreta as ambassador to Scotland. This nobleman took with him David, whose training in diplomacy was already far advanced, and also his younger brother, Giuseppe.

But courtier though he was, his naturally timid nature made him prey to an intense and violent emotion when for the first time he was brought before the Queen. She appeared to him to be absurdly young in spite of her widow's weeds. She treated him with disarming graciousness, and it was not long before he realised that there was no music more welcome to her ears than the French language. Recommended by the ambassador, he remained in the service of her Majesty, and he was officially employed to chant the liturgy in her chapel. Gradually the scope of his work extended to the organisation of small musical parties for her royal entertainment; only when his clever fingers set the cords vibrating, David was most fully in his element, so also was the Queen in hers. Often the "Canzone Italiana" took them back to another world that they both knew, a world full of joyous memories and sunny sights, far away from Scotland.

To him she was truly a Fairy Queen, and he felt inordinately proud of any sign of interest she bestowed on him, notwithstanding the fact that a great deal of her attention inevitably centred on a man whose credentials were far more distinguished than his own. This was the



DAVID RIZZIO plays and sings to Mary Stuart and Darnley. He had brought to Scotland musical conceptions quite new to that country. . . .

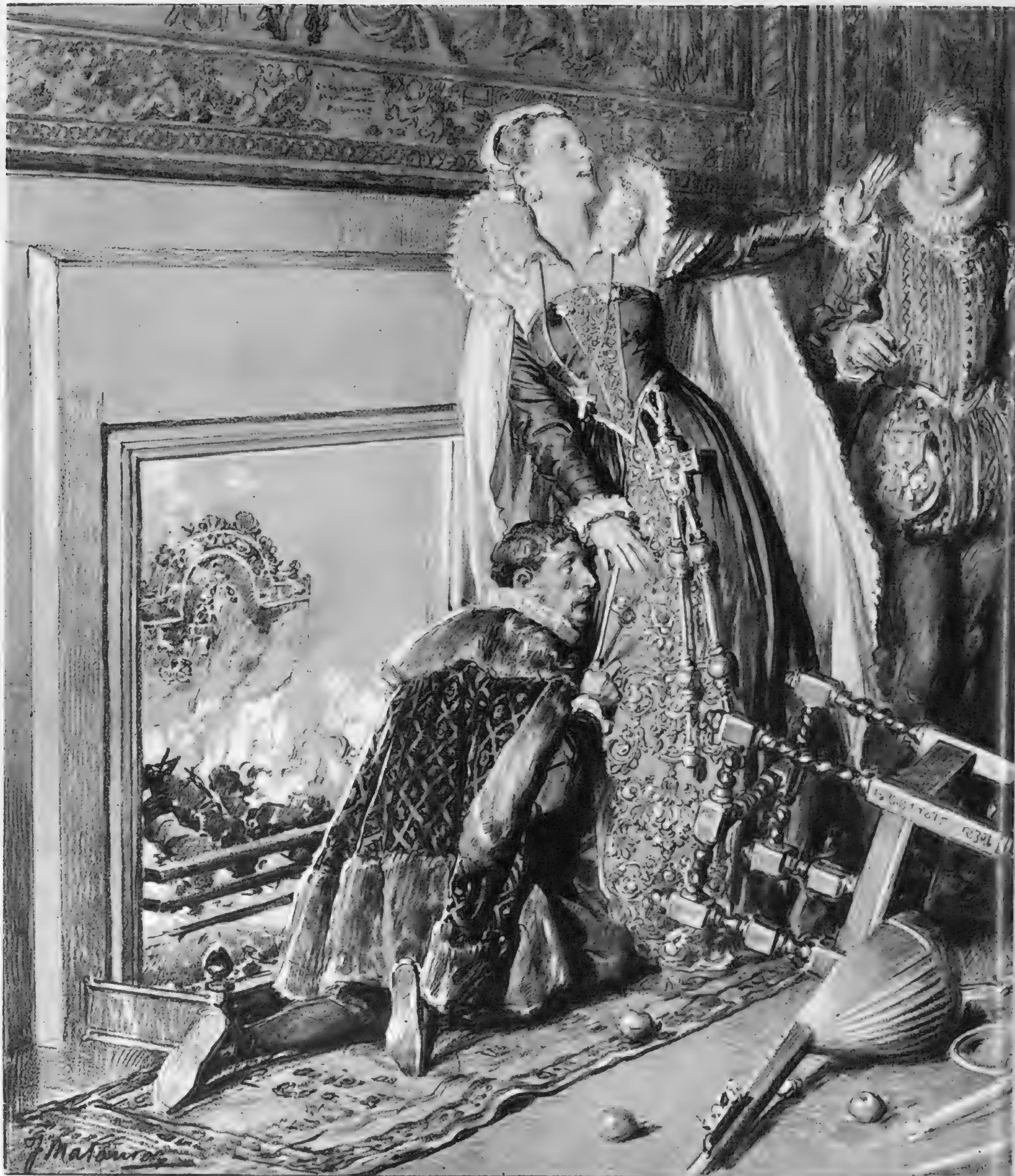
poet Chastelard, a young and handsome Frenchman of good birth, descendant of Bayard and Brantome, a distinguished soldier, and a not unworthy pupil of the famous Ronsard. He had devoted himself body and soul to the Queen; her companion in games, her partner in dance, he dedicated to her many of his best poems that flowed from his inspired pen.

It was only human that a small party composed of such congenial elements should come together, and that the strength of their union should grow in proportion with the hostility it evolved amongst those who stood outside it. Chastelard, Rizzio, Mary Seton, and a few others, were like a little island against which the waves of an infinite and sinister sea were for ever rearing their crests. A single quotation from one of John Knox's letters will convey to the reader some idea of the bitterness with which the Queen and her friends came to be regarded in the course of time. He says: " In the presence of her council she keeps herself very grave, for under her mourning weeds she can play the hypocrite in full perfection. But now that her French fiddlers and others of that band have got the house, there may be seen skipping not very comely for honest women."

David, the " French fiddler," however, grasped the implication of the world in which he was moving with a nimble mind, and the Queen began to look on him as a fit recipient for that confidence and reliance which hitherto she had dared bestow on no one. Thus was planted the seed of a friendship that was at length to set a dagger in his heart, and to be watered with every drop of his life blood.

QUEEN MARY had found Scotland in a state of boiling ferment, the clash of two religions producing a state of war in which no weapon was considered too despicable, provided only it would serve its purpose. John Knox was at the head of the Protestant movement, and in the name of Christ would go to any lengths to destroy the Catholics, whose resistance was also in the name of Christ. To Knox, Religious Freedom spelt Moral Anarchy. Stubborn, obstinate and narrow in his views, he was incapable of realising the nature of his own fanaticism, with its inevitable accompaniment of blind cruelty. The Queen tried her utmost to make a friend of him, to inspire in him the same sense of tolerance that she possessed herself, and many were the interviews between them. She was a good Catholic, that is, a convinced Catholic, and every word from the stern innovator was a stab in her heart. She was Queen, and yet, she would not impose her beliefs on him nor on anyone else. And her queenly dignity was all the more offended by the fact that often she was compelled to defend herself as though she were guilty of some crime. She knew that he was stirring up the entire nation against her, and that every time they met he was only waiting for the opportunity to administer some coup de grâce that would finally end all resistance to his persuasions and threats.

Whenever David was allowed to be present at these interviews, she felt less lonely, more capable of sustaining this unequal fight. Even though he was silent, the look in his eyes, which seemed to say: " I am with you; I am suffering with you," gave her encouragement and strength. And, apart from him, there was no reliance to be placed on the sincerity of a single soul. Any illusions she may have cherished were irreparably shattered, one by one. Even her own

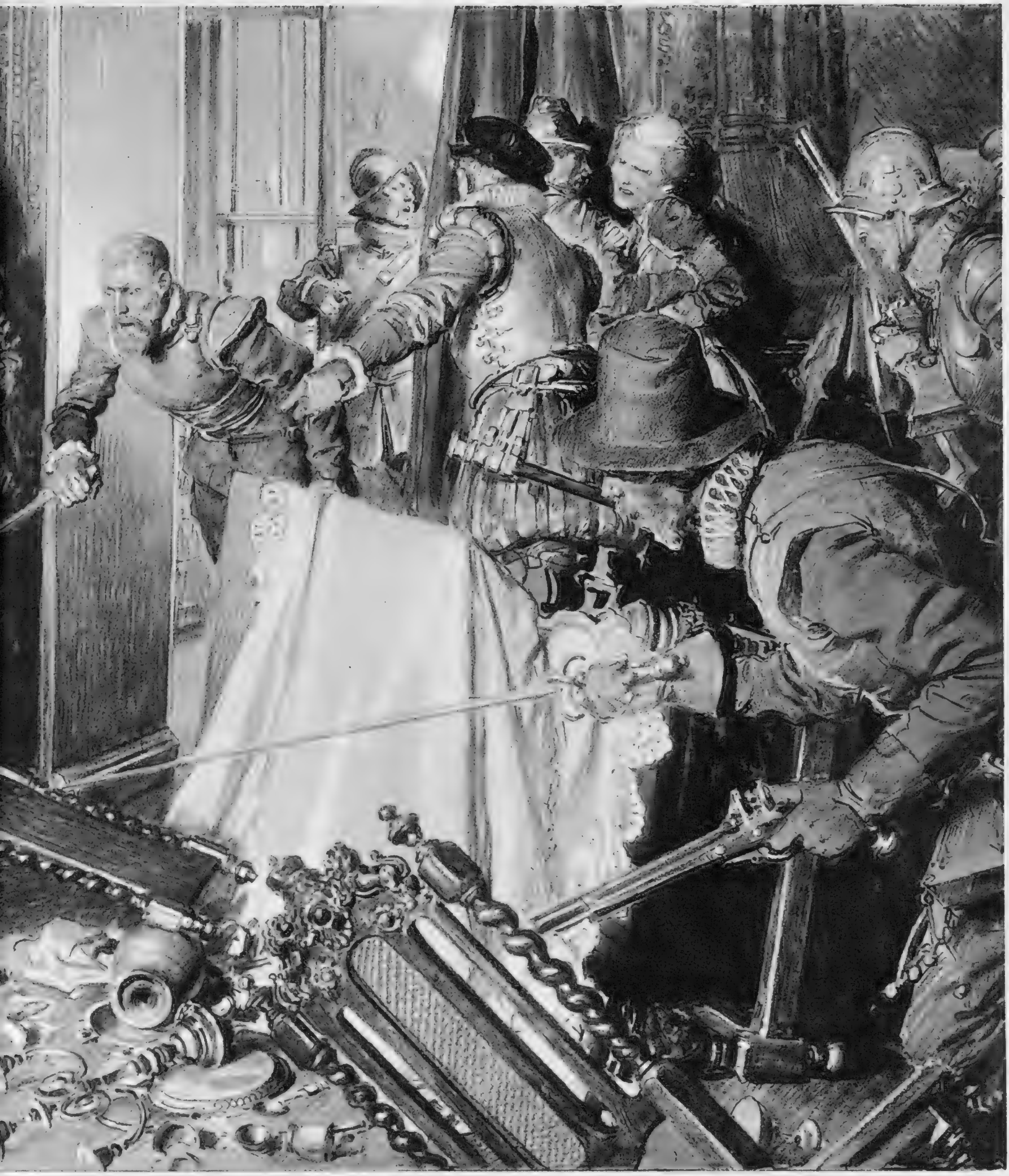


THE death of David Rizzio. He clung to the Queen, making were unable to prevent the first thrust of a blade which sank

half-brother, the Earl of Moray, was against her, not for any honest difference of principle, but simply in the hope of usurping her throne as Regent. Underhand and false in every action, he invariably tried to exploit her good nature, and set a trap for her whenever he could. Almost all those who had paid homage as faithful citizens on her first arrival, now revealed themselves as enemies or spies.

No one realised more clearly than David how all-powerful was Elizabeth. He knew that a constant stream of secret information was being carried to the crafty Queen of England; that there was not a lock in Mary Stuart's palace which did not have an eye or an ear glued to the keyhole. That, guided by the most unexpected hands, quills were busy describing every particular of her life, every detail to which venom could give paint. He knew, too, that Queen Elizabeth read these lines, and read between them, sometimes rewarding her spies, sometimes rebuking them, but always making use of her information, moving her pawns calmly, coldly, according to plan, never too early, never too late.

As time went by, Rizzio was gaining ground—but only with Queen Mary. He was like a faithful dog, ready to die on the grave of his mistress, yet there was nothing he could do save keep on the alert and warn her of approaching danger.



a shield of her person. The stretched hands of Mary Stuart for half its length in the velvet cloak of the unfortunate man.

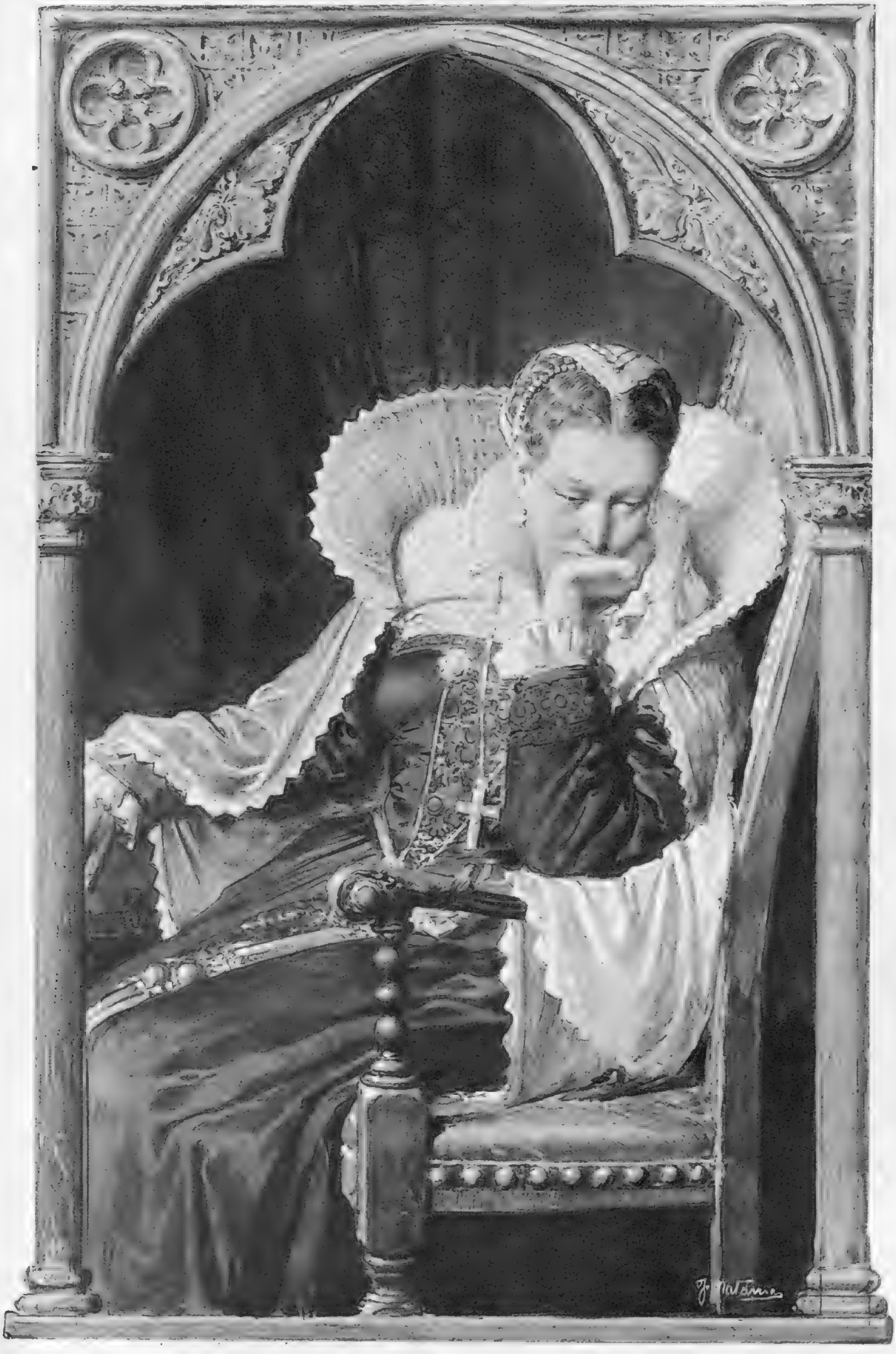
In spite of all this, however, there were periods of apparent harmony. Rizzio had brought to Scotland musical conceptions quite new to that country. The madrigals of Constanzo Festa and the love songs of Orlando Lasso proved popular in the royal household, whilst in the Royal Chapel he even succeeded in introducing the famous Te Deum composed by the immortal Palestrina.

Then an unexpected catastrophe occurred to make the Queen's position a thousand times worse than it had hitherto been. Chastelard, who had been absent for some time, was back from France. One evening he was present at a friendly and informal party, during which music and poetry and the flow of wit had succeeded in diverting the Queen's thoughts from heavier matters. She went to bed, and at length her ladies-in-waiting left her, sleeping peacefully. An hour later she was awakened by some strange feeling, or the shock of a bad dream, and that very moment felt her hand grasped by someone kneeling at the side of her bed. Instinctively, without even seeing who it was, she screamed for help. Chastelard, having lost any spark of self-control and common sense, had penetrated the bedroom of the Queen. On his knees he was imploring pity, and crying aloud his love, unheedful of her terror.

Mary Seton was the first to burst open the door and come to the rescue. Sizing up the situation in a single glance, she implored silence and cursed Chastelard for his madness. Realising the gravity of this unmentionable scene, she would have done anything to keep it secret; but, alas! it was too late! The Earl of Moray was already there.

Historians are agreed that the Queen asked Moray to kill Chastelard on the spot. Mary Seton, on the other hand, viewed his interference as the worst calamity possible. She tried to regain mastery of the position. She stressed the need for absolute secrecy about the whole affair, but it was too much to expect that the Earl of Moray should let slip so golden an opportunity of casting a dark shadow on the young Queen's reputation. He knew how quickly the story would get around, and on what fertile ground the seed of destruction would be sown. He roused the servants, and ordered the guards to enter the Queen's room, and drag Chastelard away.

Alvero Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, in his dispatches, gives an entirely different version of the event. He depicts Chastelard as a scoundrel who, taking full advantage of the gracious reception with which the unlucky Queen had honoured him, introduced himself into her room for purposes of espionage. But the details given in these dispatches are inconsistent and absurd, and may be dismissed as an attempt to extricate Mary Stuart from the impossible position in which she now found herself.


MARY STUART *after the death of David Rizzio. Her mind was so confused that, in spite of all that had happened, she still enquired what had happened to David.*

A FEW days later, the case was tried publicly, and although a fiction of courtesy was maintained towards the Queen, the mere fact of the trial was an insult that she felt very deeply. Chastelard was condemned to death, but rumour was not silenced and was spreading farther and farther throughout every corner of the land at the very moment when the first man to die for loving Mary Stuart was ascending the scaffold.

Full of pride and exaltation, this young French poet went to his death. In the distance he could see the familiar walls of Holyrood Castle. At the top of his voice he shouted: "Je fais mes adieux à la plus belle et à la plus cruelle des princesses," then turned to the executioner and closed his eyes for ever.

Rizzio in the meantime, was still compelled to smile at the many enemies of the Queen, as if he knew nothing of what was in their minds, and he was shocked to see even love become another element invoking for her destruction.

She, on her side, was evidently relying on him more and more. Bundles of documents, bristling with intricate technicalities concerning the correspondence with France, Spain, and Italy, were continually being given to him, and he had to spend endless nights studying, reading and translating them so as to be sure that he was fulfilling his task to the Queen's best advantage. When the Secretary for French despatches incurred the Queen's displeasure, David was officially appointed in his place, and there was another uproar of indignation from her enemies. His loyalty was questioned—though in that atmosphere of intrigue the meaning of the word might be supposed to have become obscured. The real charge against him, however, was that of aspiring much above his rank and education. Whatever may be the truth—or importance—of such a charge, David's faithfulness to the one who had benefited him remains the undeniable and predominant note of his short life.

Looking further, it may also be said that Rizzio was deeply in love with the beautiful woman who was the Queen he served. But he was a timid man, and it is doubtful whether a plain admission of it ever escaped his lips. The unforgettable tragedy of Chastelard was a warning, and if Rizzio did love Mary, he had sense enough to see that she was beyond his reach.

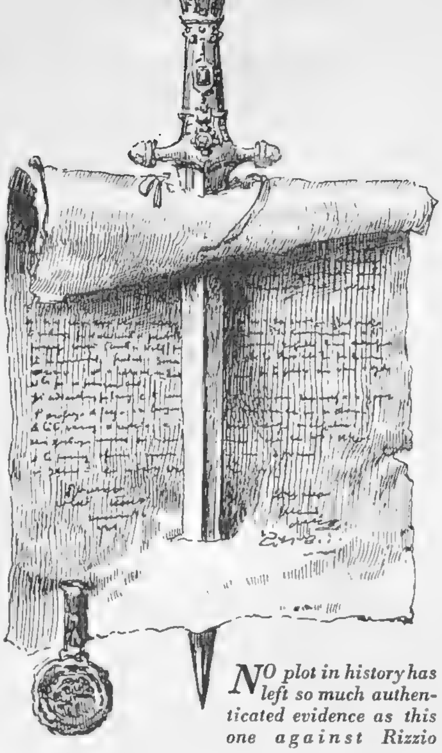
What can his first meeting with Mary's prospective husband have been like? Against the tall and stately Darnley, who had arrived in Scotland with the conquest of Mary already determined upon, he must have felt his own emaciated figure appear contemptible. The only thing the two men had in common was their love for music, and that was the foundation of a reciprocal cordiality which shrank to nothing as they became better acquainted.

The Earl had apparently every necessary qualification for his position. With his handsome figure and the grace of his manners he soon captivated the heart of the Queen. She needed to lean on a man who could protect her officially, openly and effectively. She fell in love with a Darnley of her own creation, attributing to him a wealth of qualities and gifts which he did not in fact possess.

The necessity of finding another husband for Mary had long been under consideration and various proposals put forward, and Queen Elizabeth had tried to pave the way for one of her intimate friends, but Mary had refused every offer with thanks. Now came Darnley, a catholic, and in the atmosphere that prevailed catholicism was little better than leprosy. He knew only too well that the odds were against him, and that if he was to marry the Queen he would have to do it secretly. The plan was accepted enthusiastically by the Queen, and Rizzio had to bow to the Royal will.

Already he suspected Darnley's worthlessness, but he dared not voice his opinion, knowing that Mary's mind was not accessible to anything that could cast a shadow on her chosen hero. It is quite probable that in such circumstances as these Rizzio lent his complicity to the marriage with deep reluctance, and the altar he prepared in his study was to him an altar of bitter sacrifice.

The ceremony took place in March of 1565 at Stirling, among a few intimates, but a doubt as to its legality resulted in a second marriage being arranged later on.



No plot in history has left so much authenticated evidence as this one against Rizzio

Now began Darnley's arrogance; he took the uncompromising attitude of master, and resentment of the Scottish nobility found an outlet against Rizzio on account of his friendly relations with Darnley.

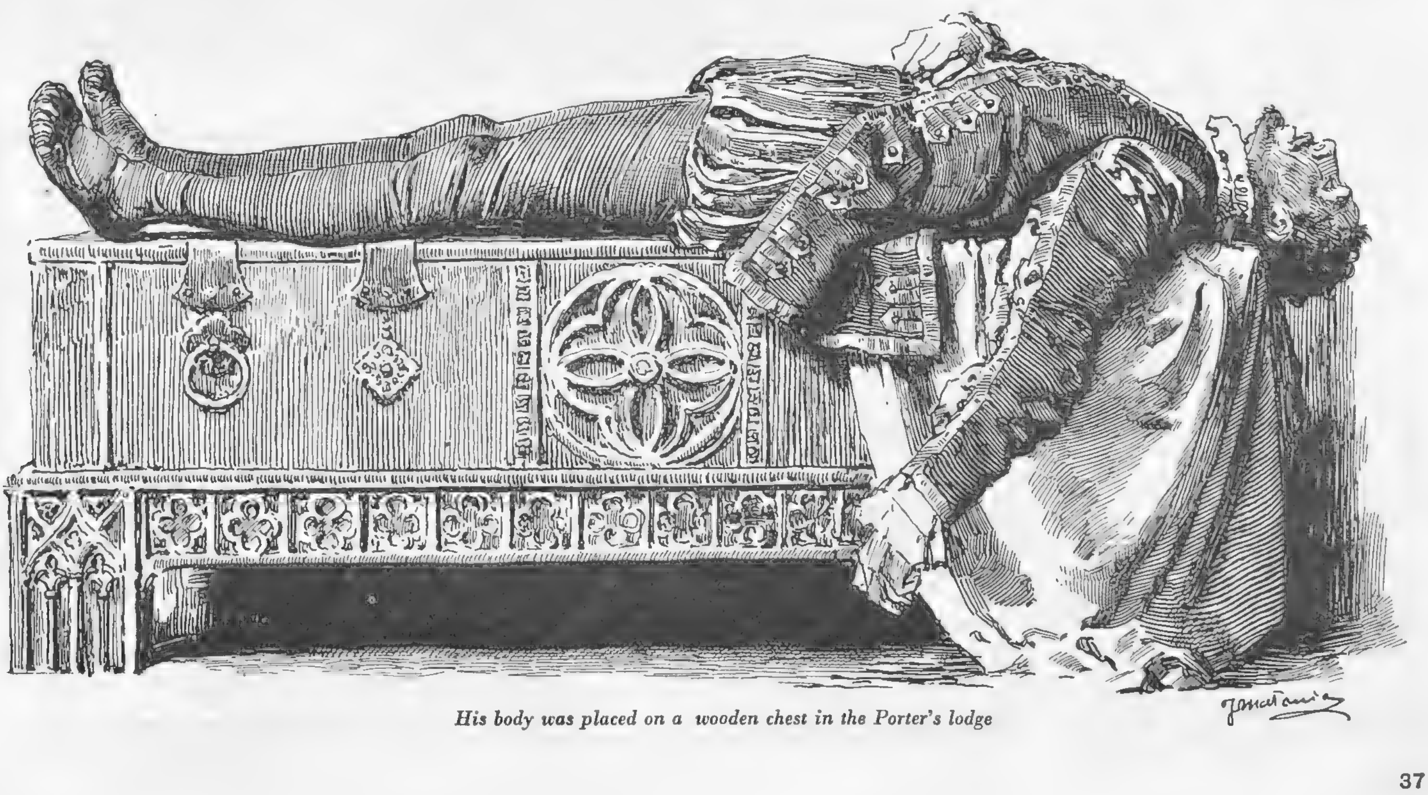
There can be no doubt that Mary was genuinely in love with her husband. She delighted to honour him; she showed him every possible expression of respect and submission. On the other hand there is not the least evidence of the expected response on his part. He appears to have been a man void of chivalrous gratitude. And here the fatal period starts. . . .

It was not long before the poisonous seed of jealousy began to pollute Darnley's mind, and Lennox, his father, played Iago with such consummate skill that soon he seemed to see proofs of his wife's infidelity in every trifle.

David's lot became more difficult; he was crushed under the imputation of being the lover of the Queen, and his position was made worse still by the Queen's refusal of the Crown Matrimonial to Darnley, for which he was in some way thought to be responsible. Husband and wife drifted apart, Darnley living a life of drunkenness and excess, Mary disillusioned, forgetting the last shred of respect she had ever had for him.

When Mary became an expectant mother, the paternity of the child was immediately attributed to David Rizzio, and no one even tried to open the eyes of the obsessed husband to the fact, which everyone knew, that the child had been conceived during that time when Mary was passionately in love with him and him alone.

Yet towards March of 1566 a strange calm pervaded the atmosphere of Holyrood. The Queen, her ladies in waiting and Rizzio were almost getting used to that state of tension which prevailed between the opposite parties. They were far beyond realising that the climax was so near. . . . Saturday, the 9th of March, the Queen was at supper with Jane Stewart, the Master of the House Arthur Erskine, Lord Robert Stewart, who held the office of Prior of Holyroodhouse, Robert Beaton and David Rizzio. Owing to the smallness of the room, which was an antechamber to the Queen's bedroom, they were sitting close together, but there was a feeling—rare enough now—of happiness and serenity among them. Towards the end of supper the door opened and the tall figure of Darnley appeared; he had made no noise, and had come by a narrow staircase that led from his room to that of the Queen. No one paid any heed to his uncanny expression; they had grown accustomed to his abnormal appearance, due to the disordered life that he was living. He seated himself beside Mary, and had barely spoken a word when steps were heard approaching, accompanied by the sinister clank of metal; the door burst open, and Ruthven, in full armour and drawn sword, stood on the threshold. He was immediately followed by George Douglas. They (*Continued on page* 104)



His body was placed on a wooden chest in the Porter's lodge

For the Economical Purse

New materials and new interesting architecture some facts about the

By Winifred

A SMALL country house by a distinguished designer which is practical in every way. Inside, every square foot is made good use of in the interests of spaciousness and convenience. (E. Guy Dawber, A.R.A.)

THINGS are happening in the sphere of house-building. New materials, and especially new uses for old materials, are giving us more small houses of character and quality at the price average people can afford to pay.

Speculative building of cheap and inferior houses is more and more frowned upon. The average family requirements are for attractive small houses which also offer sound investment—and this, in the past, has been most difficult to obtain.

Economy is essential, but the average middle-class house-owner realises the need to economise with discretion. The house must be small, but every inch of floor space needs to be thoughtfully apportioned in accordance with family needs. The house must be compact, but not cramped. The materials used must be of such a quality as to endure and also to effect economies in upkeep. These features are not available in the mass-production house and, until very recently, the only other kind which embraced them was far beyond the average pocket.

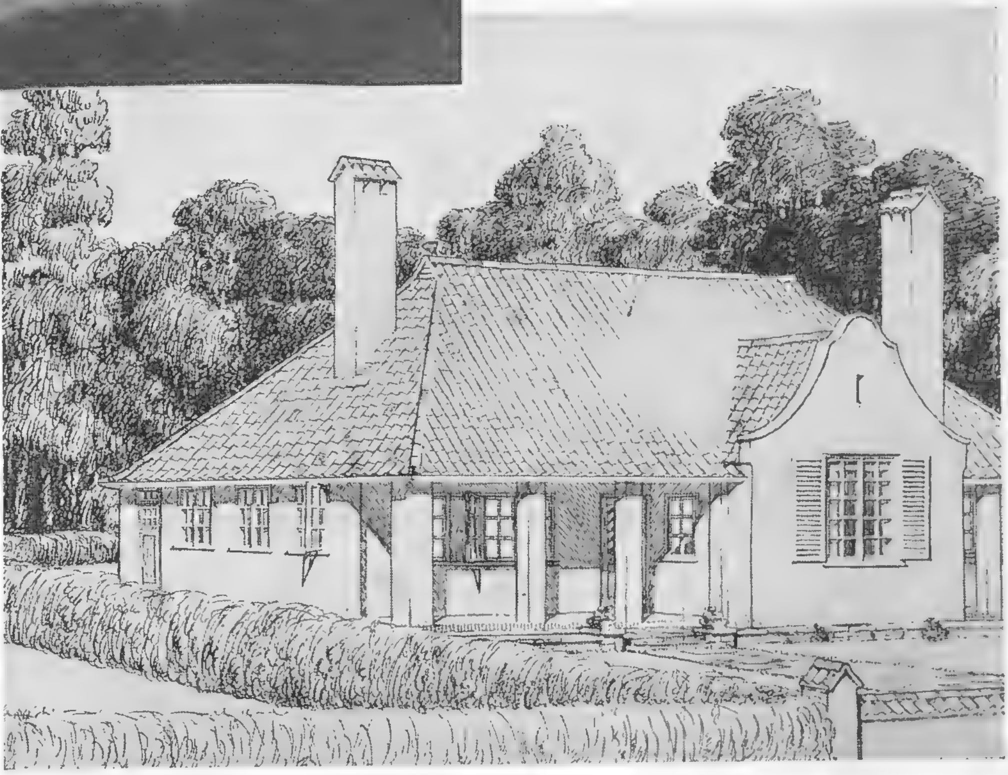
THE bungalow illustrated on this page is typical of the improvement that has overtaken small house design. Compared with the types of bungalows that have been erected since the war, this charming design sets an entirely new standard and paves the way to a better understanding of this much maligned, but essentially practical, type of house.

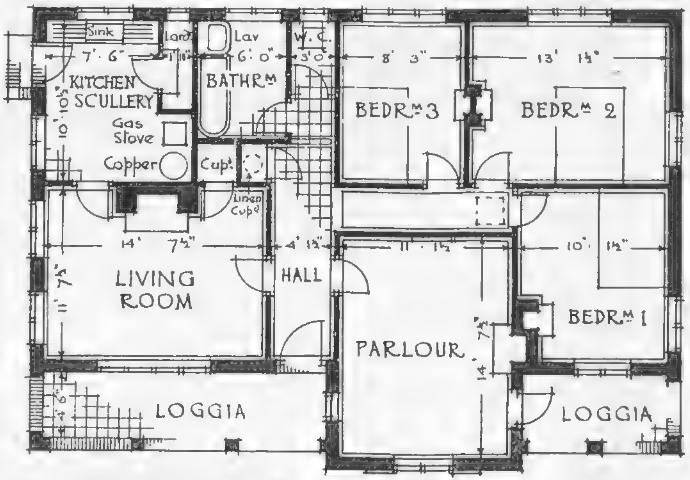
The cost of building this bungalow in the Midlands was £850. The cost of the site must, of course, be added to this and, in any private calculations, allowances made for variation in the cost of building in other districts.

As the plan shows, there are three bedrooms, two reception rooms, a fair-sized kitchen-scullery and two spacious loggias. External walls are finished with smooth plaster, the iron casements being built direct into concrete walling. Tiling is used on the roof, chimneys and front boundary wall.

Altogether, a very distinguished small house with sufficient accommodation for the average family and within the average means.

I was recently shown a house in the suburbs by the same designer. The client for whom it had been erected had





THE gables and loggia of this bungalow suggest South African architecture, but its original appearance is mainly achieved by the use of concrete walling and roofing tiles. There are two sitting-rooms, a kitchen-scullery and three bedrooms. The building cost was £850. (Gordon Allen, F.R.I.B.A.)

examined scores of houses for sale and was still dissatisfied with the quality and conventional type of plan, so, although of limited means, he finally decided to build for himself, and this was the result.

There is a large living-room running from front to back of the house (27 ft. by 14 ft.) with ingle fire and seats. A sitting-room and the kitchen both communicate directly with the living-room, though each has independent access. So as to further eliminate passages and to give all available space to the rooms, the stairs lead out of the living-room. This rather unusual arrangement needed careful planning, but has proved quite practical and fully justified. The scullery contains a gas copper and a large laundry tub of glazed ware. The kitchen range burns anthracite and its boiler provides an adequate supply of hot water for the copper, sinks, bath, radiators and three wash basins. There are brick fires; tiles for kitchen and scullery floors and skirtings. All external doors are of oak and there is no other outside wood to need repainting. The cost of building this house was £850.

Careful examination of the plan shows the house to be economical in upkeep, labour-saving, individual in character and well adapted to the needs of a small family. What is more, attractive houses at a smaller figure than this are now quite within the scope of practical achievement.

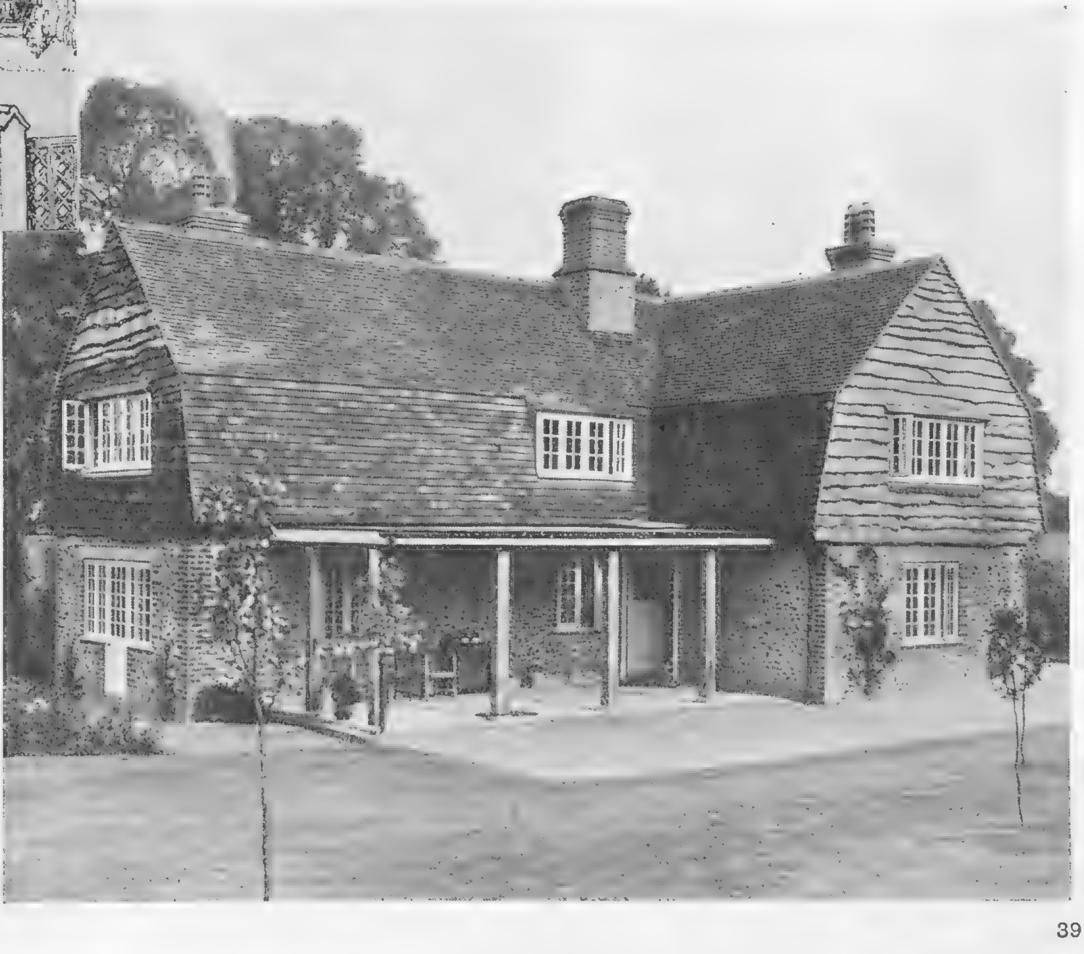
A cottage near Norwich recently erected for £625 has a large living-room (18 ft. by 11 ft. 2 in.), a fair-sized sitting-room, a kitchen-scullery and three bedrooms.

methods are making these days. Here are smaller and newer houses

Lewis

By building the house low, and by eliminating passageways on both floors, the cost was substantially lowered, though neither the appearance nor the comfort of the house suffered on this account.

Another delightful little house in Lancashire was built recently for as little as £520. Multi-coloured bricks and brown tiles made in the district were used for this house, and the accommodation consists of two bedrooms, bathroom and cupboard space on the first floor, with a large living-room, lounge and kitchen below.

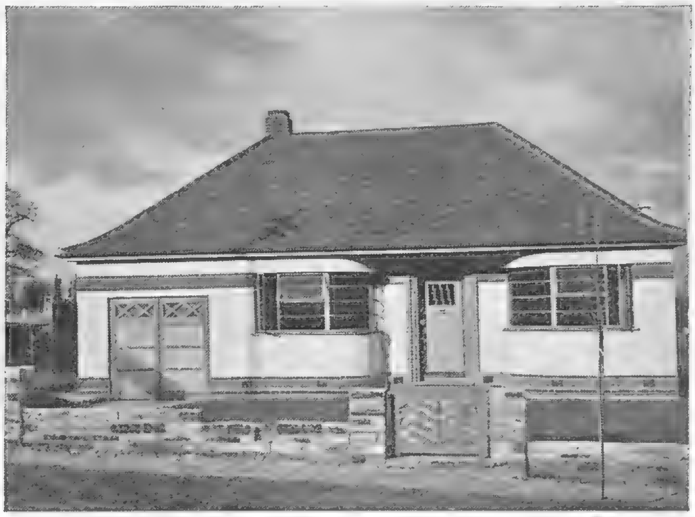


By putting the bedrooms in the roof, the building costs of this small country house were very much reduced and without detriment to the proportions either inside or out. (Walker & Harwood)

The use of a single central chimney stack containing all the flues was partly responsible for the economy of this design, while a further saving was effected by the upper storey being in the roof. Thus, the minimum of walling was used above the first floor, and a great saving of money resulted.

It is to be hoped that British architects will soon follow the example of Continental designers who have experimented, with sensational results, in erecting small houses for which they had also planned the interior decoration and designed and built the furniture.

The idea was that the purchaser could see his house, complete with decorations and furniture, at an inclusive price. This simplified the whole business of home-making and saved the possible embarrassment of finding that the equipment and furnishing of the house had proved more costly than he thought.



A MODERN bungalow at Radlett which has sun-trap windows. (C. B. Heygate)

An exhibition of these furnished houses in Munich had such a success that every exhibit was bought, and a few months after the closing of the exhibition every house was occupied and a flourishing township had sprung into life.

Four or five hundred pounds bought the house and the furniture. Germany thought it a good idea, and why should we disagree?

Six Laws *of* Furnishing

1. Let the character of the room be decided by the architecture and build up from there.

2. Consider the proportions of the room and select colours and furniture which enhance its better points and conceal deficiencies.

3. Make up your mind what you are aiming at and keep it made up. Perpetually changing on the way is sure to end in a hotch-potch.

4. Choose each piece of furniture with an eye to the general ensemble as well as to its individual merits.

5. Aim for an effect of balance. This is just as vital as colour and form and can be achieved by an artistic variation of height and weight.

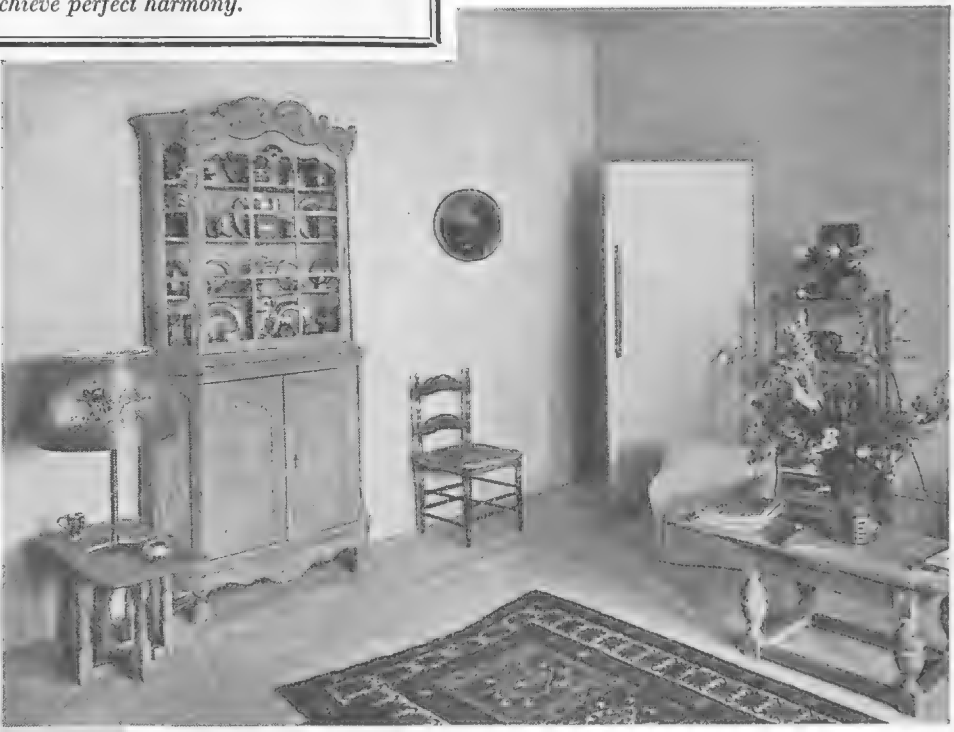
6. Decide upon a scheme of lighting and upon accessories when you plan the room. This is the only way to achieve perfect harmony.

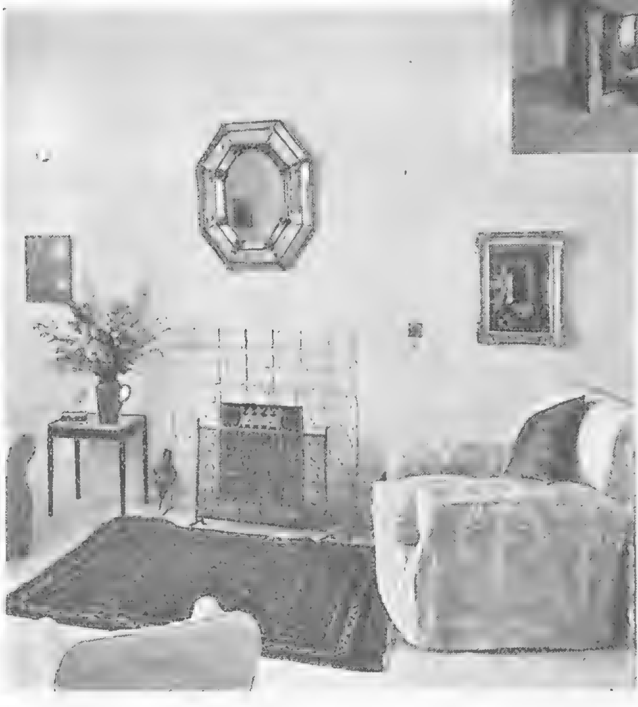
WHEN you see a beautiful room, do you get a feeling of envy? Well, don't. It doesn't follow because it's beautiful that it's costly—and therefore out of reach; neither does it follow that you can't have something equally attractive in your own home. You can, if you're prepared to take the trouble.

So many people think that furnishing is just a matter of having the cash in hand to go round to the furniture dealers. But it's not half as simple as that. A beautiful scheme of furnishing is only achieved after much thought and much careful consideration of the rules. You can't throw furniture—any furniture—into a room, regardless of its character and architectural proportions. At least, you *can*, but it's going to be just a roomful of furniture instead of a beautifully blended ensemble.

Take the six simple rules of furnishing set out at the top of the page. Study them thoughtfully and you will realise that, simple though they appear, you let yourself in for a lot of thought and planning if you set about furnishing in the way they suggest.

These rules are framed for the woman who is starting out to make a home and has no furniture on her hands. The ideal situation, of course—but even if you have furniture already, it can be distributed with an eye to these laws.





BEAUTIFUL examples of balance and harmony of form are seen in the room above and in the grouping round the fireplace. Every small detail plays an important part, and the smallest accessories have a relationship with the whole

The centre picture on this page is an object-lesson in beautiful grouping.

The severely modern background allows a certain ornateness in the furniture, and was chosen for this reason. Pastel coloured walls and woodwork accentuate the delicate form and colouring of the furniture.

Notice how balancing weight has been given to the floor by the introduction of dark rugs on the light carpet, and how thoughtfully the slender proportions of the china cabinet are accentuated by the low chair at one side and again by the squat table and lamp.

Another point to notice is the door, the squared outline of which is pleasantly offset by the little oval picture. This, in itself, rescues the background from bareness, and introduces an inspired note of colour contrast where it was most needed.

The simple grouping of pictures and furniture about the mantel in the picture below is well worth attention. Here the very simple fireplace is given height and importance by the beautiful mirror. The little water-colour on the left of the fireplace is beautifully balanced with the table below, while the one on the right is heavier—designedly so, on account of the heavier piece of furniture which stands beneath it.

As for colouring, this is an important factor in the balance of a scheme. Badly balanced colours are as fatal as ill-matched ones. Those in the lower part of the room should be heavier than those above. A carpet should be deeper in colour, being at the base of the scheme, but not so heavy as to strike a discordant note.

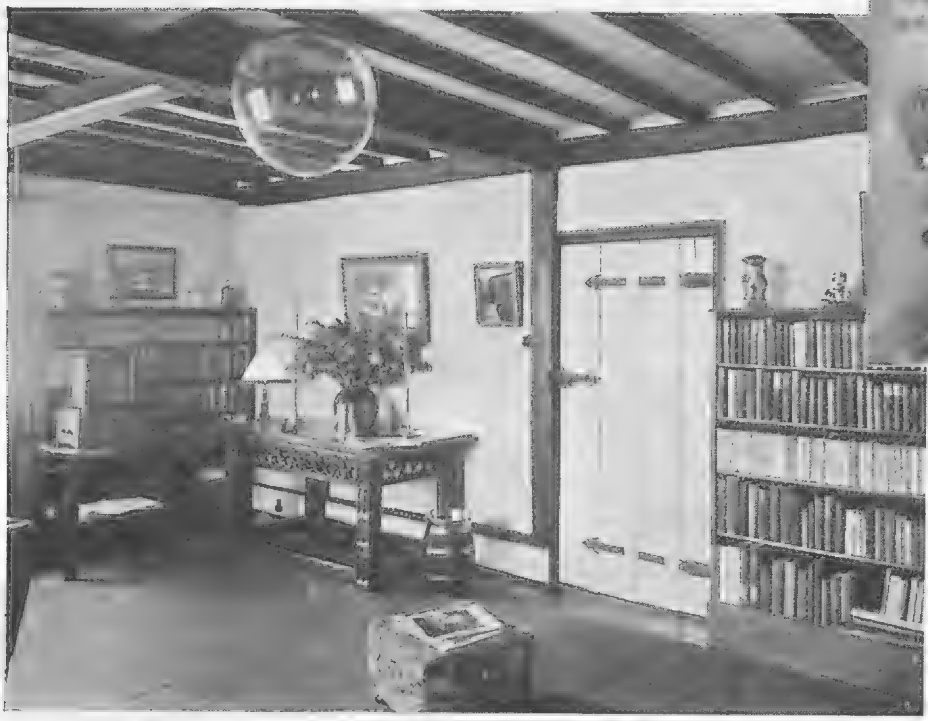
Other important things to remember are these: Avoid using a small carpet in a large room. Or, if you must do so, choose a surround which matches exactly with the background. Felt or linoleum can be used for this, and even floorboards painted to match are preferable to a margin which accentuates the size of the carpet, or the lack of it.

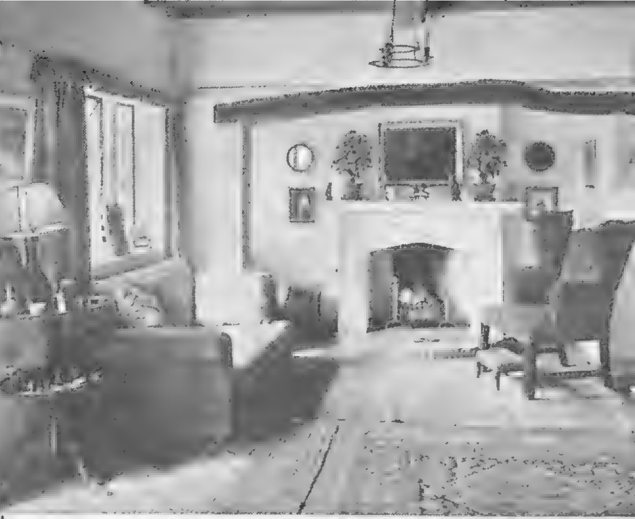
Rugs should never sprawl at awkward angles, neither should they be small if the room is large. One large rug on a stained floor is better than several small ones if the room is a big one.

The practice of scattering rugs at oblique angles is not a good one. Having achieved a harmonious effect with the furniture and a feeling of balance, this is the way to ruin it at once. Lay the rugs at right angles to the furniture and remember that their beauty is in their colouring, not in their shape.

These are details that give beauty and balance to a furnishing scheme. They demand thought and care—but both of these are cheap.

YOU'D forget you were in town if you had a sitting-room like this. And why not? Beams cost very little to acquire





THIS scheme could be reproduced in a town house without much difficulty. The ingle fireplace gives a character to the room which is enhanced by fabrics and furniture

Bringing the COUNTRY to TOWN . . .

If you are a lover of the country, why not have a country house in town?

YOU like the country. You wish you lived in a house with sloping beams and lattice windows that look out upon lush meadows. But you live in a town and your house is like other houses in other towns. The windows are nice, but not lattice windows, and the view has nothing whatever to do with meadows—lush or otherwise. Have I guessed right ?

The age of miracles being past, you can't alter the view, and the windows themselves will have to remain since they probably suit the house ; but these are details, and need not prevent your making a country retreat for yourself inside your home.

All you need is imagination, a lot of enthusiasm and some money. You've got the first two, of course, and if there's any trouble about the last, simply substitute some more of the first.

And now to business.

Look at the rooms illustrated on this page. Why shouldn't any of them be reproduced in a town home ? Synthetic beams are not very costly, and a clever decorator knows many ways of imparting a touch of age to walls and woodwork.

Not that structural alterations are always necessary or advisable.

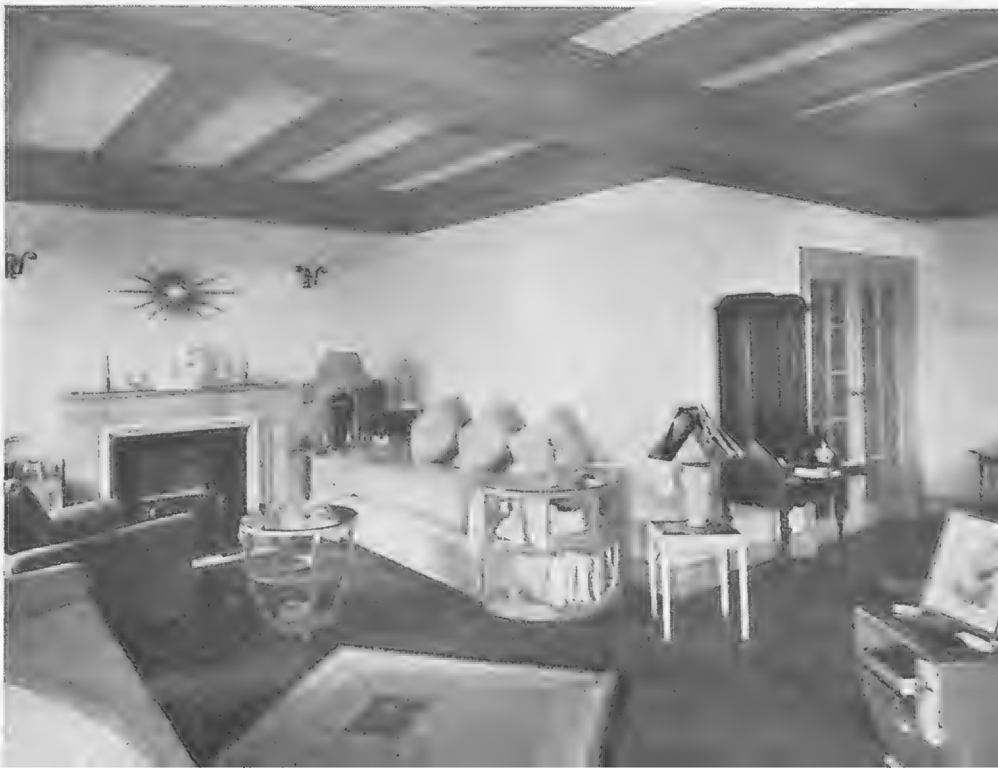
Be sure that the shape and character of the room are suitable to such a scheme and that the windows and fireplace are reasonably in harmony too.

In a room which has no emphatic architectural features the task is simple. A brick fireplace, panelled or whitewashed walls, and windows treated in an appropriate way are quite good enough as a basis upon which to build a scheme of old furniture, quaint prints and country fabrics.

Where the room does not allow of structural adaptations, or where cost is a consideration, a perfectly simple background will suffice to make a picturesque scheme. Plain varnished walls with dark unpolished woodwork, or alternatively, stripped oak, look well as a background for antique or reproduction furniture. Glazed chintz is especially lovely against this rich background. Hamptons of Pall Mall are specialists in this fabric and have a dazzling selection.

Old maps, framed in antique gilt, make a lovely decoration for the walls and blend their soft colouring with almost any scheme. Beautiful reproductions cost only a few shillings now.

So long as the background is appropriate and furniture and accessories are consistently in harmony with each other the experiment can hardly go wrong. It is only when furniture of one type is mixed with a background of another and the whole bespattered with detail of no recognisable species that a character scheme falls down.



THIS room, which belongs to Marion Lorne, achieves a compromise between the country-house atmosphere and that of town. Difficult to say where one ceases and the other begins, but they're both there

The Milky Way

A Spot of Bother—and Romance—at Sea

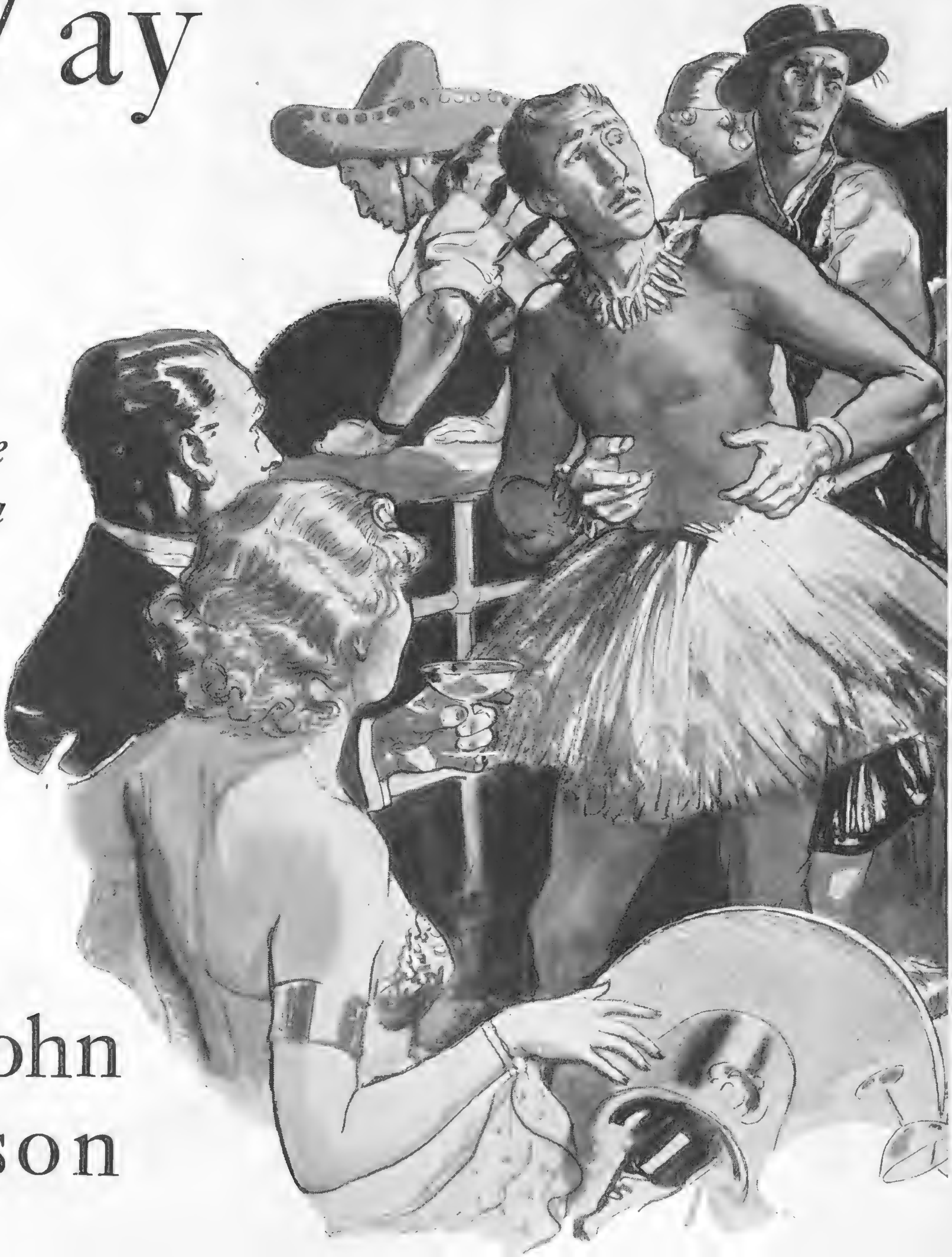
By John Anson

ZOOM-M-M!

The deep, resonant blast of the ship's siren shattered the stillness of approaching dusk and vibrated across Penang harbour towards the twinkling lights of the waterfront. It boomed through the crowded city; titillated the swaying fronds of giant umbrella palms in the Botanical Gardens; and, sweeping on through orderly plantations of rubber trees, sped echoing up Penang Hill.

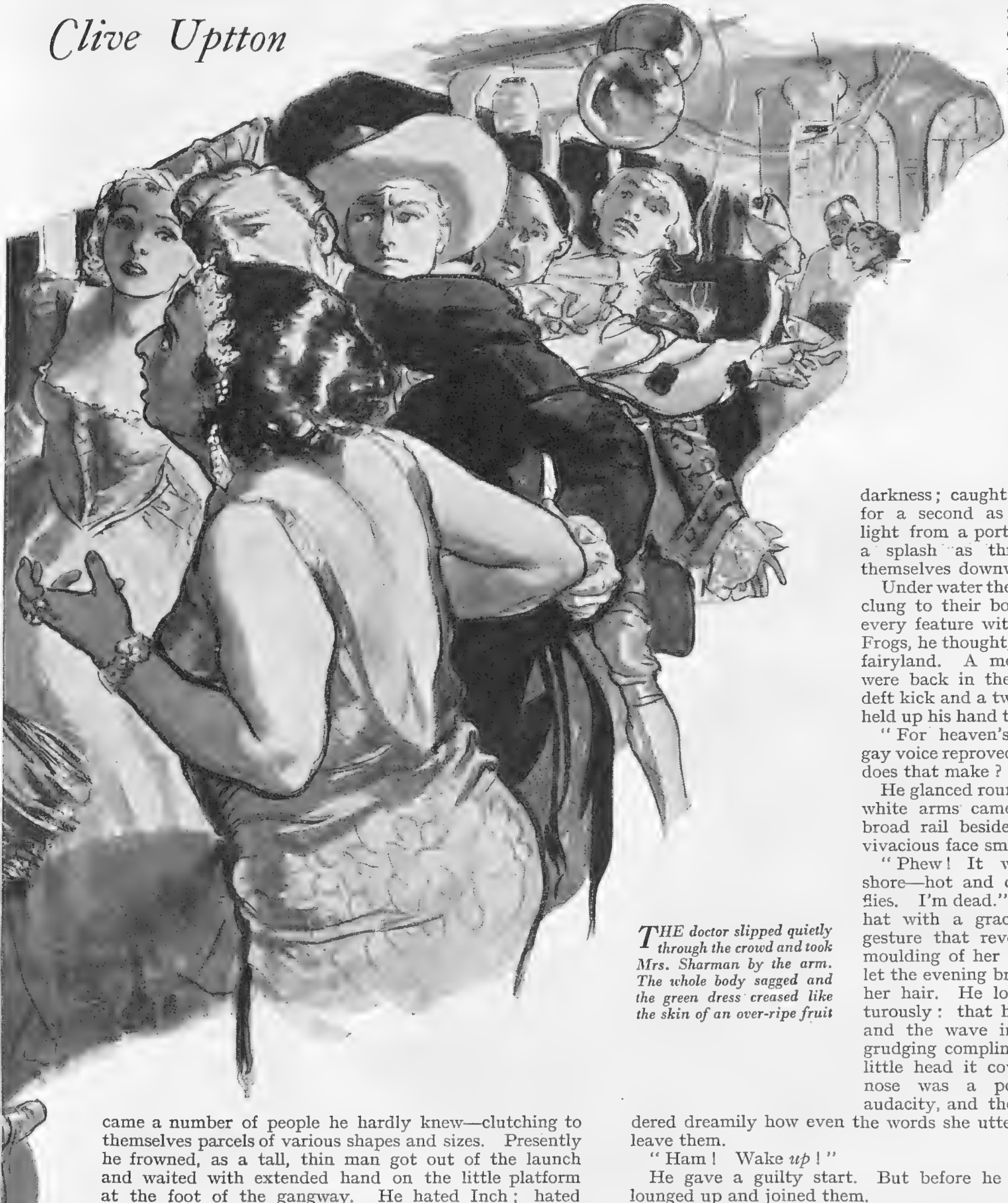
Alongside the pier the agent's launch was impatiently waiting to leave, carrying with it the last batch of sightseers. The brown-faced coxswain prepared to cast off. As he lifted his whistle a raucous shout cut through the damp, steamy air and

Illustrations by



a rickshaw dashed madly into view; came to an abrupt halt with a scurry of naked feet; decanted a belated reveller. A sadly blurred interpretation of a popular song proclaimed his probable destiny as he tacked perilously up the long pier. "Ah'm headin' fer the las'h't round'erp . . . !"—he fell with a crash into the boat and immediately went to sleep. The coxswain blew his whistle; the Malay sailors cast off the ropes; the engine, clearing its exhaust with a couple of self-conscious coughs, took up its task and bore them rapidly away.

LEANING over the rails on the promenade deck, Hamish Conlan watched the last arrivals toil wearily on board. First came a number of people he hardly knew—clutching to themselves parcels of various shapes and sizes. Presently he frowned, as a tall, thin man got out of the launch and waited with extended hand on the little platform at the foot of the gangway. He hated Inch; hated him for his immaculate clothes, his distaste for any form of healthy exercise, and for his patronising manner. A fat, gross little woman followed and acknowledged his assistance in a thick, throaty voice. She mounted the steep gangway with quivering flanks amid an almost tangible aura of perspiration. Mrs. Solly Sharman spent most of her life cruising on expensive liners, and Hamish could appreciate the wisdom of her millionaire husband in Shanghai who kept her continually on the move. He leant further over the rail. A trim figure in a becoming cotton frock sprang lightly on to the platform without Inch's eagerly proffered aid and came running up the steps. Hamish sang out a greeting and she looked up and waved her hand. Shirley Adams was a darling, and he no longer pretended to himself that he was anything but hopelessly in love with her.



THE doctor slipped quietly through the crowd and took Mrs. Sharman by the arm. The whole body sagged and the green dress creased like the skin of an over-ripe fruit

THERE was a succession of creaks and the gangway slowly began to rise. The crowd of native sampans round its foot sheered off. Smooth water blazed with the phosphorescence that dripped from lazily moving oars and rippled like fire from dancing prows Several Malay diving boys in tiny dug-outs still lingered a little way from the ship's side, anxiously scanning the brilliantly lighted decks for one last maniac mad enough to throw away good money. Hamish called out to them and raised his hand. "Baik, Tuan!"—an excited voice answered him. Canoes raced urgently in his direction. He threw the coin high in the air; lost it in the darkness; caught sight of it again for a second as it shone in the light from a porthole. There was a splash as three boys hurled themselves downwards.

Under water the phosphorescence clung to their bodies and outlined every feature with silver radiance. Frogs, he thought, in some fantastic fairyland. A moment—and they were back in their canoes with a deft kick and a twist. One of them held up his hand triumphantly.

"For heaven's sake, Ham," a gay voice reproved him, "how many does that make?"

He glanced round quickly, as two white arms came to rest on the broad rail beside him. A lovely, vivacious face smiled up at him.

"Phew! It was frightful on shore—hot and dusty and full of flies. I'm dead." She took off her hat with a graceful, unconscious gesture that revealed the perfect moulding of her young figure, and let the evening breeze play through her hair. He looked at her rapturously: that hair was real gold and the wave in it Nature's ungrudging compliment to the proud little head it covered; the small nose was a poem in roguish audacity, and those lips—he wondered dreamily how even the words she uttered could bear to leave them.

"Ham! Wake *up*!"

He gave a guilty start. But before he could reply Inch lounged up and joined them.

"Well, Miss Adams, I think I showed you everything worth seeing in Penang," he said, in an ingratiating voice—his slightly beady eyes on her face. "I know this part of the world pretty well, and I like passing on my knowledge. I hope both you and Mrs. Sharman enjoyed it as much as I did. I wish I could do the same for you at Singapore—but, as you know, I leave the ship there."

"I'm sure Mrs. Sharman is most grateful. You shepherded us round most beautifully." She paused, and went on, with a helpless giggle: "I'll never forget you and the monkey in the Botanical Gardens." Inch flushed uncomfortably. "By the way, did you remember to bring up your coconuts from the launch?"

"Yes. One of the stewards got them up for me. I am very fond of the milk every morning before I get up. You see. . . ."

At that moment seven bells sounded, and Shirley broke in urgently, "I've got to fly—I'd no idea it was so late. I've got to dress Mrs. Sharman and I'll get fits if I keep her waiting. She has very definite ideas about the duties of a companion." She made a little grimace, and looked at Hamish: "Are you coming to the show to-night?" she inquired.

"Yes—I think so."

"And you?" she turned to Inch.

"Most certainly!" he agreed. "I always think everyone should do their bit to make these entertainments go. I'm coming as a South Sea Islander."

"And wear half a coconut on your head," Hamish murmured, in a clearly audible undertone; "the other half must feel lonely!"

Shirley turned away quickly to hide her face; and Inch, pretending not to hear, strode off down the deck. She seized Hamish by the arm and together they moved towards the entrance to the saloon. "Believe it or not," she confided, "but Mrs. S. is going as a siren!" She dropped her voice and chanted in a penetrating whisper: "God help the sailors on a night like this!"

As they descended the grand staircase the anchor bade a reluctant farewell to the bottom of Penang harbour, and the luxurious *M.V. Lucullus* swung her towering bows toward Singapore and the Islands of Romance.

AN atmosphere of forced hilarity pervaded the magnificent dining saloon—for the gathering was still a trifle self-conscious and fearful of its dignity. Hamish, as a species of cowboy, sat watching and admiring the costumes, as, one after the other, groups in every type of fancy dress, and undress, made their way to their tables. A sound of genuine amusement rippled through the gaily decorated tables as Hector Inch appeared in the doorway, nervously fidgeting with his wig of fuzzy black hair. He was dressed in brown tights and a great billowing skirt of yellow grass, and round his wrists and ankles bracelets of shark's teeth stuck out grotesquely. Suddenly there was a burst of cheering. People got to their feet to obtain a better view. Mrs. Sharman, followed by a subdued Shirley, came through the swing doors, nodded good evening to an apoplectic head steward, waved her hand to the delighted company, and waddled serenely to her table. Her ample figure ebbed and flowed beneath the skin-tight sheath of scaly green, and surged in vain against the whalebone breakwater at waist and hip. Someone started singing "Asleep in the Deep." Hamish gasped.

"Holy Moses! Is it a 'Mermaid' or a 'Bottle of Crème de Menthe'?" he asked a stunned President Lincoln sitting opposite—"Upside down," he added critically.

"Maybe anything, son," the other replied slowly, as the green horror subsided gingerly into its place and called loudly for champagne, "but have you noticed anything else?"

Hamish followed the other's glance, and stared, enthralled. In the glow from the table lamps a river of green fire now seemed to flow round the thick white neck—and drip from wrist and finger.

"Emeralds—and how!"

"Yes. Those are the famous Van Beer stones. I believe Solly Sharman gave £50,000 for them two years ago. That's a quarter of a million dollars in your money. The necklace alone is supposed to be worth more than half that amount."

"She must be mad to wear them in this gang," burst out a near-nude young Turkish Slave Girl on his left.

"Pity the poor Insurance!" somebody laughed.

Hamish looked round. People were craning their necks to get a better view. He had a sudden sense of foreboding.

Little by little, as the bubbles rose in deftly replenished glasses, the noise increased. People shouted gaily to friends at other tables. A happy, chattering stream of Generals, Rajahs, Dancing Girls and Apaches of all ages made their way up from the saloon to the wide promenade deck, now transformed into a fairyland of twinkling coloured lights. Presently the dance band shattered conversation with a cacophony of sound, and the first eager couples took the floor.

AN hour later Hamish stood with his back to the rails, unable to monopolise Shirley any longer. An eager group of young men surrounded her and, as he looked, one of them carried her off to the wailing accompaniment of the *Blues*.

The ship's doctor caught his eye and, skilfully avoiding a withered Empress of China sitting under the lounge windows, made his way across the deck. For a while they stood talking casually. Presently the doctor nodded to where Mrs. Sharman was sitting, surrounded by a small, admiring group.

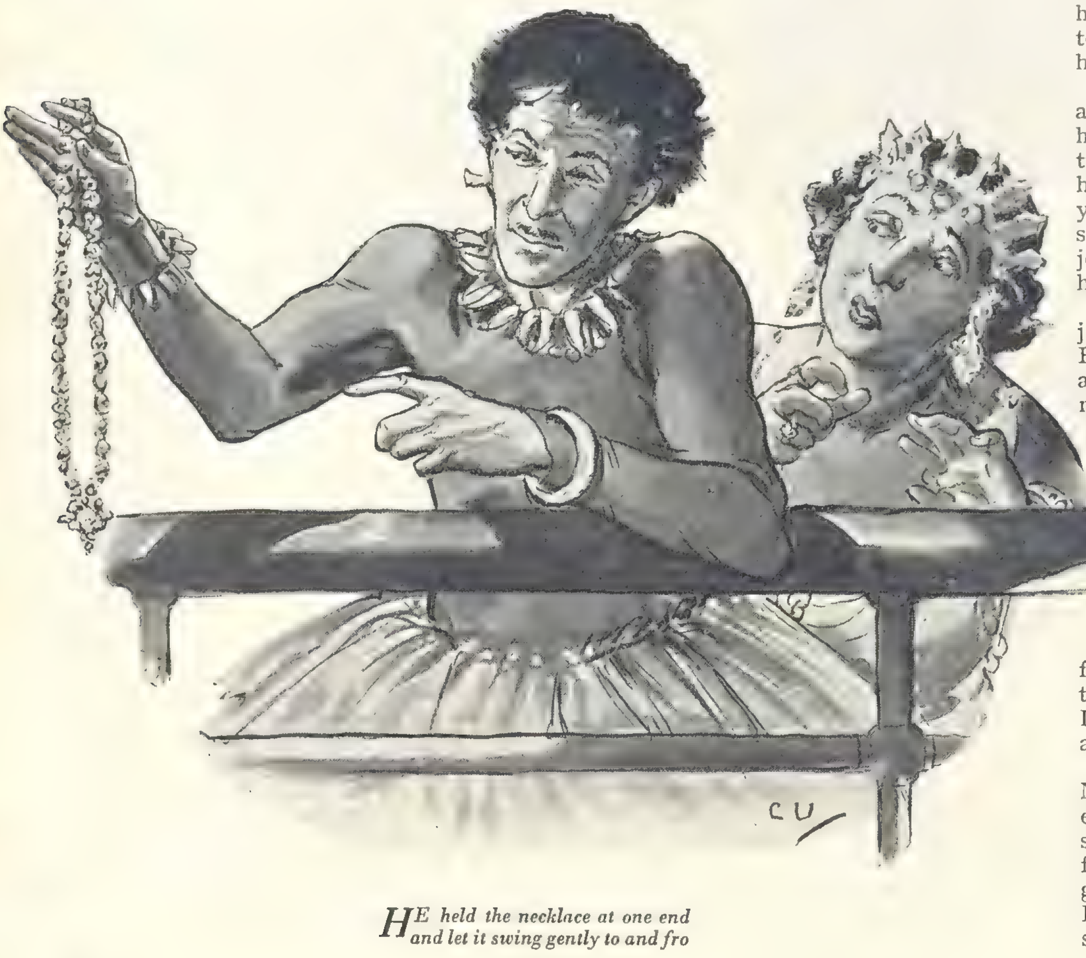
"That woman deserves to lose those baubles," he snapped irritably. "If she must travel round with a fortune in precious stones, dammit, she ought to have enough sense to keep them under lock and key. These big ships always have a few of our light-fingered brethren on board, however hard we try to comb them out."

"Maybe you're right. But I'd hate to be the guy after that little lot. She's a hard-bitten baby, and I guess you'd have to bump her off before you'd get 'em off her."

The little doctor smiled sardonically, and passed a hand over his cloud-grey hair. "I see you don't know the ocean traveller as well as I do, Mr. Conlan," he observed drily. "I've been eighteen years as a ship's doctor, and I've seen stranger things than the removal of a few jewels off an old lady, however—er—hard-bitten."

Hector Inch, a glass in each hand, joined the group they were discussing. He handed a drink to Mrs. Sharman and sat down beside her. After a few minutes she began to talk animatedly. The other members of the group gradually drew together and listened, and from their manner it was evident that he was explaining something of unusual interest. Presently Mrs. Sharman undulated to her feet and the party came across the deck to a spot near the rails a few feet from Hamish and the doctor. She took off her necklace and handed it to Inch. Hamish looked at the doctor with a slightly startled expression.

"*Now*, perhaps, you see what I mean, Mrs. Sharman," they heard him announce earnestly, as he leant out over the rail so that the bright radiance of the moon fell directly upon him; "the moonlight gives the stones a quite different lustre." He held the necklace at one end and let it swing gently to and fro. Silver rays



HE held the necklace at one end and let it swing gently to and fro danced strangely in deep green pools of luminous shadow. "Very few people realise the superb magic of moonlight on precious stones," he almost whispered—his eyes fascinated.

The small group pressing round him chattered conventional appreciation, and one or two couples from the dance floor stopped and joined them curiously. Mrs. Sharman made an abrupt movement in the direction of her property.

"Yes—I see what you mean all right, Mr Inch, but jest you mind them jools!" she commanded—her voice harsh with anxiety. "Sharman would have heart failure if he saw you. Better give 'em back before you drop 'em!"

Inch glanced down at the swirling black water slipping past into the night. He smiled understandingly and gathered the necklace into his hand.

"I agree with you—please take them back. They are so beautiful they make me nervous." He laughed smoothly. Mrs. Sharman leant across the broad rail and opened her fingers. He placed the necklace in them and, with an exaggerated gesture of envy, turned quickly away.

For the space of one heart-beat there was no further movement. Then a strangled scream of indescribable rage and despair rang out. It cut through the concluding sobs of the saxophone like an axe through toffee; the trap drum gave one devastating thump and was still; dancers froze into grotesque immobility. Hamish, the doctor, and a dozen other people leaning over the side caught a momentary flash of green where a row of lighted portholes shone out near the water-line. Just a flash—and it was gone; and in the sudden paralysed hush the racing water seemed to chuckle up at them.

An inebriated Pierrot, unable to maintain his balance a moment longer, fell with a resounding crash on to a tray laden with plates of sandwiches that a steward had been in the act of handing round. In an instant the spell was shattered and pandemonium broke loose. Everybody started talking at once and a dense crowd collected. People came running out of the bars and lounges, and the card-room emptied in one convulsive spasm. Rumours spread like lightning throughout the ship. Someone had fallen overboard! The ship was on fire! The ship was sinking! Someone had been murdered—and likely names were hopefully put forward.

But to those on deck there was no mystery. Mrs. Sharman's voice rose high above the excited babel like a cracked violin in an insane symphony, proclaiming her loss in terms that made the wise old stars blink with astonishment. Suddenly she flung out her arms and seized the fuzzy head gibbering in front of her with both hands, and yanked it violently towards her. Fortunately for Inch it was only a wig, and came off in her fists. She flung it wildly overboard and stamped hysterically.

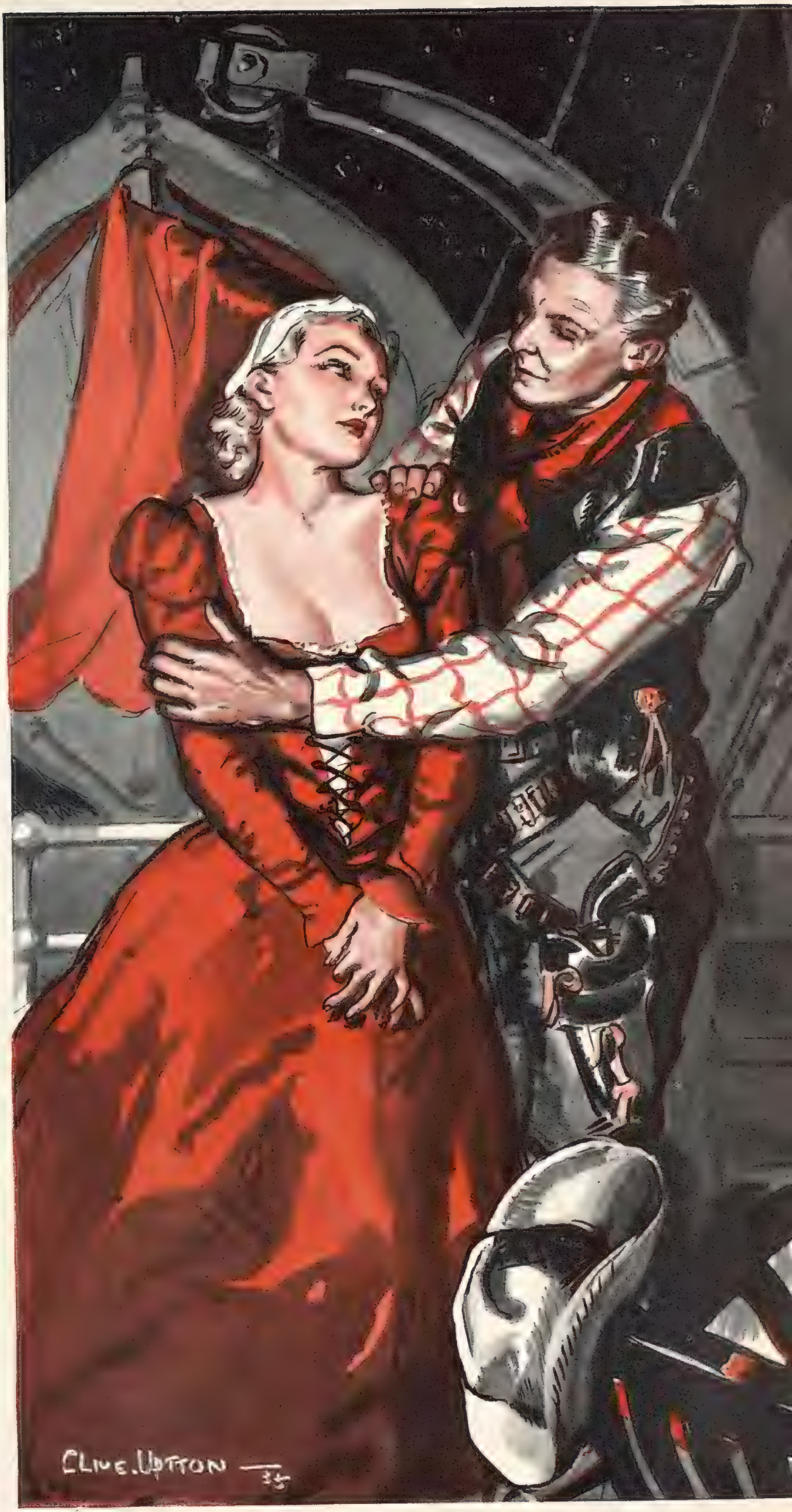
"You blasted, damned, idiotic fool!" she shrieked, her purple face thrust into his. "You clumsy perisher! You pulled it out of me hand. You——!"

"But—Mrs. Sharman! I—I gave it into your hand—any of these good people will be witness. I'm utterly overwhelmed, but please—please——"

"You did it on purpose, yer miserable liar! I felt you pull at it . . . I——"

"But—why in heaven's name should I do that? Calm yourself, my dear lady——"

(*Continued on page* 102)



HE seized her by the shoulders. "Shirley—if I get back that necklace Hector dumped into a mile or so of sea, will you marry me?"

Twenty Minutes

"Is that you, darling?" said a man through the 'phone.

And his wife, mature and beautiful, whose brown hair was splashed unashamedly with grey, answered "Yes, Bill."

"You do love me, don't you?"

"That means you want something," she countered, with a smile. "What is it?"

"I want you to let me off. I can't go with you to the Wilsons. It's like this. Two men from Stockholm, big noises, have blown in two days before they were due. I must take them out to dinner. I can't send them away: they were so kind to us last June. You remember, don't you? At Haselbacken—the fireworks—the 'Snaps'—the beer—the Smörgasbord—and fifty-seven varieties of food and wine and—wine and food."

Bill was distressed. He adored his wife, and hated to spoil her evening. He cursed the telephone in that one couldn't see the eyes at the other end—and gather comfort therefrom.

"Thrreeee minutes," said the operator.

"All right, don't cut us off!"

"Now, dear, what about it?"

"Oh, very well! I suppose you must put business first. I'll go by myself. Wouldn't it be cheaper to 'phone when you are coming home instead of when you're not? No, Bill, dear, that's catty of me. I take it back. Go to your fifty-seven varieties. But what about the car? It's fifteen miles to the Wilsons. I could take the bus, but I won't. What about you?"

"Easy, darling! I'll take them to the Savoy Grill, and then I can catch the last train from Charing Cross—only twenty minutes to Sidcup—and you can make my excuses to the Wilsons. They are good sports and will understand. Have your game of bridge, and send the car to meet me at the station."

"All right. And, better still, I'll come myself to meet you—if they don't insist upon another rubber after eleven."

"Sixxx minutes—you must hang up and call again."

"Oh, damn!" said Bill. "But it's worth it"—and got through again.

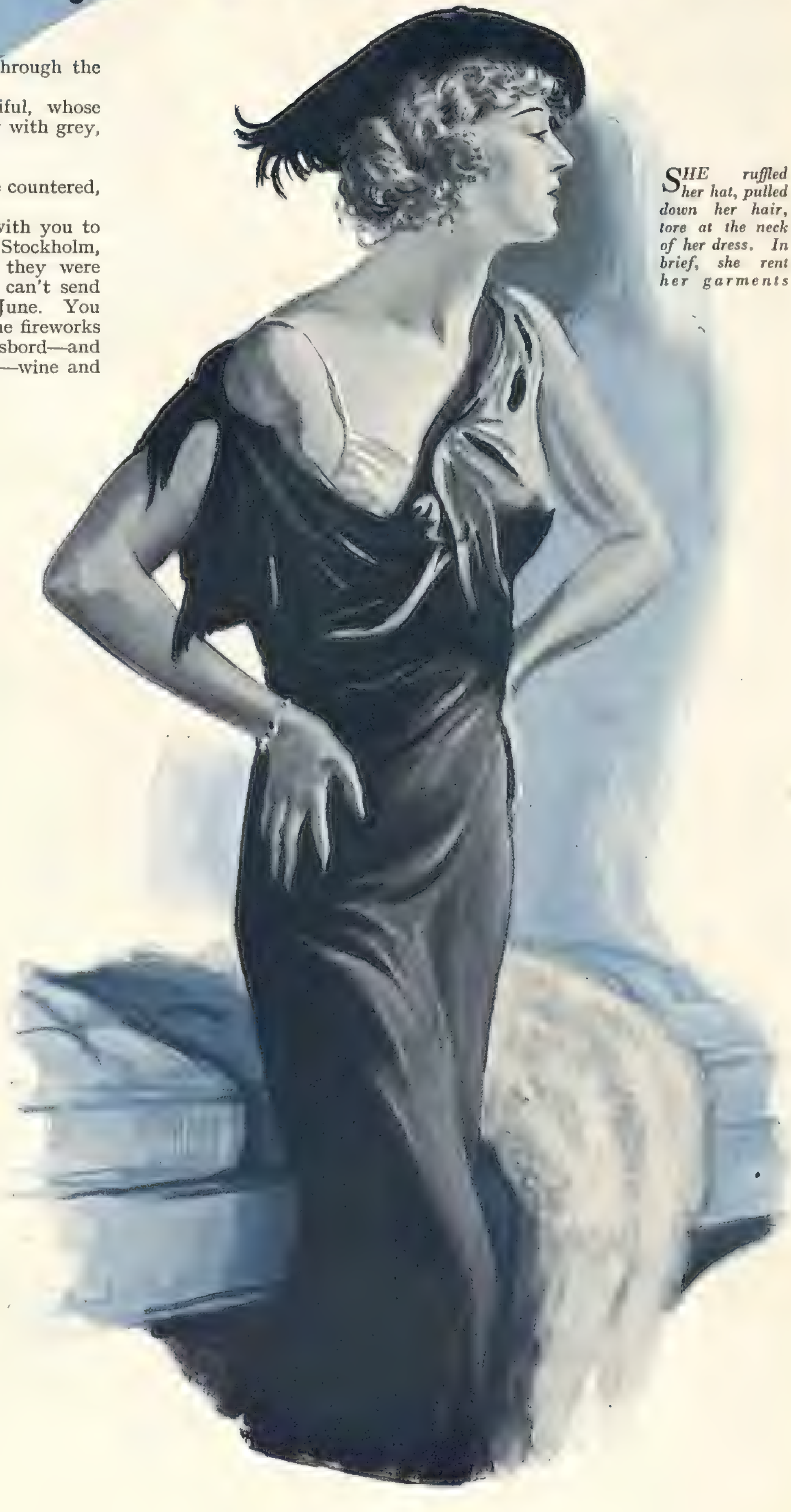
"Is that you, darling?"

"Yes," said the patient wife. "Were you expecting anyone else?"

"No; only to say it's splendid of you, and I'm so sorry to mess you about, and—what's that? Am I sure it's two men I'm taking out to feed? How could you? Of course they're men. Bye-eee!"

"Ooh!" He wiped his brow.

Bill was what the world calls a "big" man, in a big job. Stockily built, Napoleonic, well thatched, looking easily ten years younger than his "vintage," loving his work, feared by the weaklings and respected by all—especially his equals. He had no superior in his own game. He feared nothing and nobody on earth—but one—Her—because he adored her.



She ruffled her hat, pulled down her hair, tore at the neck of her dress. In brief, she rent her garments

By Stenson Cooke

Organisation—no! banish that overworked and overrated word—staff work made light of such trifles as two men blowing in from a thousand miles north at the wrong time, with good digestions clamouring for employment. Bill's evening clothes were all present and correct in the wardrobe in his office—just in case.

He dressed with a care befitting his status, dined and wined his two visitors, explained over coffee and liqueurs how his unselfish little wife was doing *her* bit fifteen miles out from their home, so that he should do *his* bit, and they, like the gentlemen they were, made sure that he should catch his train.

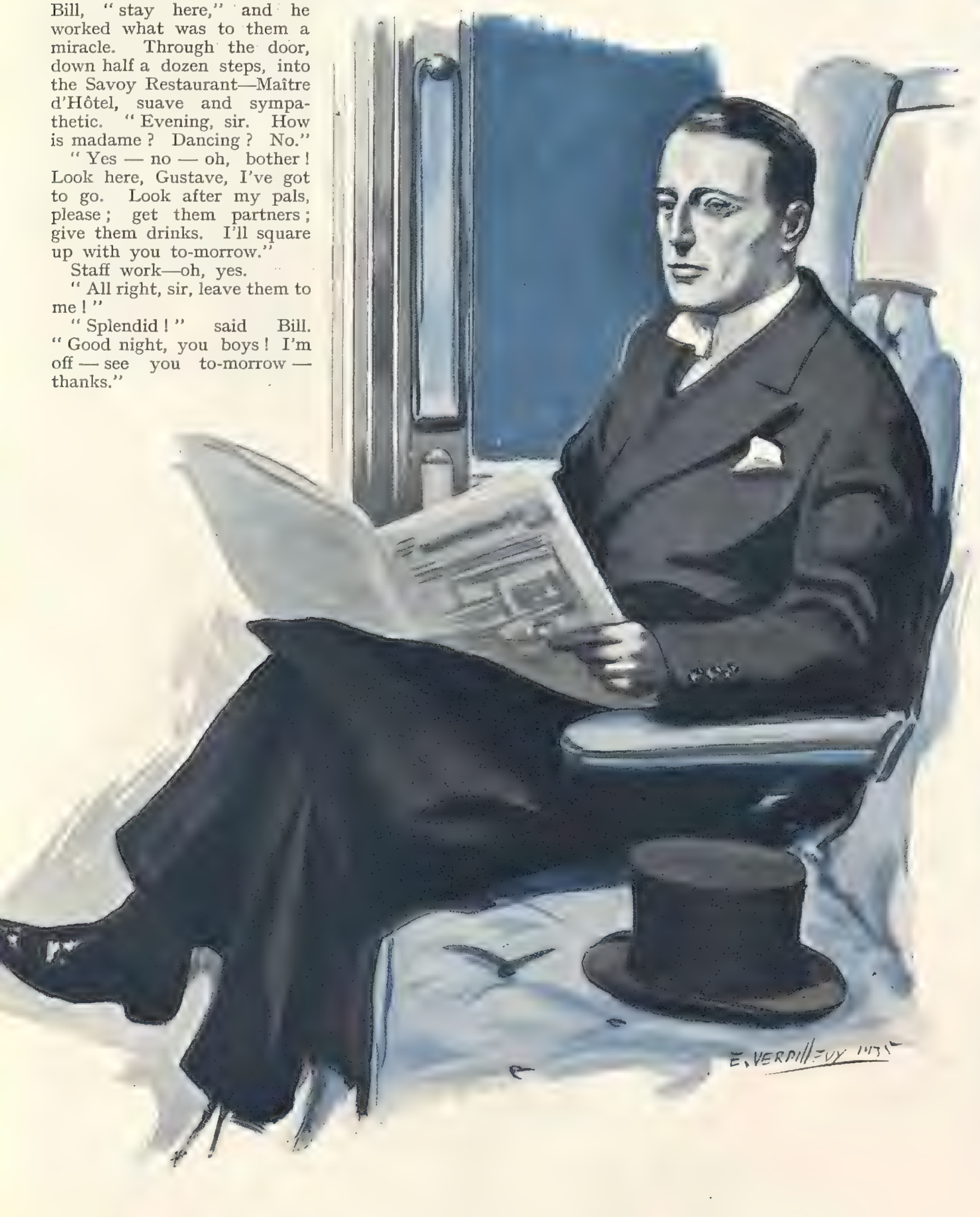
"Don't come with me," said Bill, "stay here," and he worked what was to them a miracle. Through the door, down half a dozen steps, into the Savoy Restaurant—Maître d'Hôtel, suave and sympathetic. "Evening, sir. How is madame? Dancing? No."

"Yes — no — oh, bother! Look here, Gustave, I've got to go. Look after my pals, please; get them partners; give them drinks. I'll square up with you to-morrow."

Staff work—oh, yes.

"All right, sir, leave them to me!"

"Splendid!" said Bill. "Good night, you boys! I'm off — see you to-morrow — thanks."



He wiped his brow, got his coat, and proceeded on foot to Charing—very—Cross.

He bought a ticket—he didn't possess a "season." Hardly knew the look of the station.

Plenty of time. He walked up the platform. H'mmm! Old-fashioned train this—not a corridor one, but just carriages, with three seats aside. Never mind—only twenty minutes, and then the car, and her, to meet him. Nice! He was well forward of the train, and the platform was not too well lighted.

Out of the shadow loomed a stately creature. She walked slowly, sinuously—and flashed to Bill an invitation that no one could mistake. She was voluptuous and provocative. Her eyebrows had cost money and patient suffering. Her eyes! Bill gave one look at them and said to himself: "Safety first! This is where I take darned good care to travel alone. Hope she isn't going—afraid she is."

Therein Bill displayed judgment and caution. He waited until she had strolled some ten yards beyond him, then slipped quietly into a first class compartment. "Empty! Good!" He closed the door and tucked himself in the far corner.

Fine! Now for a smoke—a cigar—a good one. He loved them. It was a joke at the Club. One could win bets on it that when the head waiter brought the cabinet to Bill's table he would instinctively choose the best. "Blind! I can do it blind. Just by the feel," he would say. Truly an experienced and artistic smoker—every puff like a kiss.

Half a minute to go—a quarter.

"Just by the feel!" Bill picked one from his case, nipped the nose of a gorgeous Partaga — "Never cut 'em. Oh, no! A knife would be an insult to its condition"—felt for his matches, as always, in the last of three pockets, but that didn't matter, and then, just as he was going to strike one, he stopped in dismay.

"Sidcup next-opp!" cried a porter.

The train was just moving. In the dim background light emerged a hat, eyebrows, eyes, nose and chin, shoulders, and everything that they may mean.

A turn of the handle—swish! and a lady was inside.

She subsided into the corner next the door, with a ravishing smile.

"Oh! That was a near thing! If I hadn't run I should have had to walk. Ha! ha!" Her eyes made play.

Bill felt uneasy. It was she, the lady who had flashed invitation. Old-fashioned train, no corridor, no stop until Sidcup, in twenty minutes. For the third time that evening he wiped his brow.

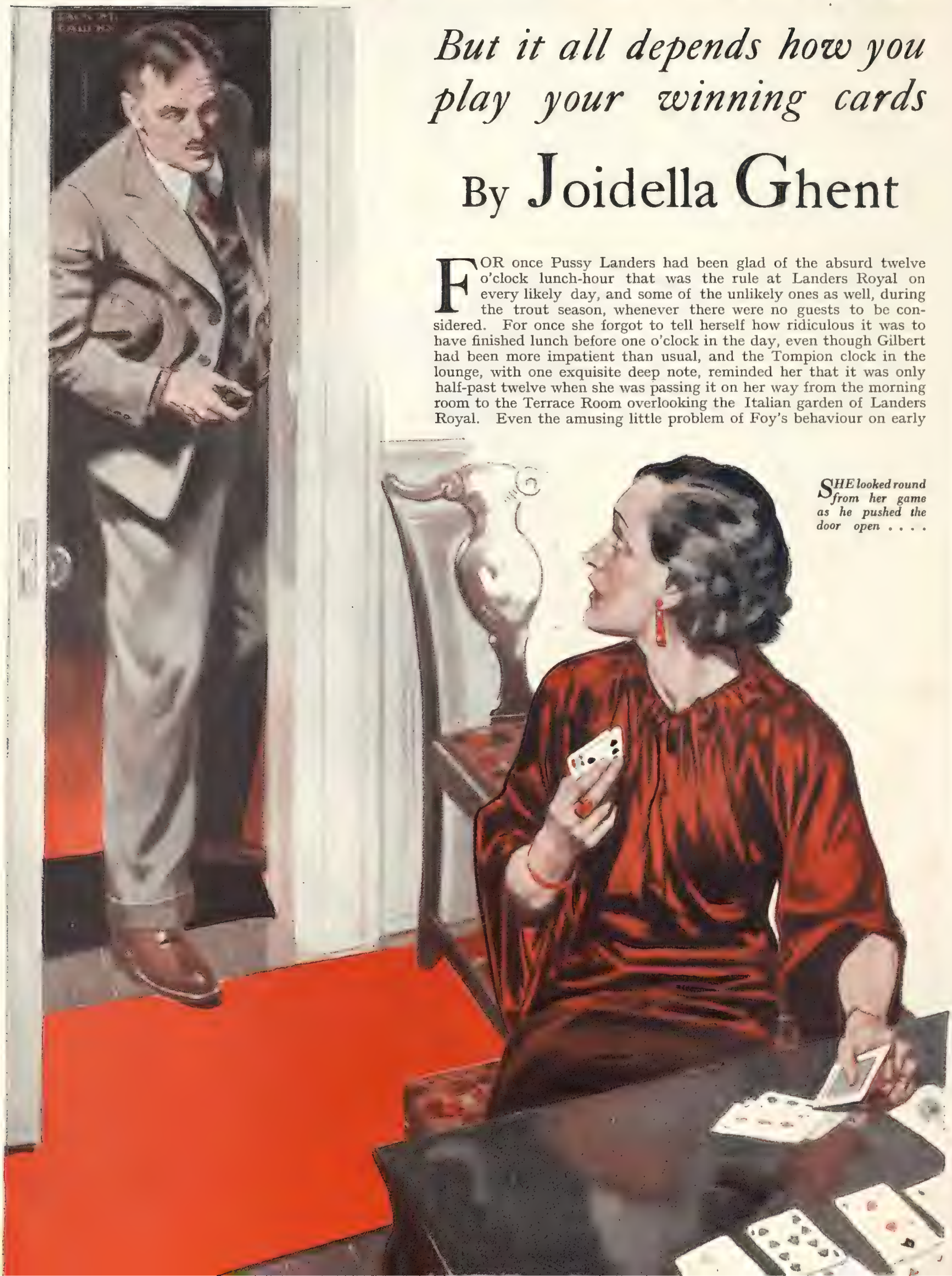
(*Continued on p.* 98)

Patience *is a* Vice

But it all depends how you play your winning cards

By Joidella Ghent

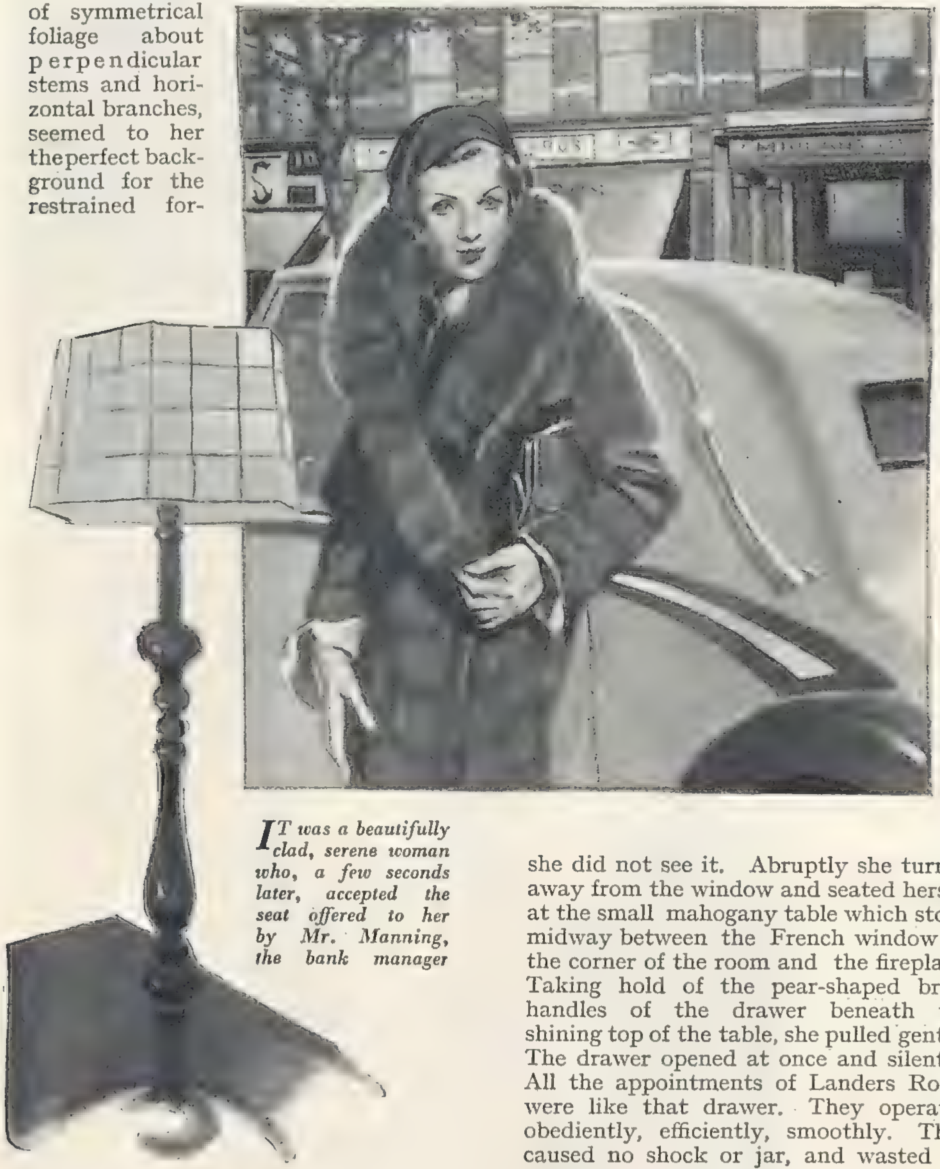
FOR once Pussy Landers had been glad of the absurd twelve o'clock lunch-hour that was the rule at Landers Royal on every likely day, and some of the unlikely ones as well, during the trout season, whenever there were no guests to be considered. For once she forgot to tell herself how ridiculous it was to have finished lunch before one o'clock in the day, even though Gilbert had been more impatient than usual, and the Tompion clock in the lounge, with one exquisite deep note, reminded her that it was only half-past twelve when she was passing it on her way from the morning room to the Terrace Room overlooking the Italian garden of Landers Royal. Even the amusing little problem of Foy's behaviour on early



SHE looked round from her game as he pushed the door open . . . .

lunch days failed for once to engage her attention. It was a curious fact that when they had a normal lunch, at the respectable hour of half-past one or so, it was laid in the family dining-room beside the Terrace Room in the west wing, whereas the twelve o'clock meal was always laid in the morning room, and she often wondered if that was not meant as a subtle reproof for Gilbert—a reminder that, whatever else a twelve o'clock repast might be, it was not a lunch, but more like a *déjeuner*, a second breakfast on the French plan, and so unworthy of serious attention by any self-respecting butler.

But to-day she thought of none of these things while she made her way to her favourite sitting-room, where she stood looking out upon the garden it commanded. It was the view rather than the room that appealed to her. The precise and formal box edgings and stone paths of the Italian garden satisfied some deep instinct in her; its stiff and severe beauty delighted her; she was enamoured of its rigorously pruned cypresses and yews, entranced by the arbutus and camellia that covered the red brick of the ancient wall, with its saddle-back coping, like some still more ancient tapestry. That wall at all times, with its mathematical espaliers of symmetrical foliage about perpendicular stems and horizontal branches, seemed to her the perfect background for the restrained formality that so ceremoniously existed here. But now, in early April, when the greenish white of the arbutus and the pale cerise of the camellia starred the bottle-green foliage all over, it was something more than a background, for it completely stole the picture. It was no mere wall, no mere garden fence. It was symbolic of Landers Royal itself, that kept alive in forgetful days the more spacious age of its founding. The wall, with its pink stars at the camellia end twinkling among the dark green, almost black leaves, could be described in the very words of the Landers arms, which stood on a field sable, semé of mullets, like the camellias of Landers. The stilted old-world description suited that Tudor survival upon which she looked. It was not so much a garden as an heraldic charge that had strayed out of Camden into the twentieth century and found a place for itself there. And to its chatelaine that prospect was exactly right. It was the beauty of restraint, of self-effacement, of conforming to the pattern rather than of the rampant assertion of individuality. To Pussy Landers, at the age of forty, that was the most desirable beauty of all.



It was a beautifully clad, serene woman who, a few seconds later, accepted the seat offered to her by Mr. Manning, the bank manager

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

Yet her thoughts were far from the Italian garden on that April afternoon. Although she looked out upon it, she did not see it. Abruptly she turned away from the window and seated herself at the small mahogany table which stood midway between the French window in the corner of the room and the fireplace. Taking hold of the pear-shaped brass handles of the drawer beneath the shining top of the table, she pulled gently. The drawer opened at once and silently. All the appointments of Landers Royal were like that drawer. They operated obediently, efficiently, smoothly. They caused no shock or jar, and wasted no effort.

She took from the tidy contents of the drawer a silver cigarette case, a silver monogramed flat match-holder, and a small strapped leather-bound "book" which was in reality a case for a pack of playing-cards. On its back was stamped in gilt letters: "Let Us Play."

She spread the cards in the tableau of a patience game. It was characteristic of her that the design she laid out was an intricate one, involving most of the cards in the pack. One had not to be told that simplicity had no charms for Pussy Landers.

WHILE she arranged the cards she could hear her husband talking in the hall to Foy. It was a conversation that she could hear on any cloudy day in March, April or May.

"Fish ought to be risin' to-day, Foy."

"Yes, sir, indeed they ought."

"Did you tell Martin to mend the strap of my creel?"

"Yes, sir; he did it last evening after he washed the mistress's car."

"Good."

Then she heard Gilbert's steps receding towards the gunroom, and in a few moments she heard them approaching the door of the Terrace Room. She looked round from her game as he pushed the door open, and saw him standing with one half of his tall body hidden. Only the right-hand half was in the room, holding under the visible elbow a soft tweed hat decorated with flies.

"I'm off now, dear," Gilbert said.

"Then good-bye for the present, Gil. And if you sit down be sure to put your waterproof under you. I'm so afraid of your catching cold again."

With a look of impatient annoyance Gilbert closed the door behind him and went off. Katherine was becoming impossible, he told himself. Damned unhealthy, sitting there the whole afternoon in a hot room turning over cards. There had been days not so long ago when she thought nothing of getting wet, and would walk for miles around the country with him, or try to master the intricacies of dry-fly fishing on the five miles of Landers waters, more excited than a girl at her first proposal when she landed a three-ounce fish that he would have to take off the hook for her and put back into the stream to grow up. But that had been two years ago and more. Now he always had to drag her out, and it was hardly worth the trouble, for they were scarcely out before she was anxious to get back again, and she never came willingly.

He would have to talk to her about this constant playing of patience—damned silly game, turning over cards to yourself, and feeling disappointed when they didn't "come out." But he'd been saying that to himself for over a year, and he hadn't spoken to her yet. It was so hard to know how to begin:

"Pussy dear"—damned silly name that, but the nurse had given it to her when a child. Such a quiet tiny child she'd been. Kitty would have meant somebody playful, and Katherine was too grown-up, so Pussy she'd become then, and had remained ever since—"Pussy dear, I'd really rather you didn't—er—I mean, well, I don't want you to!"

But how perfectly dreadful if in her soft low voice she should ask, with widely opened eyes fastened on one's face:

"Didn't what, Gil?"

She was perfectly capable of not trying to help a man out if he made a damned silly start like that. . . .

Pussy listened to the retreating footsteps of her husband while she turned over the cards almost mechanically. "Darling Gil!" she murmured, as she realised that the game was not going to come out. She gathered up the scattered cards and replaced them in their leather book. Pulling the drawer open again, she laid cards, cigarette case and matches back in exactly the same positions that they had previously occupied.

Her thoughts were still on her husband. How could a man like him—so full of activity and with such a clever brain—bear to put in the whole of every afternoon trying to inveigle a few fish, worth perhaps a shilling or two at most, out of the water and into his creel? She would suggest to him that he should take up some more exciting hobby, only he was so difficult about suggestions. But then all men were. They liked to do all the things they wanted to do, and treated everything else with contempt. Nobody laughs so heartily at the people who walk after a golf ball all day as the people who spend all their spare time running after a tennis ball or a football.

SHE walked over to the fire and, resting her still slender foot on the top of the pierced brass fender, she looked at her reflection in the mirror hanging by its two gilt chains above the mantelpiece.

She could certainly say that she did not look all or nearly all of her forty years. The almost violet eyes and the soft brown hair showed no signs of going off, and few wrinkles yet marred the creamy surface of her chin. Considering the past two years, that was rather surprising, but, on the other hand, Pussy had never been over-fond of late nights, and she was earning her reward now. At times she did not look a day over thirty.

She looked at her wrist-watch, and nodded with satisfaction when she saw that it still wanted ten minutes to one. She touched the bell-push in the wall at her hand that would summon Foy, and in a minute or so that ponderous body inducted himself through the door.

"Bring me in the telephone, please, and tell Martin I want my own car round at a quarter past one," she ordered.

After the portable telephone had been plugged in, Pussy held a brief conversation with a number in London. The call lasted less than four minutes, but almost any member of the Stock Exchange would have paid a thousand pounds a minute to listen in on it, and in a few hours would have made cent. per cent. on the deal without any trouble. Pussy Landers could always rely on getting good information from those she entertained at Landers Royal when she wanted it, but she did not make the mistake of wanting it too often. Following the London call she rang up her bank manager, and then Mr. Plumbury, a stockbroker in the city of Pinchester.

Quarter of an hour later, in her new mink coat, she was eating up the nine miles between Landers Royal and Pinchester in her Bentley coupé. Although she had to crawl the last mile or so, for it was market day in the city, the car drew up at the Foregate branch of the National Country Bank on the stroke of half-past one.

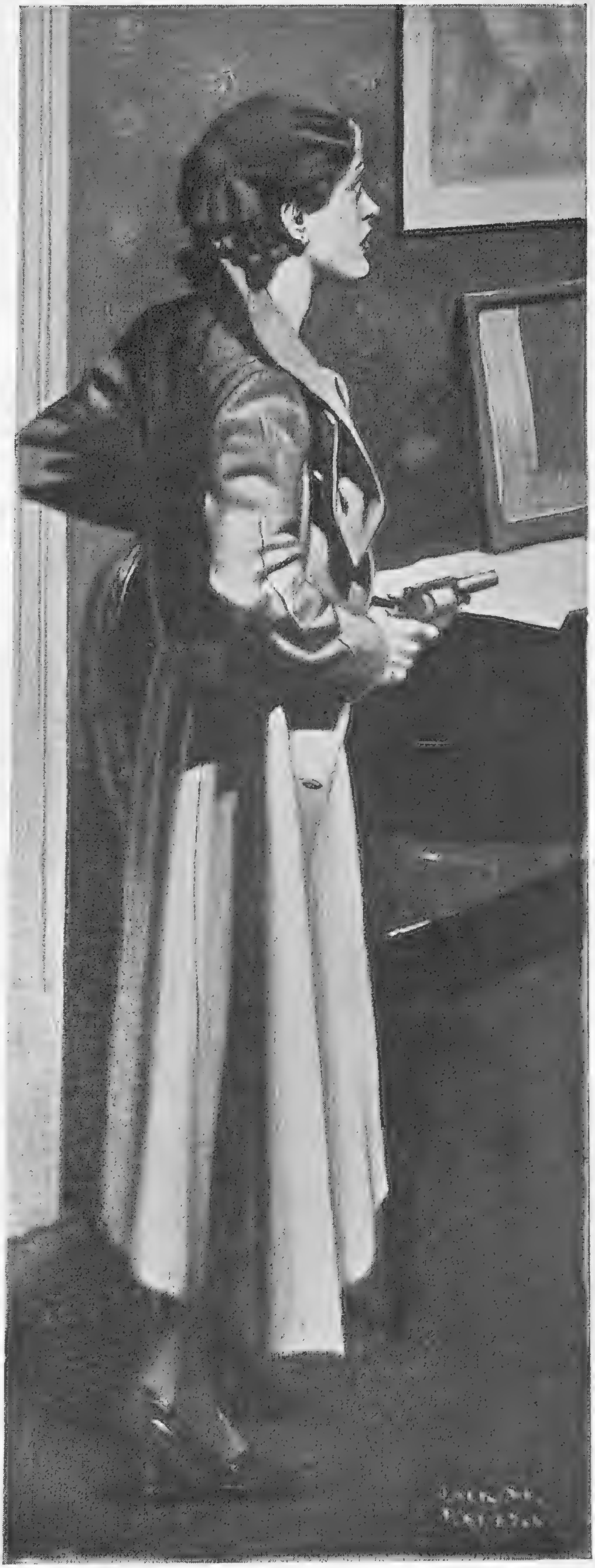
Taking her powder-box from her unfashionably large but exquisitely wrought bead bag, she dusted all signs of fuss or hurry right off her face, dismissing with a firm stroke of the swansdown the last memory of her recent annoyance with a straw-chewing yokel in charge of a drove of pigs, according to whom pigs weren't to be hurried, and could take up the whole of the road for as long as they'm a mind to. It was a beautifully clad, serene woman who, a few seconds later, accepted the seat offered to her by Mr. Manning, the bank manager.

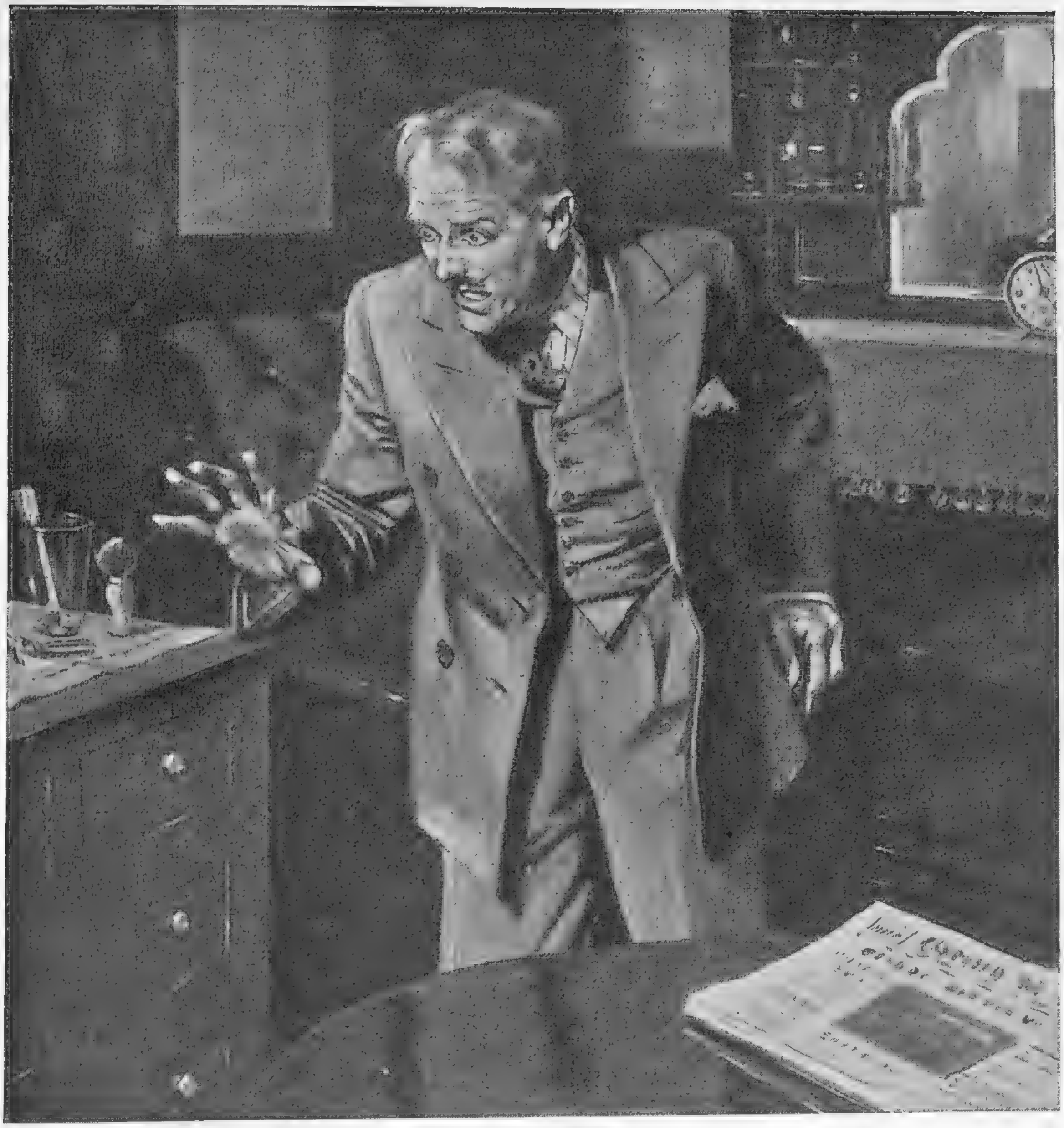
"May I hope that you're not leaving us, Mrs. Landers?" he asked, with a slight air of impressment. The chatelaine of Landers Royal always had that effect upon officialdom—she made them come all over formality and precision, because she looked so definitely of the ruling caste, as so few women now can look.

"Oh, I'm certainly not doing that, Mr. Manning," she reassured him. "It's for a special purpose that I want to have such a large amount with me this afternoon, and, of course, I know it will leave only a pound or two to my credit."

Mr. Manning's airy wave of his manicured hand conveyed the distinct impression that a pound or two of Mrs. Landers' was as desirable an acquisition to any bank as a thousand or two from any lesser personage.

"That doesn't matter in the least, Mrs. Landers, but will you forgive me if I suggest that a cheque—a certified cheque—would serve as well for all purposes as the notes?





HE started forward, his face livid with passion, but drew back when she took her hand out of her pocket, holding an automatic pistol in a steady line with his breastbone

Three thousand pounds is a large amount for anybody to carry about in these days of bag snatching."

Her gentle smile thanked him warmly.

"It's very good of you, Mr. Manning," she said, "but I'm afraid the cheque will not do this time. I'll take good care of the notes, you may be sure, and I shall not be carrying them for very long. But, please, I must go—I'll be late. I have another appointment. Please let me have the money now."

Manning rose, and with the cheque that she had made out at his table in his hand went out to the head cashier, who had delayed his lunch-hour to deal with Mrs. Landers' request personally. The two men returned to the manager's office together, and the cashier laid on the table, in front of Mrs. Landers, three packets of notes separately banded, with another band around the three of them.

"I think you'll find that correct," said the manager. "One thousand in fives, one thousand in tens, and the remainder in fifties."

She nodded, and checked over the whole amount with the aid of the cashier. Then with a steady hand she replaced the rubber bands around each thousand, put the fat wad into the large and beautiful bag, and rose with an air of finality. She shook hands with Mr. Manning, bowed to Figgis, the cashier, who was holding the door open for her, and walked out. Moved by a common impulse, born of respect for the contents of the bead bag, the two men fell in behind Mrs. Landers and followed her out to her car. They stood beside it on the pavement while she entered, and with professional approval commended her action in screwing up the driving window to the top while the bag rested on her lap. Then, with a nod, she drew away from the kerb.

She did not drive straight from the bank to Mr. Plumbury's office, two streets away—or rather, to the car park opposite the stockbroker's office where she would have to leave her car during the two hours or so she intended to spend with him. She made a circuit of some five minutes' duration around the city streets before she finally drew up under the big white "P" in its white circle on a light blue ground, and accepted from the attendant a yellow ticket marked "2.30." It was not yet quite two o'clock, but the attendant was an old hand at the game, and knew that an extra half-hour on the ticket at the beginning of the statutory two-hour period usually meant an extra tanner on his tip at the end of it.

PUSSY LANDERS was destined to upset lunch-hours in Pinchester that day, but it was Mr. Plumbury's time of return that she affected. Usually he strolled in at half-past two or a quarter to three, since there was never very much doing until the last hour of the Stock Exchange day, from three to four, but in view of her visit he knocked half a dozen stories, one of his extra cups of coffee with its accompanying kümmel, and a round of four-handed snooker off his midday break, and was back in his office in good time to receive her on the very stroke of two.

Mr. Plumbury, who made it his business to find out all he could about his clients, had not been very successful over Mrs. Landers. True, he knew what everyone else knew about her, and had the highest respect for the Landers money, but he could not obtain the slightest hint as to the sources of her undoubtedly inspired information. That worried him more than a little, for on five separate occasions in the past two years she had come into his office and given him precisely detailed instructions that had resulted in five very satisfactory settling-day cheques being posted to Landers Royal. Moreover, the transactions had been of the quick returns kind—buying and selling in the same account—that bring double grist to the broker's mill in the way of double commission, but still he was not happy about it. He felt that if he had had the same information as Mrs. Landers he would have made much more out of it than she did. Mr. Plumbury had never learned the lesson of restraint. So little did he know of its virtues that he had decided, when next his mysterious client with the gilt-edged information invaded the market, to follow her lead on his own account, and make the killing of his dreams.

But his face fell—metaphorically speaking, of course; his features were far too well trained to lapse literally under any business circumstances whatever—at his client's first words:

"What are Armilago Creek at now, Mr. Plumbury?"

"Somewhere about six shillings, I think, Mrs. Landers. If you'll excuse me, I'll turn up the tape. They're very active to-day, but on a falling market. Dropping all the time."

He crossed his office to the tape machine in the corner, and ran the filament of typed paper through (*Continued on page* 123)

BOOKS: *Reviewed by*

Stella Benson's Last Book—

M. SACHA GUITRY, author of "Memoirs of a Cheat," a gay, amusing and cynical fable

CHARLES GRAVES, whose book "The Price of Pleasure" consists of fifty-three essays on the economic aspects of popular recreations

FROM the first—that is to say, from the day, twenty years ago, when a book called *I Pose* brought a new flavour into English fiction—Stella Benson had her fervent admirers. But it was not until a short time before her death that the public really awoke to her quality. I suppose *Tobit*, which appeared in 1931, brought her thousands of new readers. Yet, beautiful as that book is, none of her works is deficient in her special flavour or below the level she never failed to reach. If one abstains from reading her for a while, one can see that some of her books are—what word shall I use ?—bigger than others. But all are so perfect that each seems, as one lives with it, to be her best. Only a few weeks ago I read, for the first time, *The Poor Man* (1923). I can see now that it is rather slender ; but I still think, as I thought at the time, that no one ever selected a more difficult theme for a novel, and that it is impossible to think of any novelist who, with such a theme, would have achieved anything like her success.

It is easier to recognise the flavour of her work than to describe it. A miracle of delicacy, it seemed at first that it must either be swamped or, if it persisted, would become cloying. Neither happened ; but the reader found that, like the *maté* of South America, once used to it he could never give it up. There is a story, too good to be apocryphal, I hope, that the B.B.C. thought of engaging Stella Benson as literary critic, and that she attended a voice trial. She did not get the job. As one of those tall, pale young men with horn-rimmed spectacles complained, "She would *not* change her personality."

Her unfinished novel, *Mundos* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), would have been her longest, for with nearly one-third unwritten it runs to 340 pages. She left, in writing, a wish that none of her "half-finished" work should be published ; but few, surely, of those who read the book will be prepared to affirm that her literary executors have done wrong to ignore her wish or even that they have disobeyed it. It would be a poor compliment to Stella Benson to say that the novel does not lose, and perhaps lose greatly, by being unfinished; but one can say that it provides a complete, as well as a lovely, experience, one that simply could not be withheld from the world. As usual, I find myself thinking that her latest novel is her best ; but in this instance I am sure I shall not change my mind. No pages were written more full than these of beauty and tenderness, more bright with life. Like everyone else, I mourn her loss ; but in the glow of *Mundos* it is more fitting to thank God that she lived.

TO such a book the only possible contrast is a complete one, and I found it in *Means Test Man* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). Its author, Mr. Walter Brierley, was for some years, until recently, "unemployed," and his novel is concerned with nothing but worklessness and its consequences. He shows us a small family, John Cook and his wife and child. He shows us Cook, a good man who is made spiritually miserable and physically unwell by idleness ; Mrs. Cook, a woman whose looks and temper suffer from worry and social disappointment ; and the little boy, who is vaguely aware that there is something wrong and that his father is a bit of a failure. The contrasts have been well chosen ; indeed, the whole book is a simple and moving piece of work which reveals the real tragedies of the unemployed as very different from what they are perfunctorily supposed to be. Nobody who is interested in the state of contemporary England should miss this patient, heartbreaking story.

An important trilogy, which began with *Rome for Sale* and continued with *Cæsar is Dead*, has now been concluded by

In the Know

"Strange Street," *by Beverley Baxter*

(Hutchinson, 18s.)

"The Price of Pleasure" *by Charles Graves*

(Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 7s. 6d.)

INCIDENTALLY (Mr. Baxter) and deliberately (Mr. Graves) these two books provide an orgy of peeps behind scenes, of inside dope, of bean-spilling, of low down on high spots, of explaining what goes on beneath the surface and how things work. Although such orgies are now common enough, we do not easily tire of them ; moreover, what we have here is, in the beautiful phrase of the day, the goods. Mr. Beverley Baxter was a demobilised Canadian officer when Lord Beaverbrook gave him a job on the *Daily Express*. In the comparatively short space of time invented by Lord Northcliffe, Mr Baxter became editor of the *Sunday Express* and then Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Express*. He is now Director of Public Relations (a post not quite as self-explanatory as he believes) for Gaumont British. The life of such a man is necessarily full, crowded and lively. Much of what Mr. Baxter has to tell will surprise even his fellow journalists. There is a familiar caress about his style. Did he learn it from the *Daily Express*, one wonders, or did he teach it to that organ ?

MR. GRAVES'S book is not an autobiography ; it consists of fifty-three essays on the economic aspect of popular recreations. He tells you what the profit is on those programmes for which you pay a shilling at the Queen's Hall, and why you pay forty-eight shillings for a badge at Kempton Park, and the weekly cost of sawdust in the big circuses, and thousands of things like that. If you are not inquisitive, don't bother with Mr. Graves. But if you are lucky enough to be consumed by curiosity, don't bother about anything but laying hands on his book. Most readers will, no doubt, be able to check his statements in one direction or another. Wherever I have been able to check him by my own inside knowledge, I have found him absolutely reliable. How Arnold Bennett would have enjoyed this book !

ARNOLD PALMER

Sacha Guitry as a Novelist

means of *Last Days with Cleopatra* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 8s. 6d.). Mr. Jack Lindsay is not, in my opinion, a born novelist, but he has so much to give his readers that his work deserves to be called what I have called it. It is important, because it shows the big issues which confronted the leaders of the world at one of the great crises of the world's history, and because it preserves throughout a tone of honesty and an atmosphere of scholarship.

Overcoat-pocket Editions

"Belgium on £10." "Scotland on £10."
by Sydney A. Clark
(Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 5s. each.)
"The Way of All Flesh," *by Samuel Butler*
"The Stolen Bacillus," *by H. G. Wells*
(Collins, 2s. each.)

MR. CLARK'S first-rate little series now consists of eight volumes, with another six in preparation. They do not compete with Baedeker, but they emerge successfully from a comparison with all the numerous other volumes which do not compete with Baedeker. For the ordinary tourist who wishes to spend a few days, and even fewer pounds, in a foreign city, they are the most sensible guide-books I know. They do not attempt too much; they give you a few interesting places to see, a few amusing things to do, a few hints about eating and drinking; and they leave it at that. Even those people who travel in comfort and luxury can learn a lot from Mr. Clark.

THE series known as Collins's Pocket Classics was begun thirty-three years ago, and contains over 360 titles. At the moment, *Lorna Doone* leads in popularity, but Dickens, with six volumes in the first eleven, is easily the favourite author. A list of the hundred best selling books in the series affords matter for reflection—much, though not all, of it gratifying, and some of it downright surprising. Two Brontes, *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*, find places in the first twelve. But who would guess that the poems of Burns would be forty places above the poems of Tennyson, or that Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* would be No. 18, while the *Essays of Elia* brought up the rear, No. 100? *Black Beauty* is No. 31, *The Road Mender* is No. 50, but *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is no higher than 94. Dumas and Scott are more than holding their own, but yet the sales of the five most popular Scott novels do not, when put together, equal the sales of *Lorna Doone*. Do films stimulate reading, or do publishers' statistics influence Hollywood? Who knows? Turning from the successful to the comparatively unsuccessful authors in the series, it is noticeable that neither Carlyle nor Tolstoy nor Keats finds room among the hundred most beloved by the English public.

BARONESS KATHARINA DOMBROWSKI, or Katharina Ludovica von Dombrowski zu Papros und Kruswic, an Austrian by birth and conviction, married first a German and then a Pole. I could tell you much more; but of all the things known about her, only one matters to me at this moment—she has written a long, bloodthirsty, swiftly moving, teeming novel called *Land of Women* (Putnam, 7s. 6d.). This story, "an historical epic of Paraguay in the eighteen-sixties," was written by the author in German and translated by her into such splendid, direct English that our version must be almost as good as the original. Like many people, I care absolutely nothing for Paraguay of the eighteen-sixties; but I care more than I can say for a novel which can set me thinking of, and making comparisons with, *La Chartreuse de Parme*. To all with a reasonably strong literary stomach, a love of colour, heat and movement, a weakness for travel, adventure and adventurers, and an insatiable curiosity about the human heart, I recommend this novel with confidence—yes, and with the expectation of thanks or at least a mention in their prayers. The book, a large one, is very well produced for the money, except that the inner margins of the pages are too narrow. You will either break the volume's back or read in discomfort, according to your nature and upbringing. You will certainly do one or the other, if once you start this exceptionally rich and satisfying romance.

DAME ETHEL SMYTH, whose book "Beecham and Pharaoh" is reviewed in this article

MONSIEUR SACHA GUITRY'S little fable, *Memoirs of a Cheat* (Gollancz, 6s.), is gay, amusing, cynical; and, like the genuine boulevardier, it hides, beneath a thrilling aspect of realism, a complete absence of reality. French writers of short stories are fond of imagining a characteristic or peculiarity, and clamping a plot on to it, and fixing it. Whereas English writers of short stories—you will find eighteen of them in *New Tales of Humour*, edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith (Jarrolds, 2s. 6d.)—are apt to work on (*Continued on page* 88)

BARONESS KATHARINA DOMBROWSKI, author of "Land of Women." A rich and satisfying romance

WALTER BRIERLEY, whose novel "Means Test Man" is a simple and moving piece of work which reveals the real tragedies of the unemployed

I'll TELL

If you want to get brown really quickly, use a good sun-bathing oil

LOOK under the table, if you get a chance, at any restaurant any day at this time of the year What will you see? Stockinged feet surreptitiously slipped out of their shoes.

One hot night I peeked discreetly under many tables at the Savoy. There they were, dozens of them, stockinged feet, wriggling toes in freedom and relief, practically a pair under every table. Many belonged to well-known faces whose beauty and poise above gave no hint of what was happening below. But I knew. Every woman does.

Hot weather is hard on the feet

You can't get away from the fact that hot weather tries the feet.

Toeless sandals have largely solved the evening problem. But not every woman can wear them, or wants to.

If you have to do a good bit of walking around or standing about in hot weather your feet become your principal preoccupation. Haven't you noticed? All problems and worries, so important and significant at other times, recede into the distance and your feet become the centre of your universe, the core of your existence. Because they get hot—burning hot. They get puffy, veined. Heels get chafed.

But I don't have to enumerate the nasty things that happen. What I have to tell you about is the best way to prevent them happening.

A dancer, whose feet have to be cool and supple every minute of the time, told me the two simple things she does to her feet in warm weather.

The first is to rub vaseline into them every night. The second is to put talcum into her shoes every day.

Feet that not only hurt with the heat, but ache because they are tender and sensitive at all times—a condition that is often due to the presence of uric acid in the blood—can get temporary relief by another simple method. Not only temporary relief, but permanent conditioning.

You just soak your feet in hot water to which you have added a special kind of bath salts. The ache simply goes, just like that, drawn out of the feet as you sit there. (What happens, of course, is that the special salts draw out the acids and the inflammation and stimulate the circulation.)

After a quarter of an hour of foot soaking and afterwards a brisk rub with eau-de-Cologne your feet are ready to step out anywhere, and you will be able to keep your shoes on all through the evening.

If you are wanting the feet to look as well as feel good, after the foot bath rub in a velvety liquid made by a famous beauty specialist—actually as a hand lotion, but what do we care? It's gorgeous—cool, absorbent, no stickiness, faintly perfumed. Then a puff-puff of talcum, and you feel like a duchess.

I USED to hum and haw each holiday and think, "Ah, well! I'll keep myself from tanning this year, then I won't have to suffer that hateful green look when it dies away."

But, of course, the first day in the sun found me flat on my back, glorying in it, and hanging the consequences.

The consequences were pleasant, because I'm lucky enough to tan evenly. And now, as for the dying-away period, the beauty professors have thought up plenty of good things to get us over that bad time quickly.

The best part of tanning is this. Not only is it healthy. Not only is it a gay, pleasant reminder, in post-holiday days, of the fun you've had, the health you've stored. But it definitely gives you a new personality for a little while. You are different, vivid, can experiment with new colours. And you go back refreshed, to being lily-white again.

You know the wise way to sun-bathe, of course. Five minutes or so the first day, else those ultra-violet rays will get you and you'll be a sight. Then gradually increase the time, daily, as you acquire a protective coat of tan.

If you want to brown really quickly, the best way is to use a sun-bathing oil.

Sun heat dries up the natural oils in your skin, dries your skin, makes it sore and burnt. There is a sun-tan oil, lightly perfumed, as good as any I've ever tried. It spreads a protective film over the skin and helps the natural oil supply, so that while you are bronzing the skin remains silky.

You massage it into the skin at night, and put it on again in the morning, a quarter of an hour before going to meet the sun. Let it dry right in.

And there's no need to look shiny and unpleasant while sunning, either, because, using this oil, you are allowed to powder lightly over it.

TWO things most men don't care about in a woman. The first is painted nails. The second is powdering the face in public.

Two things women will continue to do—in our lifetime, at least. The first is to paint the nails. The second is to powder the face in public.

I am not going to write about the first this month, except to tell you, parenthetically, that the way to keep your varnish from thickening is to add a little oily polish remover to it every now and again.

As for the second, neither am I going to discuss the male attitude, because it has been chewed to rags by the old gentlemen in clubs for years and years.

The feminine attitude is what matters to us. Give us a powder-box, we say, which will look good and act practically when we want to do a quick running repair under the public gaze.

The flat, loose sifter powder cases of the last few years seemed at first to be the answer to those women who were tired of compacts, and of carrying loose powder in a box and a separate handkerchief puff.

But we found that sifters often wore out: you didn't get enough on the puff. In which case you had to lift up the sifter every time and take a big dip. Then you got too much on the puff and it spilt. And so on.

A quick running repair under the public gaze

You All I Know

By Mary Young

If you are looking for something different and something that is proving very satisfactory to discriminating women, a flat little case has arrived in the shops, marketed by people whose powders, lipsticks and perfumes are deservedly world famous.

First sight, it looks like one of their compacts; it is the same pretty case, the same block of powder. Second sight you see it is not. You touch the block with the puff lightly and, without any hard rubbing, as in the case of a compact, the puff gets loaded with just enough *loose powder*. This is pure powder, pressed into block form by high power compression, with no moisture or binding material used in the process.

A marvellous tonic wine for tired business women

There is nothing to spill in your handbag. So you have all the advantage of using a loose powder, and none of the disadvantage of carrying it around in that form.

THE perfect deodorant has arrived at last, a new preparation, one application of which controls perspiration and banishes all odour for days.

It is the safest and easiest thing in the world to use. It controls perspiration at the very point of contact, and this contact is itself controlled by the clever method of application. There is no plunger; you don't use your fingers, or cotton-wool, or anything. There is no chance of the liquid running elsewhere on your skin.

It is far simpler than that. You take off the screw cap, and there, fixed in the bottle's top, is the sponge-like self-applicator. You turn the bottle upside down, give it a shake, the sponge becomes moist, and can be applied to the armpit, xactly where you want it. It dries almost immediately.

WHEN I was a lot younger, skipping about in the 'teens, I met an actress whose pictured beauty I had treasured and admired since school days. I was outraged, horrified, to discover how unlike she was to her picture. Why, she was old. . . . Lined, haggard, a sort of caricature of the beauty I had worshipped. Only the eyes and the wide smile and something of the expression were the same.

And yet, after being with her for a little while, I forget her lines and her drawn throat and her tired eyes, because her personality, her magnetism and charm enveloped me.

And, even at that early age, I understood that some women are ageless, no matter what happens to their faces and figures.

Some women, I say. I should put the proportion at about one to every five thousand. The other 4,999 have a harder time about growing older. So it is worth making some sort of fight about it.

There is a man all signed up to help in this fight, a famous dermatologist who has done so much to help already that, if he rested on his laurels and did no more, we should be satisfied.

He has worked hard all his life on the science of rejuvenation. When plastic surgery was in its infancy, he was performing successful operations. He has practised as a cosmetic surgeon and dermatologist at famous institutes in both Paris and America. Many women have good reason to remember him with gratitude.

He went deep down into his subject and discovered that wrinkles, lines, sagging muscles and all the rest of it were caused by the gradual decay of the underlying cells—epithelial cells, if you must be scientific—and that this, in turn, resulted from a gradual lessening in the blood stream of certain important secretions.

A powder gun which you spray into your wardrobe. . . . Moths hate it

Right, thought he. We'll find something to put that straight.

He experimented for many years before he evolved the right formula. Then it was extensively and practically tested all over the world. Was a great success. Was ultimately made up into tablets, which is how it comes to you.

You take a course of these and what appears to be a miracle takes place. Their effect is that of genuine rejuvenation of face and body.

Your skin is actually being built up, from within, regenerated and rejuvenated. It grows clear, youthful freshness, colouring and contour are restored. Years slip from your face. You look and feel *young*.

If I haven't made myself absolutely clear, there's a really good brochure you may like to have to store away in your beauty drawer which tells you the whole interesting story in detailed word and illustration.

THERE are times when you don't give a darn what you look like, because you're feeling so low. Not exactly ill, but without energy or alertness, no will power, no capacity, either for work or enjoyment.

Life being the ironic business it is, it so happens that at such a time somebody calls up and asks you to go out with him the next evening, an invitation you've been hoping for, longing for, for weeks.

That is, if you're a woman. And if you're a man, and have been feeling low and flat, the office chooses to send you on a really important mission which is going to prove your worth to the firm.

Perhaps this tired, worn-out, miserable feeling doesn't come at such times, but just comes along because you've had influenza, or some other illness. Perhaps it's just nerves. The thing to do is to escape from it as quickly as possible and in the pleasantest way.

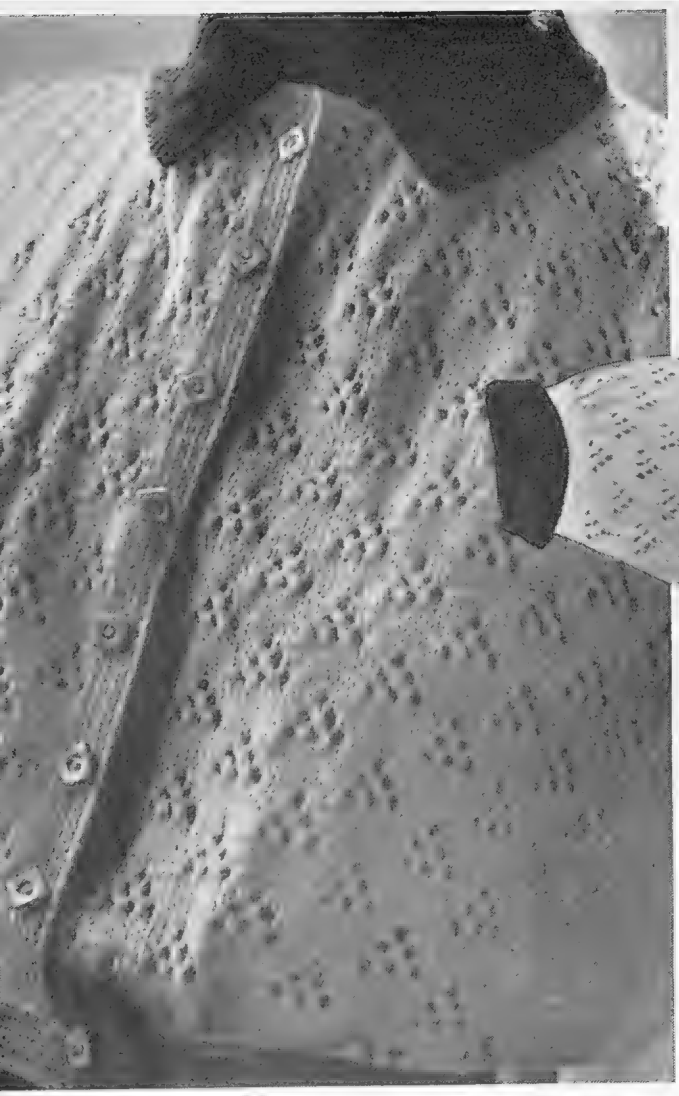
There is a new tonic wine obtainable from chemists, stores and wine merchants which is the quickest and best toner I know. It is good to drink, and its medicinal qualities, which the palate cannot detect, enrich the blood, aid the digestive organs, and give new vitality to the system.

A large bottle costs three-and-nine. Sometimes one bottle can put you right again with the world.

I am half-way through a two-bottle course myself, drinking it regularly in the office, and can unhesitatingly recommend it, hand across my heart, to other tired business women, and men and invalids.

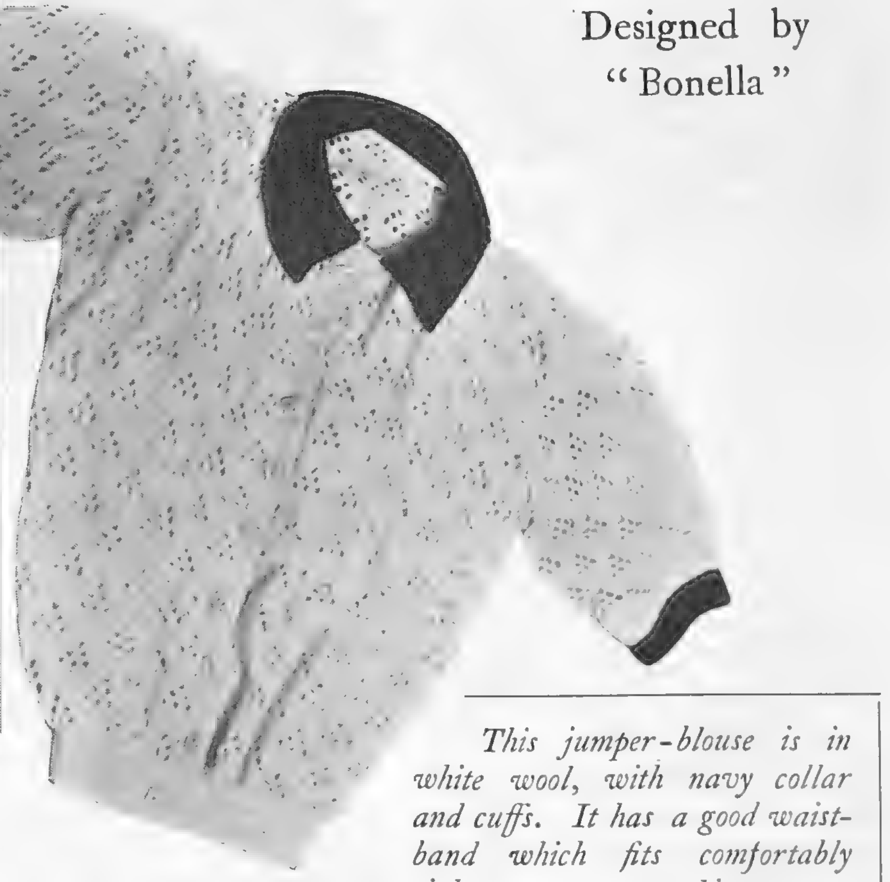
If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope.

Mary Young



A Perfect *Summer* Woolly

Designed by "Bonella"



This jumper-blouse is in white wool, with navy collar and cuffs. It has a good waistband which fits comfortably tight over your skirt, never riding up or down. The jumper blouses casually over it. The stitch, a simple one even for the inexpert knitters, gives a pretty, lacy look

Materials required:

8 oz. of 3-ply white wool
1 oz. of 3-ply navy wool
1 pr. No. 10 Double Century pins
1 pr. No. 11 Double Century pins
9 Buttons
1 Press Stud

With No. 10 pins cast on 110 sts. K. into back 1st row, to give a firm edge.

Back

K. 1 row. Now pattern:

1st row.—K. 1. * (M. 1. K. 2 tog. 3 times). K. 6. Repeat from * to end of row, ending K. 1.

2nd row—and every alternate row—*all* purl.

3rd row.—K. 2. * (M. 1. K. 2 tog. twice). K. 8. Repeat from * to end of row.

5th row.—K. 3. * (M. 1. K. 2 tog.). K. 10. Repeat from * to end of row, ending K. 9.

7th row.—K. 1. * K. 6. (M. 1. K. 2 tog. 3 times). Repeat from * to end of row.

9th row.—* K. 8. (M. 1. K. 2 tog. twice). Repeat from * to last 2 sts. K. 2.

11th row.—K. 9. * (M. 1. K. 2 tog.). K. 10. Repeat from * to end of row ending K. 3.

12th row.—Purl.

Repeat these 12 rows until work measures 11 in. from start.

Shape Armhole

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Then K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row, until 90 sts. remain, when armhole measures 7 in.

Shape Shoulder

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off the 30 sts. left for back of neck.

Right Front (when worn)

Cast on 68 sts. and K. as for back, but keep the 6 front sts. in a rib of K. 1, P. 1, and in this border make buttonholes the 1st on the 6th row, and afterwards every 16th row, by Rib 3. Cast off 3, pat. to end of row. On the returning row, cast on the 3 sts. cast off in previous row.

When work measures 11 in. from start,

Shape Armhole

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next armhole end row, then K. 2 tog. at armhole end until 58 sts. remain. When armhole measures 5½ in. cast off 28 sts. at neck edge. Continue on the remaining 30 sts. for 1½ in.

Shape Shoulder

Cast off 6 sts. at every armhole edge row, until all are cast off.

Left Front

Work as for right front, with border and decreasings at opposite edges and not any buttonholes.

Sleeves

With No. 11 pins, cast on 72 sts. K. 10 rows Garter st. (plain knitting).

11th row.—K. 23. K. twice into the next 26 sts. K. 23 (98 sts.).

12th row.—Purl.

Change to No. 10 pins, continue in open pat. for 4 in., increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row (and 108 sts. on pin).

Shape Top

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 72 sts. remain. Then cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

Cuffs

With Navy wool and No. 10 pins, cast on 74 sts. rib for 1¾ in. in K. 1. P. 1. Cast off.

Collar

With Navy wool and No. 10 pins. Cast on 120 sts. Rib 8 rows. K. 1. P. 1.

9th row.—Rib 6. * K. 3 times into the next st. Rib 11. Repeat from * to end of row, ending rib 5 (140 sts.).

Rib 9 rows.

19th row.—Rib 7. * K. 3 times into next st. Rib 13. Repeat from * to end, ending rib 6 (160 sts.).

Rib 9 rows. Cast off.

Belt

With No. 11 pins cast on 20 sts. Rib in K. 1. P. 1 for 25½ in. Then shape end. Make buttonholes. Rib 8, cast off 4, rib 8. On the returning row, cast on the 4 sts. cast off in previous row. Rib ½ in.

(*Continued on page 120*)

Fascinating FABRICS

THE page wasn't given this title because of the easy alliteration. The adjective was used deliberately, because it fittingly described the materials proudly displayed by the four smart young women.

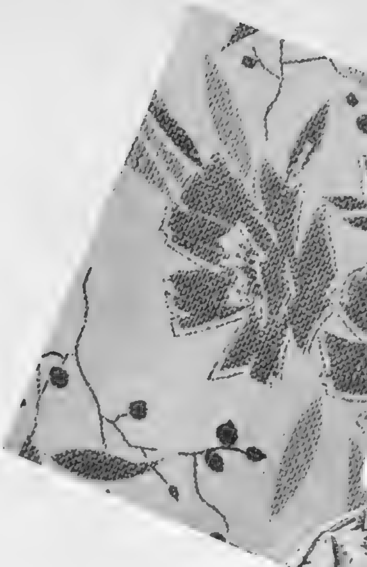
It has never been so hard to choose fabrics for summer clothes, because there has never been such a bewildering profusion of lovely fabrics for your choice. So, to make your shopping simpler, it is good to be primed beforehand with some knowledge of them.

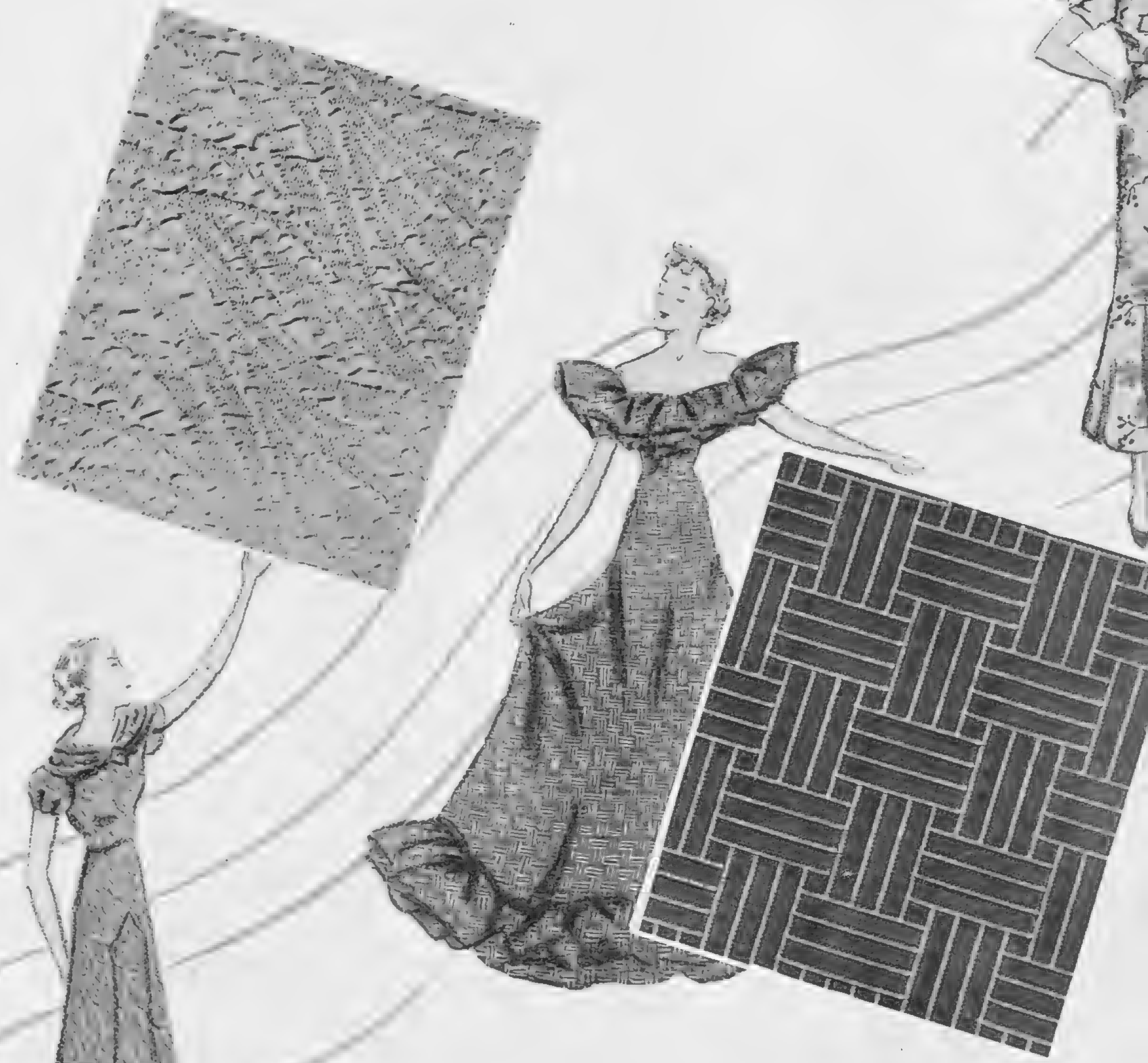
The dress at the extreme right, is natural linen, gaily patterned in green, yellow, and brown. If we add it is crease-resisting, you 'll know it 's made by Tootal's, which is the magic word to say when buying linens. It comes in many other attractive colours and designs. Usual selling price, 2/11 a yard.

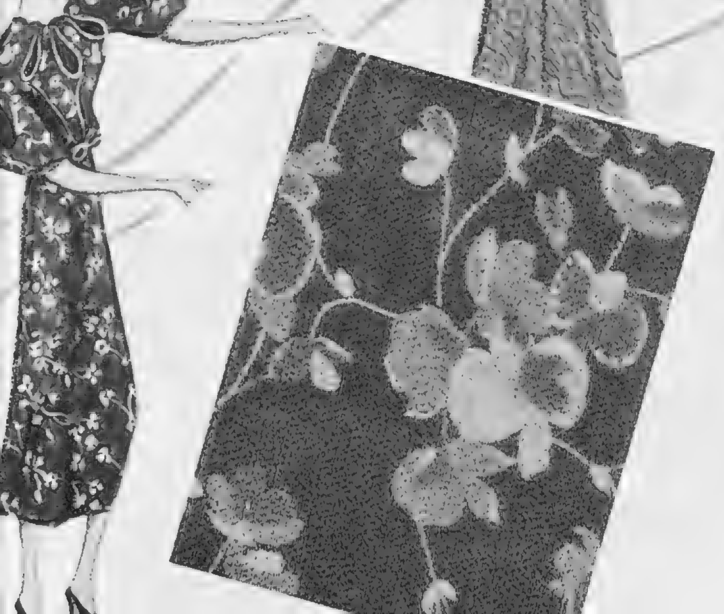
Tootal's also make the bright navy and white checked voile for the evening dress beneath, at the right. Called Robia, modestly labelled crease-resisting. But Robia wearers complain they can hardly press a pleat into it. There is infinite variety of Robia fabrics, printed, sprigged, dotted, embroidered. Selling price from 1/11 to 2/11.

Prints being seen so much, you become distinctive in one good, plain, coloured dress. The third one down the page is cool apple-green, a silky, cleverly blistered fabric, with an elegant air. It 's a Courtauld's Rayon, again a name that speaks for itself in regard to smartness, variety, wearability, quality. 8/11 a yard. The bottom figure wears one of Courtauld's famous printed silky crêpes—in this case, grey, pink and white on a soft blue ground. (Available in many other good colourings.) 2/11½ a yard.

Write to me if you want any further information about Tootal's and Courtauld's fabrics.





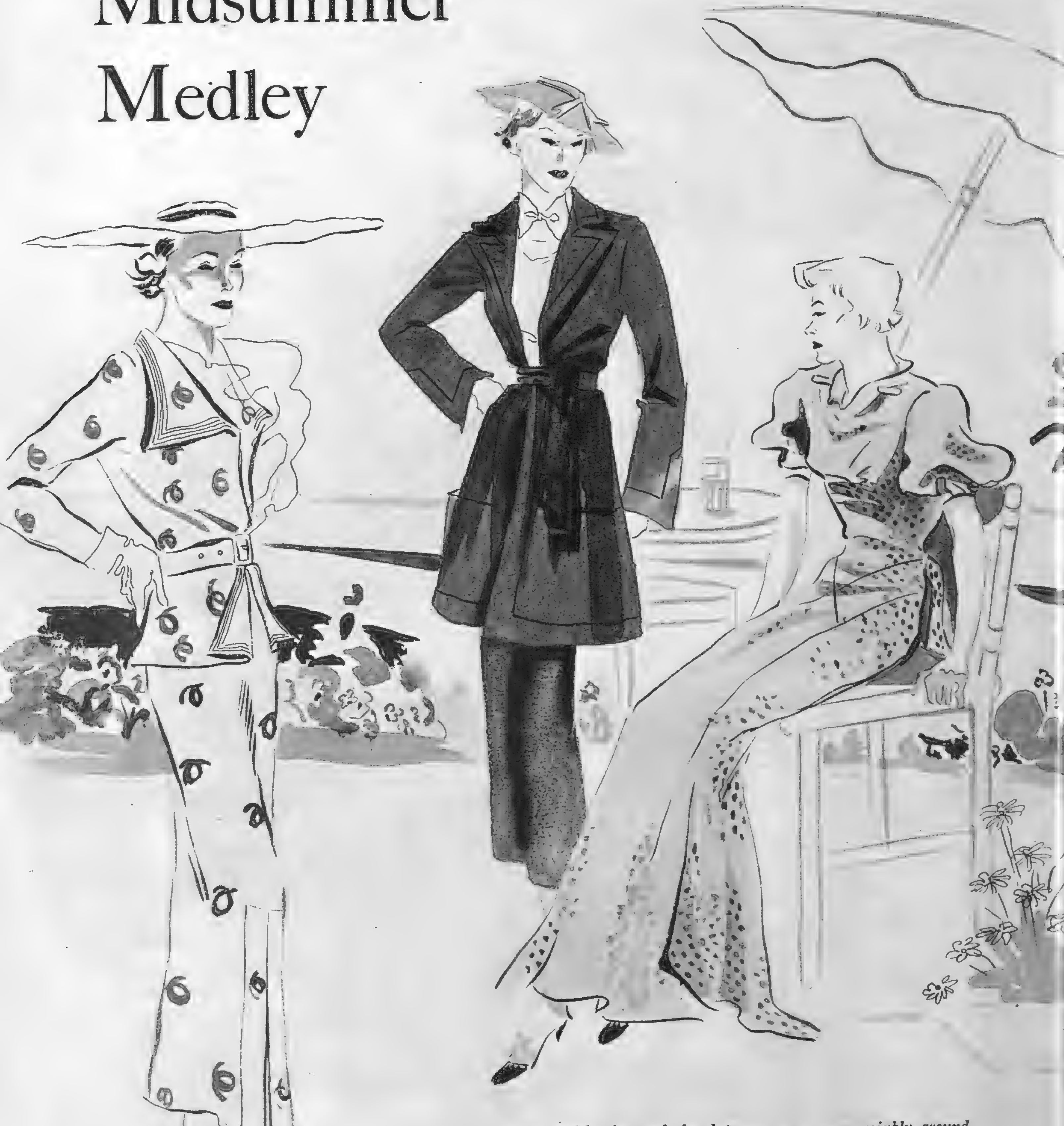


Fashions

By Jean Burnup

Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve."

Midsummer Medley



Left. Cherry-coloured swirls, few and far between on a cream crinkly ground, make this patterned crêpe-de-Chine suit outstanding among flowered and geometrical printed suits. Hand-tucked cream organza blouse with a riotous jabot. The large flat sailor is worn straight on the head, untilted. Victor Stiebel

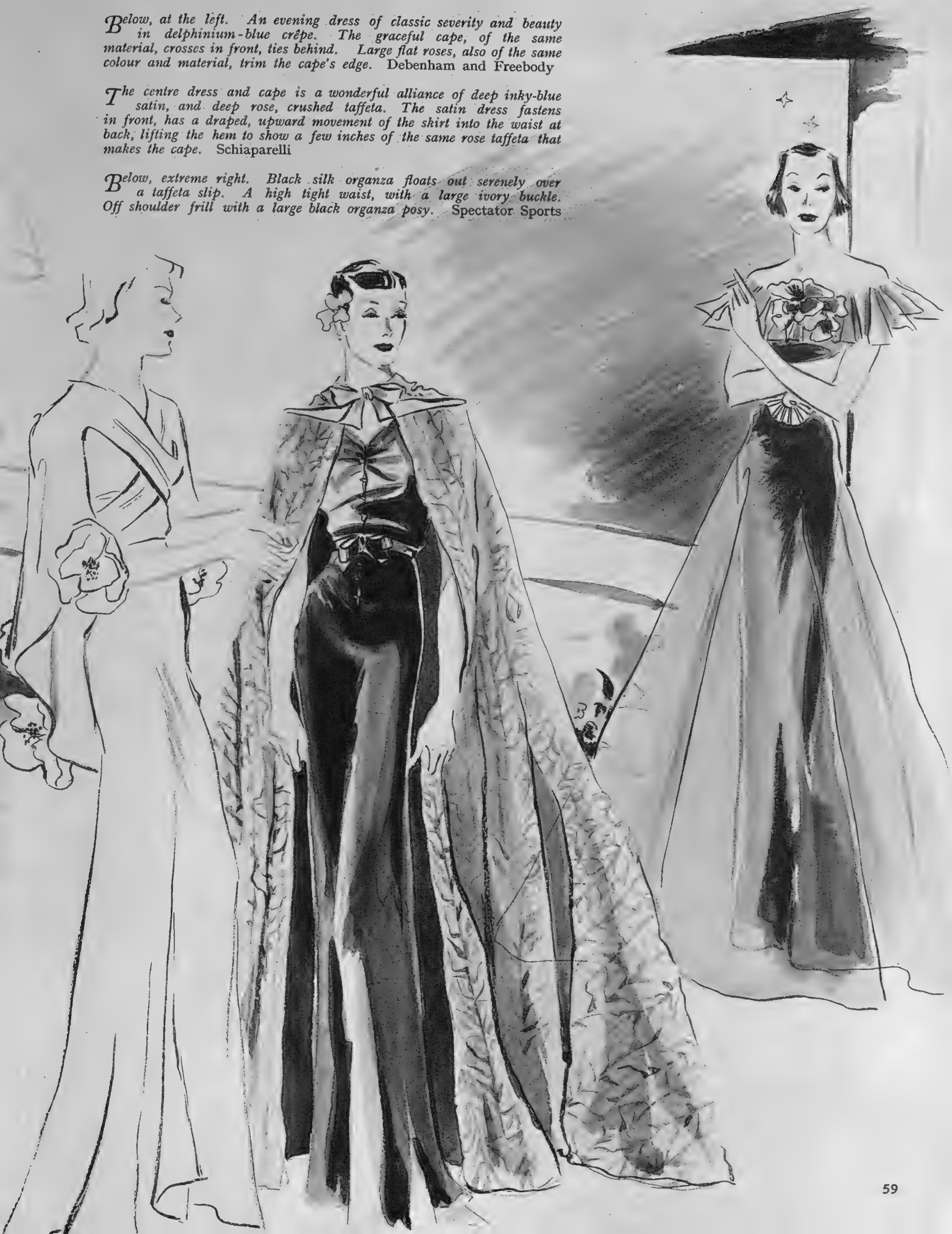
Centre. A practical suit in grey worsted. Straight, tight skirt. The finger-tip length coat can be either belted or swagger. When you are not wearing it with the skirt, try it over summer dresses. H. J. Nicoll

The third frock is one of those adaptables that will see you through the summer afternoon right on to supper and dancing time. Powder-blue façonné crêpe with a raised silver-threaded spot. Soft draped neckline, held by two frosted-glass cylindrical buttons. Sash ties back of waist. Marshall and Snelgrove

Below, at the left. An evening dress of classic severity and beauty in delphinium-blue crêpe. The graceful cape, of the same material, crosses in front, ties behind. Large flat roses, also of the same colour and material, trim the cape's edge. Debenham and Freebody

The centre dress and cape is a wonderful alliance of deep inky-blue satin, and deep rose, crushed taffeta. The satin dress fastens in front, has a draped, upward movement of the skirt into the waist at back, lifting the hem to show a few inches of the same rose taffeta that makes the cape. Schiaparelli

Below, extreme right. Black silk organza floats out serenely over a taffeta slip. A high tight waist, with a large ivory buckle. Off shoulder frill with a large black organza posy. Spectator Sports



Facing *up* *to* FIGURES

YOU might have thought that women would not need to be told, any more, that the first rule of good dressing is a good foundation.

Yet you still see them wearing smart and beautiful clothes, but showing figure faults not only ugly in themselves, but spoiling the good effect of their clothes.

A good foundation, as we know it to-day, has two principal duties. First, to give you line. Second, to give you a perfect alliance of control and free movement.

The people who make Berlei foundations, however, realised that something more was needed. Individual figure types had to be considered.

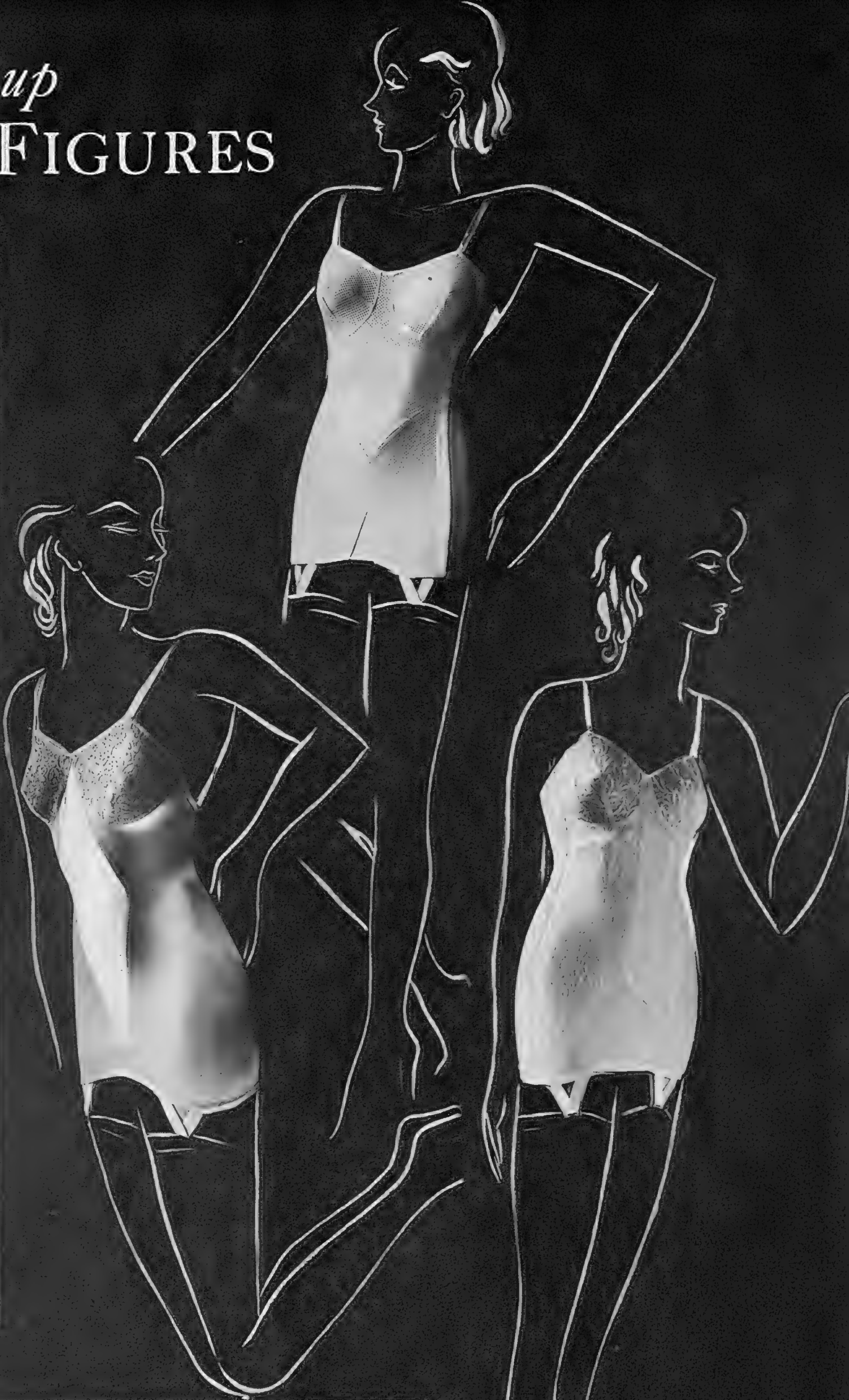
So they took a census of 20,000 women, measured them all, found every single woman fitted into one of five groups, each with its own special lines, its own beauties, its own faults. And they decided to make five groups of corsets.

Each does what a perfect foundation, made of perfect foundation fabric, should do. Yet each has its own characteristic silhouette and its own special functions to perform.

They have made a particular study in the tensioning and cutting of special materials for summer garments. There are attractive models, in all groups, made in cool voile, lace, and Pekin net.

They tell you every detail about these five figure types, and how you can recognise your own, in an interesting booklet, "Five Women In Search of a Corset," obtainable on application here.

One more point, about laundering. Berlei devotees say that getting into a freshly washed Berlei is like getting into a new Berlei. And prices are most reasonable.



Above, left. Controlette for the slender Average type made in peach Satin Lastex yarn, with uplift lace bust sections and special diamond-shaped abdominal reinforcement. Backless.

At the top. Peach Pekin Net controlette for the slender curved waist Average type. Special feature is the Lastex yarn side panels giving perfectly flat hipline. Low back.

Right. For the long-waisted Average type. Controlette in peach lace, lined with net. Specially well-defined cup bust sections and centre-back gusset.

Exercises for Good Health

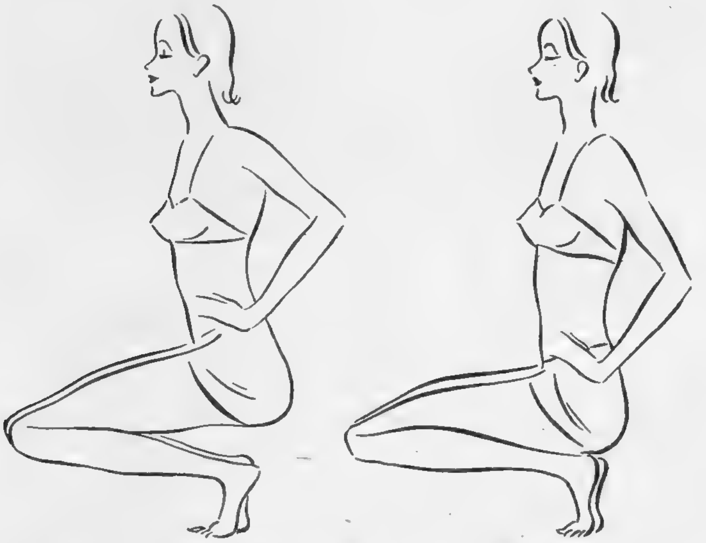
But it's better to do none at all than to do wrong ones

GENERAL opinion seems to favour the belief that exercising is good for health, but *why* it is good, and what form it should take, is not so generally clear.

Hundreds of women on hundreds of mornings have leapt from their beds and gone through a series of anxious contortions in the bland conviction that they were achieving something in the cause of health and beauty. And so, perhaps, they were. Unfortunately, more often than not that particular something was useless.

" What can I do. I try all the new exercises, but I don't get slim ? " comes the plaintive request. This is why:

Exercises are beneficial only when undertaken with proper regard to the laws governing the movement of the body.



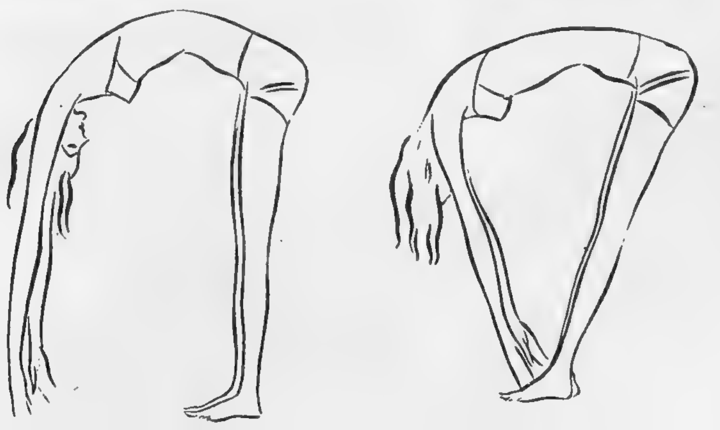
Failure to apply these laws only results in over exertion and over development of individual limbs and muscles.

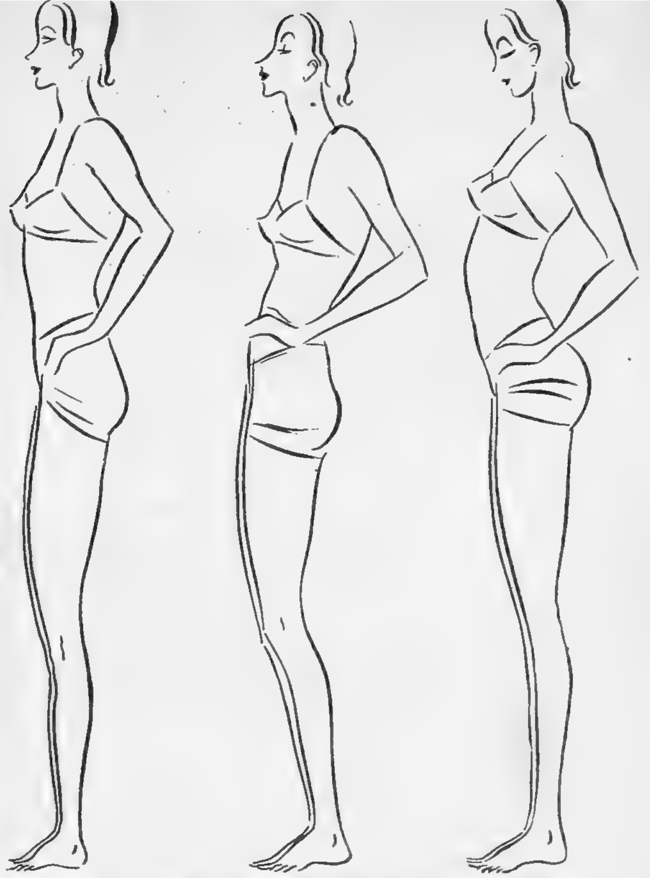
So, since we don't all understand the principals of movement, exercises should only be done under the guidance of somebody who does. Otherwise, they are just a waste of time.

Exercising the limbs alone is useless. The trunk and spine must be brought into play—and that is only easy when you know how.

Sit well back on your heels when doing knee bending. Relax every muscle and keep the back straight. Don't force yourself into awkward positions like the one at the extreme left

Flop when you touch your toes, like the first figure below. Don't keep the body rigid. When you do it like the second figure the trunk is not getting any exercise at all





At the left you see the correct posture. Flexible, well-balanced and strong. Next to it is the wrong one. Chin out, shoulders round, weight unevenly distributed. At the extreme right is the military stance, but don't copy this

The whole idea of modern scientific exercising aims to stimulate bodily functions which are inactive through disuse. Obviously these functions must be understood and their sources located before treatment yields results.

THE better exponents of physical culture—and the medical profession—are emphatic on the point that exercises which involve unnatural movement or undue strain are wrong and very often harmful.

Exercises which bring unnatural strain upon the hips, for instance, are likely to cause looseness of the pelvis and hinder the looseness of the spine. In women, especially, this may lead to displacement, with all its attendant ills.

Exercises must be natural and gentle. Forceful movements do nothing more than place an injurious strain upon the muscles, whereas the gentle swing is enough, and every vibration helpful so long as it is not opposed to the law of gravity.

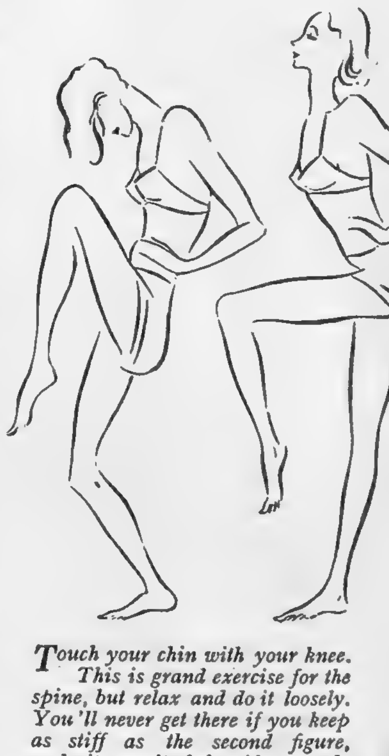
So, you see, there is more in this exercising business than just swinging the limbs about. You can't take off weight simply by practising contortions. In fact, many people have been known to put it on in that way.

So widely different are individual needs that each case should be diagnosed on its own account. In the sphere of exercising sauce for the goose is by no means sauce for the gander. You don't drink another person's medicine, and you don't do another person's exercises.

A well-known exponent of the modern Culture of Movement, as she calls it, is emphatic on the importance of expert supervision. Two or three consultations may be enough to fix upon a proper system of exercising.

The thin person, she explains, needs an entirely different form of exercise

[Continued on page 82.



Touch your chin with your knee. This is grand exercise for the spine, but relax and do it loosely. You'll never get there if you keep as stiff as the second figure, and it won't help if you do

Holiday Misadventures

—*And how to deal with them*

YARDLEY Skin Lotion
YARDLEY Toning Lotion
YARDLEY Suntan Oil
YARDLEY Sunproof Lotion

THE name of Yardley, of Bond Street, conjures up thoughts of the most delicate perfumes, bath salts, and soaps. It is therefore excellent news to hear that, in addition to these proved and reputable favourites, they have now perfected a complete series of beauty preparations, under the title "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street." They comprise complexion cream, toning lotion, skin food, skin lotion, and foundation cream. Yardley's chemists have been experimenting on these products for many years, and only now, when they have reached perfection, are they being offered to the public. A charming Beauty Box containing these five complexion necessities and a generous supply of cleansing tissues costs only 13s. 6d., though you can, of course, buy each separately. Using them faithfully, you will be agreeably astonished at the quick and maintained improvement in your skin.

Yardley's are offering, free of charge, a very useful booklet (obtainable from 33, Old Bond Street, London, or on application to this magazine) which tells you everything about these preparations and about their excellent accompanying cosmetics. It is called "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," and also contains valuable information about the day and night care of your skin, and a useful chart which shows you how to make up to the best advantage. For the summer holidays there are two as-you-please preparations, a suntan oil, with a wicker handle for carrying, which will give an even, attractive tan to those who wish to acquire it, and a soothing sunproof lotion to protect the skins of those who do not.

JAMES AGATE, in his absorbing reminiscences, "Ego," makes some witty complaints about the ill-effects of holidays, and quotes a letter from Miss Marie Tempest in which she writes: "Willie tells me you are not feeling too well. It only shows that one should never take a holiday! Personally I have forgotten what the word means."

But to average people, especially those habitually engaged in routine jobs—and I definitely include housekeeping and domestic work—the annual holiday is a necessity both for body and brain; a time planned for, perhaps saved for, and eagerly looked forward to.

It is therefore urgent that they should benefit to the full from the respite.

Unfortunately, accidents or indisposition frequently occur on holidays, but there need be no more than a brief interruption if proper and prompt care is taken.

FIRST, a word of warning: it is wise to go slowly at the outset. Too violent exercise, if you are out of training, too strenuous exertion if you are tired, too long exposure to the sun or immersion in the sea, may have undesirable consequences.

My mother used to say about our riding, tennis, cricket, bathing, dancing: "There are some people whose only idea of recreation is to exchange one exhausting and dangerous occupation for another."

And I seem to remember that her somewhat caustic comment was justified by a certain number of mishaps—strains, cut knees and heads, tennis elbows, even a couple of broken noses, a mild attack of sunstroke, what were called feverish colds, and the like.

In cases of cuts or grazes, it is essential, no matter how trivial they may seem, that they should be thoroughly cleaned immediately. The elimination of dirt or grit from an abrasion is often painful, but it *must* be borne. Then the wound must be antiseptically dressed and protected from infection.

ALL that is wanted for a perfectly effective dressing is some *boiled* water and boracic-acid powder, cotton-wool or gauze, and a bandage or piece of clean linen.

Bathe the wound with the boracic and water, put on a wet compress of the same, and tie up until the wound begins to heal cleanly; then it can be dusted with the powder and the bandage discarded.

If it is more easily procured, a few drops of Milton in the water may be substituted for the boracic. Never bathe a wound with a sponge or bind it with a soiled handkerchief. It is a mistake to put on ointment or grease, as it will seal-in any poisoning. The wet compresses draw it out.

If a wound bleeds freely, a tourniquet (or tight bandage) *above* the place should be made. Peroxide will help to stop the bleeding; failing that, cold water. If the cut gapes, and it is not possible to have stitches put in immediately, the edges can be drawn together by crossways strappings of plaster pulled tightly over a small dressing.

Many people look upon iodine as a universal panacea for wounds. It is extremely useful if it suits the patient, but it has a burning and irritant effect on some skins. There is a valuable substitute, called in hospitals "brilliant scarlet."

Cold water compresses relieve the pain and swelling in cases of sprains or strains, and the addition of witch-hazel adds to their efficacy. The injured part must be rested, especially in the case of knee injuries, or synovitis may set in.

Headaches and biliousness may be the result of exposure to the sun or indulgence in unaccustomed foods.

Again cold compresses come to the rescue. The patient must be kept quiet in a darkened room until the attack passes.

Small doses of a reputable saline or magnesia will generally cure the bilious symptoms. The lightest possible diet, with plenty of water and fruit juices, should be given if there is any temperature.

Oil of cloves will temporarily stop the pain of an aching tooth.

Bites and stings may be troublesome and even dangerous. Milton is most

[*Continued on page* 120

Bed Time Faces

MEN, though inherently susceptible to beauty, are extremely intolerant of the processes we call beauty culture.

"Why put all that 'muck' on your face? You are perfectly all right without it."

But modern woman knows the insidious and ultimately fatal result of neglect, and the problem arises, how to keep the beauty, youth, freshness, what you will, which possibly helped to win and will help to keep your husband without disenchanting him by making a sight of yourself with greases and masks, and so on?

Only the other day a girl said to me: "My skin is getting awful. But what can I do? I can't go to bed with grease on my face, *now that I am married.*"

I told her what to do, and she is grateful. As her problem is, I am persuaded, a very general one, I will outline a method of keeping the complexion in perfect condition without disillusioning the intolerant male.

THE maintenance of a good skin, which is, *ipso facto*, a young skin, is primarily dependent on absolute, skin-deep cleanliness and on nourishment and stimulation of the epidermis itself and the underlying tissues so as to preserve not only the texture and colouring, but also the elasticity of youth.

It is not enough to take the dirt (frankly, the admixture of cosmetics, dust and natural exudations *is* dirt) *off* the skin. You must take it *out of* the skin.

Hundreds, I suppose thousands, of women know the merits of a certain lotion, based on the prescription of a famous and brilliant dermatologist who necessarily remains anonymous, which, put on the skin and left on over-night, literally brings the impurities and acidities to the surface so that they can be dealt with in a way I will explain presently.

But this lotion has a consistency similar to a very heavy liquid powder, and any husband finding his wife with a ghastly, mask-like face might well be shocked and alarmed. If she explained that it was a "beauty treatment," he would almost certainly be angry or ironical, according to his temperament.

But this once-a-week treatment can, with a little intelligence, be practised without the most observant husband knowing.

After the face has been cleansed, the lotion should be put on and allowed to dry, when a second coat is applied. If this is worked into the skin with the finger-tips cleverly and carefully, a smooth, pale surface can be achieved which, by a touch of lip-salve, looks like an attractive make-up.

After all, it is not necessary to have a hundred-watt lamp burning unshaded in one's bedroom.

In the morning, skin food must be gently but thoroughly worked-in over the paint to soften the skin and loosen all the impurities and clogging matter brought to the surface by the lotion.

The face is then washed with warm water and special complexion soap which dissolves and removes the grease, lotion and the excretions.

A sluice with cold water to which a few drops of cooling and bracing lotion have been added completes this primary cleansing part of the treatment.

THREE nights a week after the skin has been thoroughly cleaned (an emollient cleansing lotion is advisable), a complexion milk, very mildly astringent and whitening, should be patted into the skin.

This is in no way disfiguring or perceptible, and a dusting of powder and a touch of lip-salve are permissible.

Now we come to the nourishment. Morning treatment is excellent, because the skin is then rested and responsive.

Skin food should be massaged into the skin with gentle, circular, upward movements, and left on during the bath. The steam and general relaxation will help absorption.

The cream should then be removed with a generous lather of the complexion soap.

It will not rob the skin of the nourishment, for by then the skin food will have done its work of feeding and toning, but it will remove all surface stickiness which would clog the pores and attract and hold dirt and even bacilli, inevitably darkening and coarsening the complexion.

If rain-water or distilled water is used, the most delicate skin can support and benefit from this washing, but the skin food can be removed with cleansing milk if there is an inhibition about soap or water.

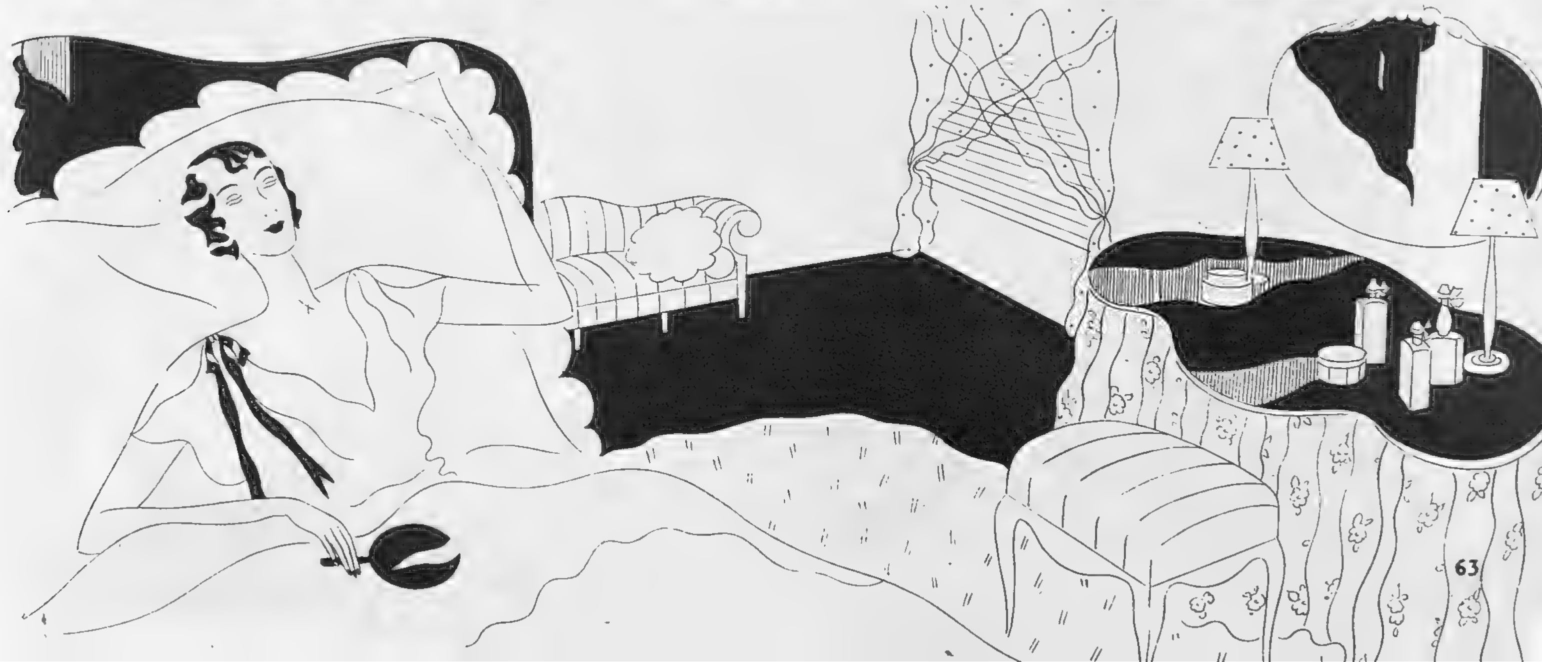
Of course, if you happen to be alone and away from a critical husband, you can indulge in a thorough orgy of night-beautifying. After massaging-in your skin food, you can leave the residue to work while you sleep, or can plaster the face with the special lotion.

A pre-night-out treatment is also helpful, and can generally be carried out in private. It is a good plan to lie down in a darkened room with pads of cotton-wool soaked in eye lotion over closed lids, and massage skin food gently into the face while resting.

THE woman who evolved these treatments with the help of dermatologists and chemists was herself an unanswerable advertisement for their efficacy. A famous beauty in her youth, she kept the dazzlingly fair and unlined complexion of a girl till the end of her life.

Her successor in the directorate seems to have inherited or imbibed from her the amazing vitality, enthusiasm, and genius, allied to the all-important sympathy and psychological understanding of women's problems which has contributed to the progress and modernity of their undertakings.

She has written a series of short articles, "Six Lessons in Loveliness," which explain shortly and far better than I can the theory and practice of intelligent beauty culture. If you are interested, these lessons will be sent you without charge. They provide an invaluable service which no modern woman who cares for her skin can afford to be without.



Water Babies

Practical advice which will help you to help your children to make the most of a Seaside Holiday

By Lisa

LIFE is completely changed for the young, especially for the very young, when the Grand Trek to the seaside begins. This may prove a health-giving venture—and it may turn out to be an expensive waste of golden opportunities

Sea-water, which attracts the youngsters even more than it does their parents, is full of the properties of health and vigour.

Used in moderation, it will bestow its benefits freely and the holiday will be a thing of value for the coming winter months. But, unwisely used, the holiday can become a danger both physically and mentally.

If the first days are not warm, the children should not bathe at all. At the most, the older children can run in for a dip, and hurry back to a rough towelling. Never, whatever the weather, let the older children stay in the water longer than 20 minutes, and only on very exceptionally lovely days should they be allowed a second dip. And this must really be only a dip.

Little ones, who cannot take the same exercise, may have ten minutes, and no more, on a fine day. Even then, they should be watched, to see that they do not get cold.

Children who would complain of discomfort on land curiously do not notice when they are cold in the water. Their attention is distracted by the sense of splendid adventure, and they will suffer dangerous cold without complaint.

THERE is no reason why the baby of the family, if over nine months, should not take his sea bathe on a fine day. Just in and out, with vigorous kicks while being held above the water. If he shows no objection, lower him gently into the sea up to his shoulders just once. Then towel quickly.

Most normal children will greet this experience with shouts of delight.

It is this attitude towards the water which it is important to maintain throughout his childhood and adult life.

It is fatally easy to be clumsy with the developing child and to spoil the delight of sea-bathing before he has gained his independence and self-confidence. Some small shock in childhood can lead to wide fears and inhibitions which have apparently no relation to the original causes. He is likely to go through life hampered by silly doubts and fears.

Be careful that the child gets no shocks in the water. If the waves are gentle, he can sit in them by himself. If it is rough, hold him above the water and let him chortle while the swirling water rushes round his legs. But lift him up when it splashes across his face unexpectedly. Show no fear for him. Just be helpful. Force nothing.

The child will naturally want to be venturesome if he is not pushed. There is no more horrid sight than that which I see every year on the coast—some stalwart mother forcing her reluctant child to be brave in the sea, in the hopes of making him water-minded. Nothing could have the opposite effect more quickly.

Swimming, too, must come voluntarily. If the child does not wish to begin, let him play in the shallows merrily, this year and the next and the next. He will want to learn soon enough when he sees the advantage of it and the fun in it.

No need to throw him out of the boat, to give him confidence, once he knows the stroke and will not swim freely.

Suitable water-toys help to give confidence in the water. Be sure that they are safe ones and stay blown up. Children who cannot swim should not be given little boats which may carry them out of their depth. Nor should they have unwieldy rubber animals which tip up and throw them under the water. These are for swimmers.

IF the children are seriously learning to swim, it is better not to have rubber wings or belts. The correct balance is not learnt until these are discarded. They may help with the stroke itself, but should be discarded as soon as the child wants to swim properly.

A large inflated rubber ball, held between the teeth, places the body correctly in the water for swimming, and holds the head above the sea, while the legs and arms can do the right strokes at a proper level.

It is important to learn the correct swimming strokes from the outset. To unlearn a poor stroke is difficult. Most large seaside resorts have a professional swimming-instructor who can teach a child to swim or dive for a small sum.

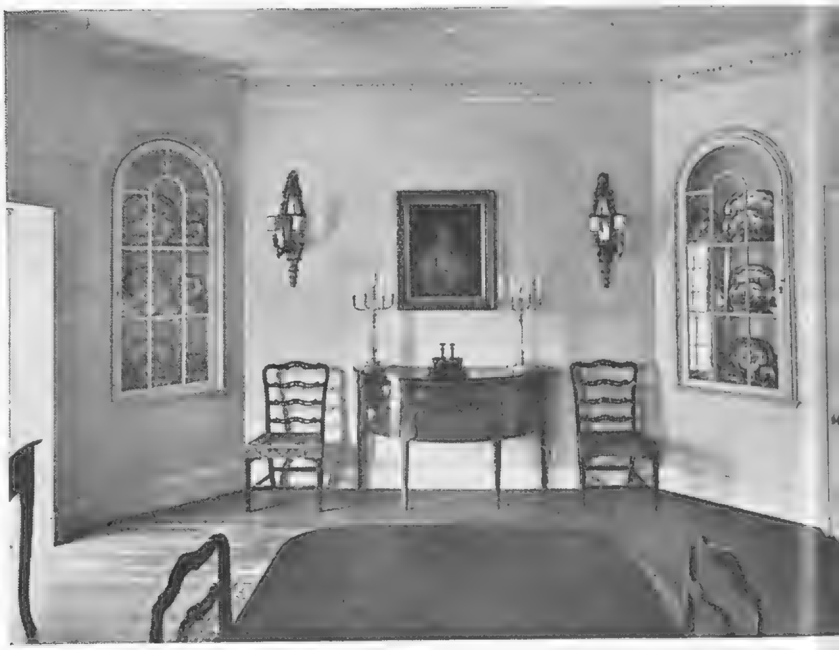
My two children acquired excellent swimming technique for ten shillings apiece. A well-spent pound which will bring pleasurable return every year of their lives.

Buckets are now happily made of rubber. (You can find these at the Treasure Cot Company.) (*Continued on page* 82)

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ELEGANCE

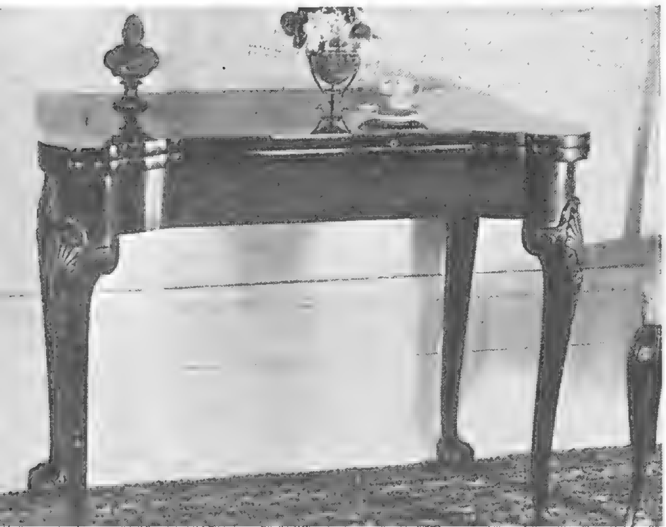
It is easy to understand the present vogue for Eighteenth Century furnishings and accessories. They have permanent beauty and charm. They mix well; you can live with them, never tiring. Furthermore, they are within reach of all, as endless reproductions and adaptations can be bought almost everywhere at reasonable prices

Nothing of the Eighteenth Century period was more lovely than the glass. It was massive and heavily cut, yet delicately proportioned. These are good reproductions and not expensive. Decanter, 49/-; finger bowl, 12/6; champagne glasses, 7/6; claret, 6/4; port, 5/6



Here is the perfect combination of modern simplicity and the gracious poise of the most elegant period of all. The simple background is perfectly chosen to display the form and colouring of the furniture

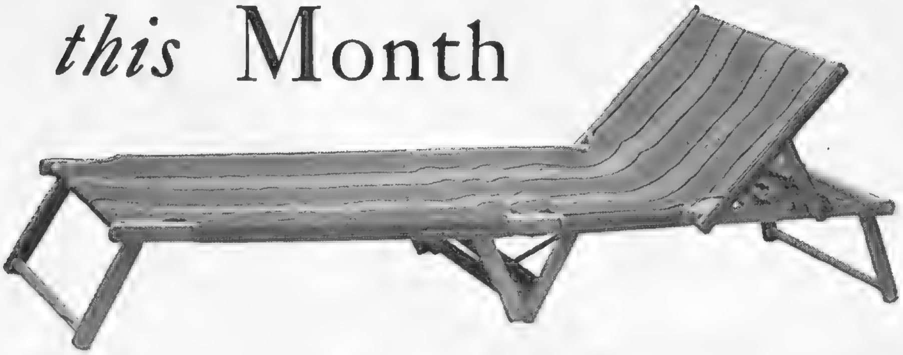
Modern weavers reproduce the fabrics of the period with faithful accuracy. Faded green and old gold predominate in this printed linen, which costs 4/6 a yard, 30 in. wide



Genuine Chippendale pieces are possessions of the very lucky or the very rich, but the average home can console itself with reproductions. This card table is characteristic of the work of the great Eighteenth Century designer

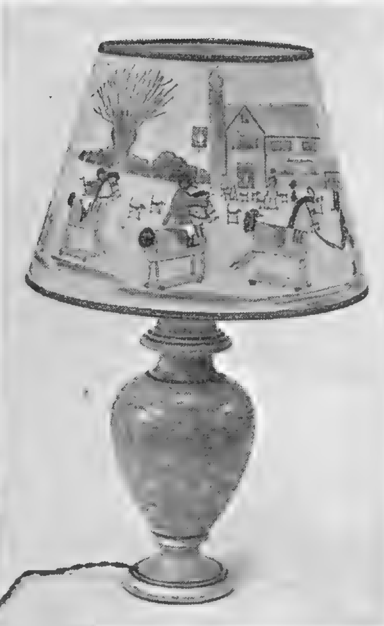
The Oriental influence is noticeable in all Eighteenth Century decorative design. This reproduction dinner set is typical and mingles English robustness with the delicacy of the Chinese form. The dinner set for six persons costs £7-15-0, the condiment set, £2-2-0

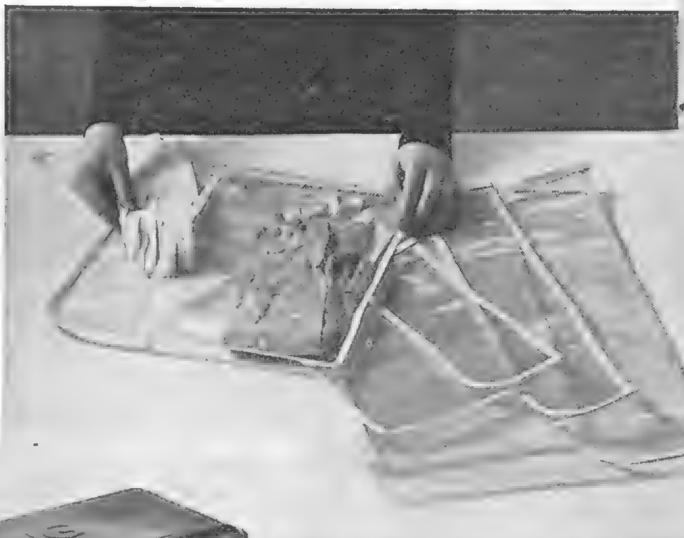
What I have Bought *this* Month



Take your sun bath on this comfortable lounge bed, where ants and earwigs cannot disturb you by their restless peregrinations. It folds up flat and makes a splendid emergency spare bed. The cost is 21/- (carriage extra)

Don't miss the parcel post in a feverish and futile search for string. Buy the "Twineries" Household String Box and always have some string to hand. The japanned green box containing a ball each of fine, medium and coarse brown string costs 2/- (postage 6d.)



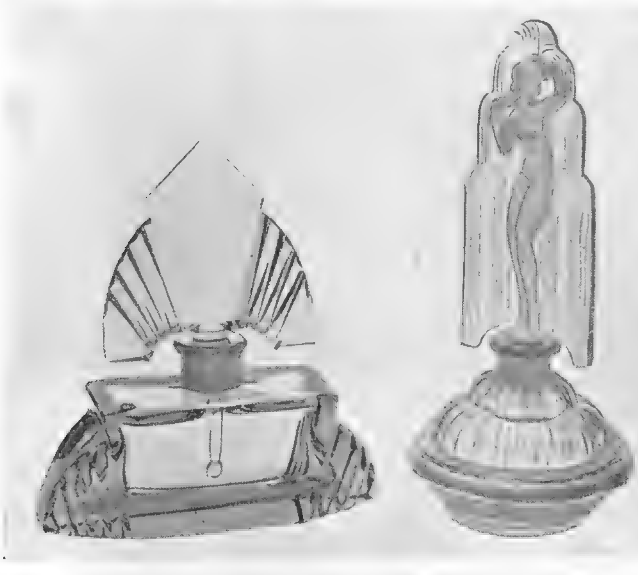


Readers from the Shires will appreciate the humour of "The Ducks Meet," the subject of this gaily-coloured hand-painted lampshade. The shade is 18/6 and the pottery lamp 12/6 (postage complete, 2/-; separately, 1/6 each)

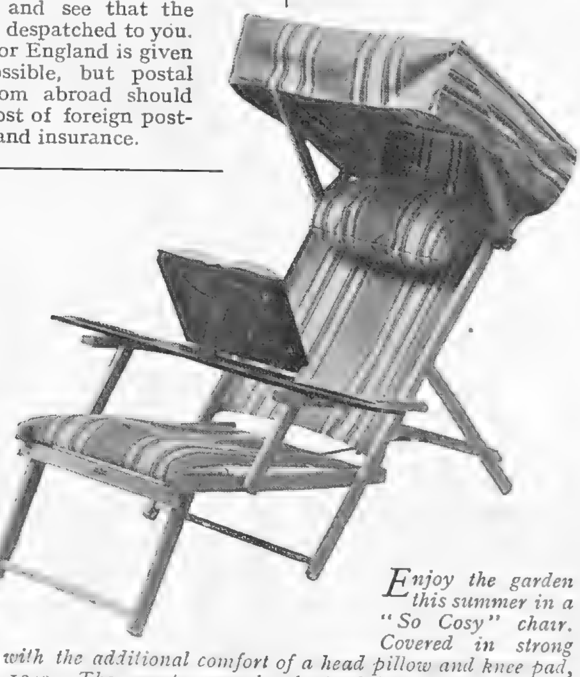
Keep your lingerie, handkerchiefs and gloves clean, crisp and tidy in these useful, transparent envelopes. Open your drawers and find just what you are looking for without tumbling everything over and spoiling the good work done by your laundress or dry cleaner. The set in four different sizes, bound in blue, pink or green, costs 1/10 (postage 3d.). Bought separately they are 3d., 4d., 6d. and 9d. each

WRITE to The Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained.

If you would like us to buy for you, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

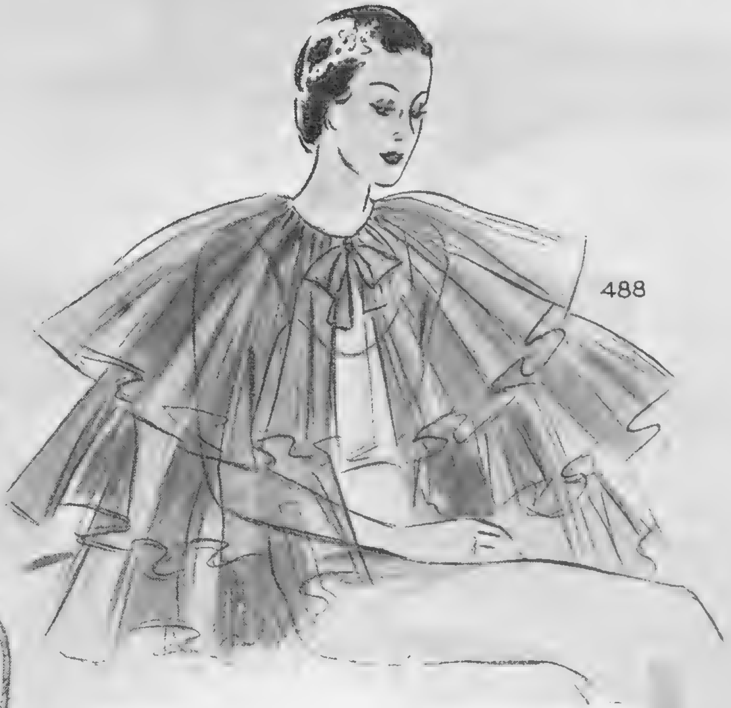


Two lovely scent bottles, one in etched glass in delicate pastel shades, price 21/-, the other in amber or green cut glass, 16/6 (postage 6d.). A "blob" on the end of each stopper enables perfume to be extracted a drop at a time



Enjoy the garden this summer in a "So Cosy" chair. Covered in strong canvas with the additional comfort of a head pillow and knee pad, it costs 13/9. The canopy may be obtained for an additional 6/- (carriage extra). The "Bershaw" folding book rest shown on this chair costs 10/- in oak or mahogany finish (postage 9d.)

You can Always Rely on



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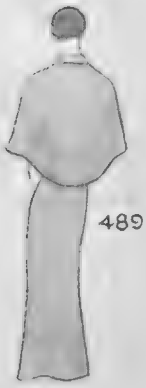

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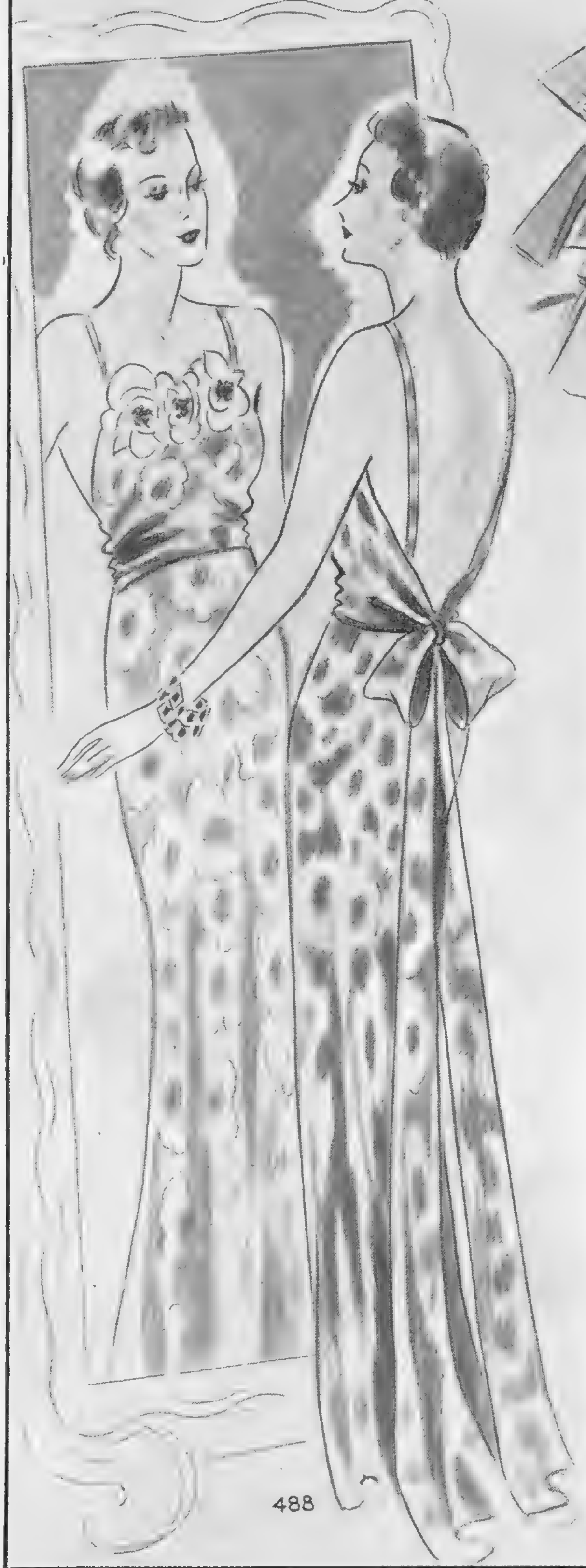

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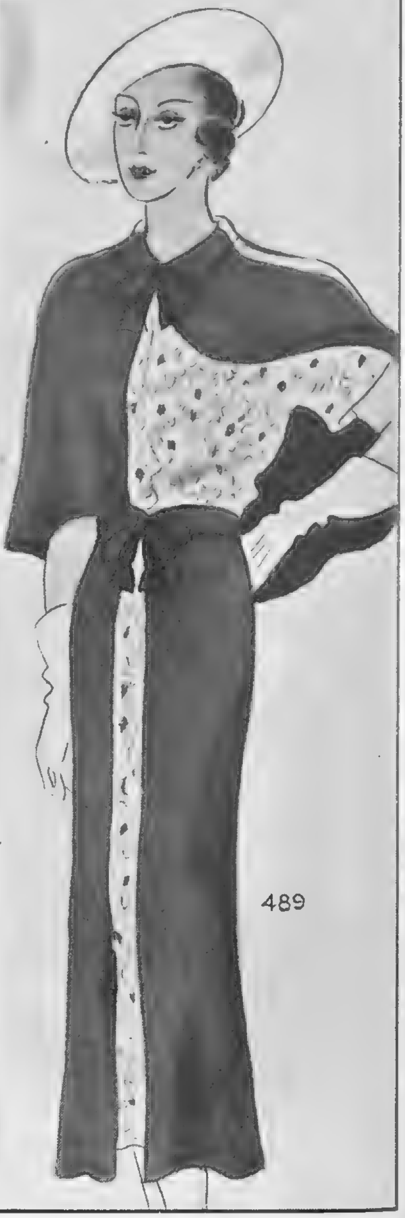
A FLOWERED crêpe evening frock is almost a necessity this summer. 488 has a grandeur belied by the simplicity of its making. The skirt fits at waist and hips, flares slightly to the hem. The corsage ties at the back in a sash whose ends are slightly longer than the dress. 4¾ yards of 36 inch material. A tulle cape gives a romantic look to practically any dress. This three-tiered one takes 3⅞ yards of tulle 54 inches wide. *Price 1s. 6d., dress and cape*

So you have a year-old printed frock, not quite good-looking enough to be seen in public, yet too good to discard. Then make a short cape and skirt in fine woollen (489). Tie the first round your neck, the second round your waist, leaving the front open for the print to show. Result, a brand-new outfit. 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material. *Price 1s.* Or go further. Have a new crêpe dress, and line the cape with the crêpe. Take off the skirt on really hot days, and wear the cape inside out. Two brand-new outfits.

And now for the facing page. The printed silk suit (490) and voile or organdie blouse is this summer's nicest fashion idea. This blouse has no collar, but softly flowing revers. Its waistband comes, usefully, over the skirt. The collarless coat has rolled revers which are joined in to the shoulder seams. 4½ yards of printed crêpe and 1¾ yards of voile. *Price 1s. 6d.*

You'll want a little summer coat to go with everything. 491 is just past finger-tip length, with raglan sleeves and an interesting collar. Inset godets give that fullness. 2¼ yards of 54-inch woollen material. Or it would be very smart in white linen, to wear over darkish frocks. *Price 1s.*

Good pleated shorts join a shirt waist top (492) to make a grand play suit. When you want to be grown up again, button on the straight skirt. Linen for this, please. 4⅜ yards. *Price 1s. 6d.*



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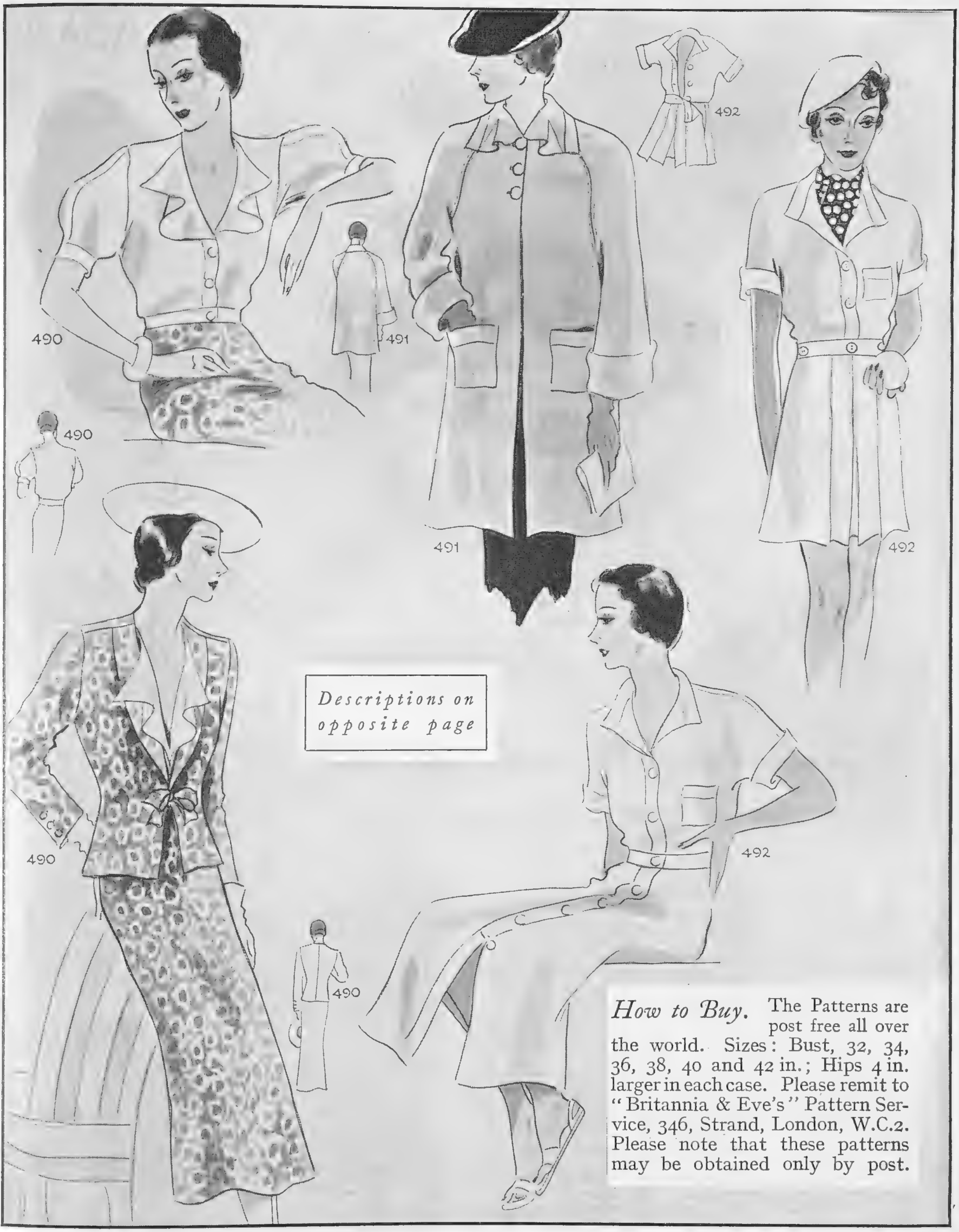
"*Britannia & Eve's*" Paper Patterns



Descriptions on opposite page

How to Buy. The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.

CAFÉ PIERRE
ROSE'S MARMALADE

By
A. H. ADAIR

YOUR SUMMER BREAKFAST

If you want a change from eternal eggs-and-bacon, here are some original suggestions

AN amusing book of travel reminiscences could be written, with the first meal of the day as the sole theme: "Breakfasts I have eaten." Where, when, how and with whom.

Just to think of them brings back a crowd of memories; pathetic, romantic, exciting, ridiculous, even humiliating, as when in a palatial hotel in Frankfurt, having telephoned for "Frühstück," I stupidly placed a chair beside my bed to receive the tray, and "Herr Ober" arrived with two satellites, the chair was scornfully swept aside, and in rolled my breakfast table, spread with one of the loveliest meals you could wish for at ten o'clock in the morning.

Spain, with its heavenly chocolate and strange sticks of sugar looking like an elongated méringue. Switzerland, all economical, gives me poor coffee but delicious butter and several home-made jams. Bavaria, a selection of queer breads and "would I like a bowl of soup?" Holland, cold meat, eggs and most diverting sandwiches made of sticky black bread and cheese.

At a humble inn in the south-west of France, where at the best of times milk and butter are rare, we struck three days of terrifically hot and stormy weather. Everything had "turned," and as an alternative to black coffee and dry bread we chose white wine, crisp crusts and cheese.

In Jamaica I broke my fast with a meal suited to the change of hour which tropical heat insists upon, and it was shaved, and bathed and otherwise ready, that I used to sit down to exotic fruit, iced coconut milk, omelettes and Blue Mountain coffee.

And England? Ah! who can describe the breakfasts there? Staying with my friend Xenia, even if she were not so charming, would always be heaven, just for the sight of her laden hot-plates in the breakfast room and knowing of the delights they contain.

But this is really the point. I think English breakfasts are the best in the world for winter-time, but are not so suitable for the summer.

THE chief difficulty in arranging summer breakfasts is to combine light and spicy dishes, which are, at the same time, nourishing.

You should try the various cold cereals as a change from porridge, and include as much fresh fruit as possible. Finish, of course, with toast and marmalade. Rose's Lime Marmalade is a particular delicacy.

(*Continued on page 98*)

To be Served COLD...

COLD Sweets. Aren't you reminded immediately of badly made blancmange, trifle, jellies, hard yet trembling, tasteless horrors served in custard glasses ?

When I see the words " cold sweets," that triumph, that last resource of a bad cook, the " cold shape " flits across the memory of my palate and makes me shudder.

It doesn't have to be like this. Cold sweets for hot days: what could be more agreeable ? Looking back on them we should remember sunshine, holidays, flowers, the sea, all the delights, in fact, of summer-time. It is surely only because these things *were* badly made that the thought of them gives us no pleasure.

It seems to me that the whole question is one of pretentiousness. People cannot be content to leave well alone enough, so we get a horrible sweet, the foundation of which is wrong to begin with, so disguised and decorated with anything and everything on and around it, that any flavour it might have had is lost in a maze of complications.

No, the thing is to make up your mind. Either you want a simple sweet—and nothing better—in which case you concentrate on flavour and on serving it really cold. And with refrigerators within everybody's reach—because if you cannot buy them you can hire them—this should present no difficulty.

Or else you will really take trouble and have a frankly elaborate one. But it is useless to attempt a combination of both.

This time you might try some of the more exciting type, but whatever you do you must not forget that *elaborate* and *pretentious* do not mean the same thing.

AS many delicious sweets can be made with ice-cream as a foundation, I will give first a recipe for a really good mixture, showing later how it can be treated.

Vanilla Foundation Ice

Put half a pint of milk into a saucepan with one vanilla pod. Bring to the boil and add sufficient sugar to make it really sweet. Simmer for ten minutes and add one pint of cream, bring to the boil again and keep hot.

Cold sweets look delectable served on glass plates, plain or coloured

Crème Viennoise must be served really cold

Now beat the yolks of four eggs, put them into a clean saucepan and pour the hot milk and cream slowly over, beating all the time.

Stir the mixture over a reduced fire until it thickens without, of course, letting it boil. Remove the vanilla pod (do not throw it away, wash it in cold water, dry it and put it away in a tin ; it can be used many times), and pour the cream through a muslin. Put the cream aside to cool, after which freeze it.

Vanilla ice-cream is used for *Poires Hélène*. A pear, peeled whole, poached and cold is placed on a bed of vanilla ice with a hot chocolate sauce poured over.

Pêche Melba, as everybody knows, is vanilla ice again with a fresh peach just poached and skinned, placed on top, with a cold purée of raspberries poured over. Another delicious combination is vanilla ice, a fresh peach and a sauce made by passing cooked black currants, well sweetened, through a sieve.

Ananas en Surprise

Take a good ripe pineapple and cut off the top, keeping it aside with the pretty tufted leaves intact.

Scoop out the flesh of the fruit and cut it into small pieces, throwing away all the core. Put the fruit into a bowl with the same quantity of raspberries, the juice of an orange and a good drop of brandy. Sweeten to taste with castor sugar, and place on ice until really chilled.

Fill the pineapple with the mixture, cover it with its top and serve it in your handsomest bowl, packed around with chips of ice.

Melon also can be treated in this way, while another delicious way of serving the melon is :

Melon au Porto

You must choose a really ripe melon, cut off a small round at the top and scoop out all the seeds. Add plenty of castor sugar and fill the hole with port wine.

Replace the top and stand the melon carefully packed in ice for at least one hour. Before serving—also packed in ice—drain away the port, but do not throw it away. You can use it as a basis for a cup so that you have not been so extravagant after all.

Crème Viennoise

Take a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds blanched, chop them to as fine a powder as possible, and mix in a quarter of a pound of castor sugar and the same quantity of New Zealand butter, which, as discriminating housewives know, is the purest and the best. Work this well together and then pour over a pint of freshly made custard rather thicker than usual.

Stir the custard (vanilla flavoured) slowly over the other ingredients so that all are well mixed together, and continue to stir until it is cool. Meanwhile line a mould with sponge biscuits slightly moistened with sherry. Pour in the mixture, cover with a layer of the sponge biscuits and put a light weight on top. Place in the refrigerator or on ice for at least two hours, as this sweet must be served very cold. Garnish with cherries and almonds.

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

"And There's Home-made Jam For TEA"

WHEN you are able to offer your guests your own home-made jam for tea, a little more than the usual give and take of hospitality is involved. They feel you are offering them, besides something delectable to eat, something of yourself, something very pleasant and personal. Accordingly, your hostess pride is quickened and intensified by their special appreciation.

Then there's the pleasant memory of making the jam. The long afternoon of cosy gossip while you and the friend you've suborned into helping you pick and prepare the fruit (all the best jam makers have a jam-making mate). The careful cooking and timing, the lovely smell about the place, the apprehension about setting, the first privileged taste while it is still hot, the potting, sealing, labelling, the sight of the neat jars stored in the cupboard. Oh, undoubtedly, making jam is one of the pleasantest tasks for the housewife who has the time, reasonable kitchen accommodation, a good preserving pan, and knows how.

For those who don't know how, let us start to be practical. First of all, the problem of setting.

Some fruits, like the strawberry and cherry, are deficient in the setting quality known as pectin.

Generally they have to be boiled such a long time to make them set that instead of a natural, fresh-coloured preserve, you often get a dull sticky concoction. It still tastes good, but why shouldn't it look good, too?

Modern science has simplified matters to a great extent by producing a commercial pectin known as Certo. Many housewives may have already used this successfully for their strawberry jam, but it is also worth experimenting with for some of the more unusual fruits.

Certo is invaluable in many ways. Besides supplying the necessary setting agent, it is most economical with fuel, as the preserve does not require so much boiling. It also yields much more jam pound for pound, and the colour is generally perfect. Where a commercial pectin is not used, lemon or other fruit juice which jells easily can be added, but of course this always takes some time to prepare.

Compare the two methods of jam-making when preparing this year's strawberry jam and note the advantages of the first method.

Strawberry Jam (the Certo Way).

4 lb. strawberries.
6 lb. sugar.
1 bottle Certo.

Prepare the berries and crush thoroughly. Measure the sugar and fruit and put them into the preserving pan. Bring to a full rolling boil over the hottest flame, and stir constantly before and during boiling.

Boil hard for two minutes, remove from the heat and stir in the Certo, then stir and skim alternately for just five minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly into jars and seal with waxed papers, then cover when cold.

Strawberry Jam (Without Certo).

6 lb. strawberries.
Half-pint red currant or gooseberry juice.
6½ lb. preserving sugar.

Carefully wipe and pick the strawberries. Put them into a preserving pan with the fruit juice and bring slowly to boiling point. Add the sugar and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Bring again to boiling point and boil from twenty to thirty minutes. When tested on a plate it should run unevenly. Skim, pour into jars, seal and cover when cold.

Cherry and blackberry jam can be made in the same way.

Loganberry Jam (Certo Method).

2 lb. berries.
2¾ lb. sugar.
Half a bottle Certo.

Crush the berries and put them with the sugar into a large preserving pan. Mix and bring to a full rolling boil over the hottest flame. Stir constantly before and during boiling, then boil hard for one minute.

Remove from the fire and stir in the Certo, then stir and skim by turns for five minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating fruit. Pour into jars, seal while hot, and cover when cold.

Raspberry jam is made in the same way. In fact most

(*Continued on page* 98)

Strawberry
(with Certo)

RECIPE *for making* **10 LBS.** *of*

PRIZEWINNING STRAWBERRY JAM

IN 20 MINUTES! Crush thoroughly 4 lbs. fully ripe strawberries. Measure 6 lbs. sugar with fruit into preserving pan, mix well, bring to *full rolling boil* over hottest flame. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 2 minutes. Remove from flame and stir in Certo; then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly and cover as directed in the wonderful Certo Recipe Book (containing 70 recipes) behind the label of every Certo bottle. Makes 10 lbs. delicious jam, perfectly "set", and with all the juice, the natural flavour and colour of the fresh fruit. Buy a bottle of Certo to-day.

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Add Interest to Your SALAD DAYS

I AM not attempting to "discover" the benefits and the enjoyment derived from eating salad in the summer, because all this has been repeated by scientists and dietists so often that it almost sounds like a cure. My point of view is that we eat plenty of salads because we like them and that is why they are good for us.

But I do think that in the average English house, the salads themselves could be improved, and here I give a few hints of a practical nature.

First of all you should decide whether you want a plain salad—green, crisp and fresh—or an "amusing," almost vicious, mixture of fruit, vegetable and green stuff.

Both kinds can be excellent if properly prepared, dressed with a subtle touch and served with the right dish; so let us start with a plain lettuce salad and see how it should really be done.

Plain Green Salad

Remove the outside leaves, break up the inner leaves, wash them in cold water leaving them for about ten minutes to revive—not longer. Put the leaves in a clean cloth, wrap it up and leave in a cool place until required.

Put the leaves in a salad bowl, sprinkle with chopped herbs: parsley, chervil, tarragon (the two latter are to be found at most good greengrocers) and, if possible, chives.

The only dressing for this plain salad is the traditional French one, which consists of salt to taste dissolved in good wine vinegar, olive oil and pepper, the proportions being one of vinegar to two of oil.

Put the salt in the salad spoon, fill it with vinegar, stir with the salad fork until the salt is dissolved, sprinkle over the leaves and then add the oil and pepper. Stir well, turning the leaves over and over till they are all seasoned.

Do not have too much dressing. When you have finished stirring the salad, the bottom of the bowl should be quite dry.

And now we must think of some really exciting mixtures of which there is an endless variety, in fact here we can let ourselves really go.

The dressing of these complex salads is, of course, quite a different matter; a plain oil and vinegar affair would be quite out of place, like a dowager in Court dress without any jewels.

Richness is what we want, both in texture and in appearance, so something of a creamy, "mayonnaisey" nature being indicated, we cannot do better than use our faithful friend the salad cream of Heinz, which has all the required properties.

Salade des deux Mondes

Line the bowl with a few crisp leaves of lettuce (prepared as previously described), sprinkle with salt and a few drops of lemon juice. Put in a mixture of beetroot and pineapple cut into little cubes arranged either in a little pile or spread over the lettuce. Do not dress this salad, but hand the Heinz salad cream separately.

Cherry Ripe Salad

Choose dark red cherries, large and really ripe ones; cut them in two and remove the stones. Have the same quantity of beetroot cut in small pieces to match the cherries; mix them well together and dress them with Heinz salad cream flavoured and coloured with tomato ketchup.

Meanwhile, line a salad bowl with crisp leaves of lettuce sprinkled with salt and put the mixture of cherries and beetroot into the middle.

Cheshire Salad

This is served in individual plates which are lined as usual with crisp lettuce leaves. You can use various mixtures: beetroot and tomato, tomato and green peas, orange, or grape fruit and tomato. Arrange the mixture on the lettuce leaves and sprinkle with grated Cheshire cheese. The Heinz salad cream should be handed separately.

Tomatoes and Cucumber for Salads

I always think it is very unpleasant to find chunks of tomatoes with the skin left on in a salad, and it is really so easy to peel the tomatoes by plunging them for a minute or two in boiling water. Personally, I go even further and cut the tomatoes in quarters to remove the seeds as well.

This reminds me of the treatment of cucumber which can be made quite safe for people who otherwise find it indigestible.

Peel the cucumber—leaving a little skin if you like—cut it into thin slices and put these in a small basin. Sprinkle all over with salt and leave for one hour. The salt takes out all the "water" which is, I am told, the indigestible part. Put the cucumber in a piece of muslin and squeeze out all the water after which the cucumber is ready for use.

English Mixed Salad

We all have our own views on this much discussed subject and I suppose there are many versions of the mixture itself.

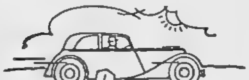
It is almost certain to contain lettuce, tomato, cucumber, beetroot, and probably hard boiled eggs as well. And why not? Only I would say don't add radishes, which really is asking for digestive troubles. And surely it would be better to treat the tomatoes in my way, and instead of shredding the lettuce, which only bruises it and kills the flavour, it is better to break the leaves into small pieces. The dressing, salad cream, is better handed separately.

A. H. A.

Famous

MILESTONES

As you pass the milestones



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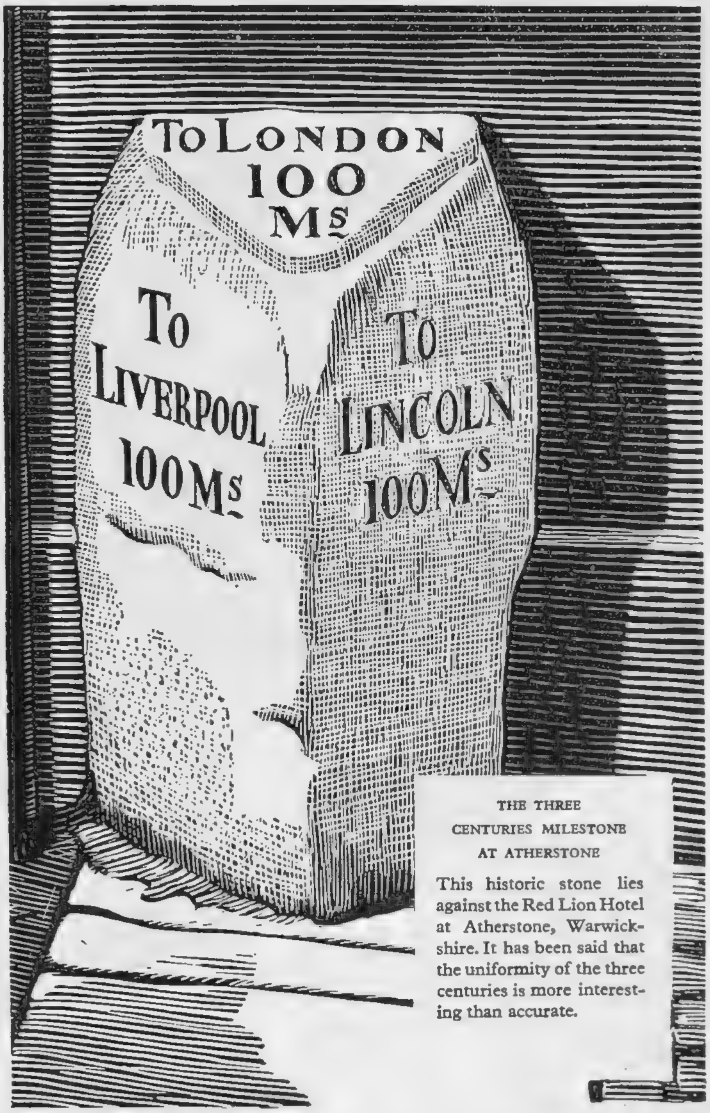

THE THREE CENTURIES MILESTONE AT ATHERSTONE

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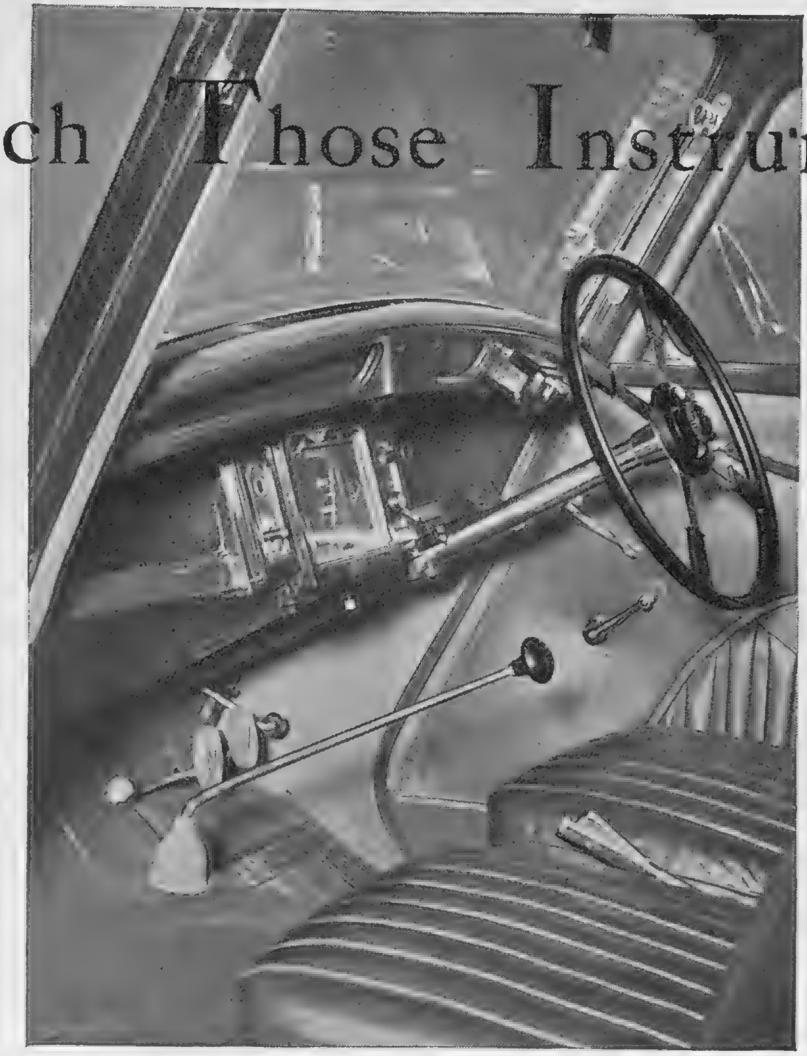
Watch Those Instruments!



THE novel and artistic instrument panel of the new Morris Series II cars. The large speedometer dial is fitted with a red warning line at the "30" mark

They have *an* Important Tale *to* Tell

By The Earl of Cardigan

ONE useful by-product of the 30 m.p.h. speed limit has been a distinct increase in the amount of attention paid by motorists to their speedometers in particular, and hence to their instruments in general. It would be true, I think, to say that we are all now somewhat more "instrument-conscious" than formerly.

I do not suggest that a competent driver should be continually looking at his instruments. On the other hand, he certainly should not ignore them. The manufacturer has thought fit to supply a whole set of these aids—and each dial has some information of definite usefulness to impart.

The speedometer, of course, has a very obvious function—although many of its vagaries are little understood. It may be recognised, for example, that the average speedometer is far from accurate in recording the speed of a car on the road; but it is a mistake to assume that this necessarily implies any intention to defraud or deceive the driver.

The fact is that no cheaply produced instrument can be really accurate over its entire range. Generally, therefore, a manufacturer sees to it that his speedometer tells the truth faultlessly at some particular, predetermined road speed—possibly 30 m.p.h. Above and below that speed (notably above) he is prepared to excuse quite a wide degree of error.

NATURALLY—such is human nature—he stipulates that the inevitable error shall be flattering to the car's performance rather than otherwise; hence nearly every speedometer tends to be "fast" rather than "slow." Normally, then, we may count on getting truthful information at about 30 m.p.h., with an increasing tendency to exaggerate as the speed increases. A 5 m.p.h. error at maximum speed is to be expected.

For those who like precision, a revolution counter is really preferable, although such an instrument is now seldom fitted except to cars of the sporting type. From the "revs" one can always calculate the equivalent road speed, and obtain a trustworthy figure.

Also, a revolution counter is invaluable when one is "running in" a new car. "Do not exceed 2,000 r.p.m." is much better advice than "Do not exceed 35 m.p.h." In the former case the injunction applies equally well, no matter whether the car is cruising in top or climbing in third or second gear.

AMONG the familiar instruments, the oil pressure gauge is one that deserves more careful study than it usually receives. No other gives so clear a warning when serious trouble is brewing. A sudden drop in pressure always calls for investigation, and to notice such a drop may be the means of escaping a heavy repair bill.

Very high pressure, on the other hand, may be observed on any cold morning, and simply means that the engine, or rather the oil within it, has not yet warmed up to its work. Here is a signal for the sensible motorist to go slowly, and on no account to indulge in high "revs" until a more normal figure is recorded.

The ammeter also is well worth watching if the driver wishes to be forewarned of trouble. If the output of current from the dynamo is seen to be intermittent, or ceases altogether, prompt action may enable the defect to be repaired before the battery has been seriously depleted. If the ammeter's warning is not observed, however, a whole chain of difficulties will arise, commencing with lack of power for the self-starter, and terminating (if the car has battery ignition) with a very complete form of engine failure.

The radiator thermometer, which most cars possess in some form, is another valuable guide to what is going on underneath the bonnet. There is no need to be surprised if the temperature is seen to rise sharply *after* the engine has been switched off. This is quite a common phenomenon. What is serious is a sudden rise in the course of ordinary running.

FOR efficiency, the modern engine should run at a fairly high temperature, which should remain more or less constant. Too low a temperature is not desirable. If an engine runs very cool, as sometimes happens in winter, it is not doing its work as well or as economically as it should. A steady thermometer level, at just a safe distance below boiling point, is the ideal.

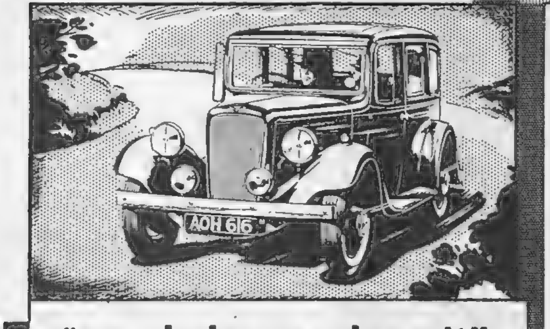
Perhaps the one instrument which does not always deserve to be treated with respect is the modern petrol gauge. This may be quite erratic: indeed, the more "up-to-date" gauges are worse offenders in this respect than the old-fashioned ones. A two-way tap on the petrol tank is no doubt still the best form of insurance against running dry.

In general, it pays to know just what every dial on the instrument board ought to be registering when the car is running properly. With this knowledge in mind, it is easy to spot any marked deviation and, with a little knowledge of mechanics, to decide what the symptoms may portend.

A year's motoring in a fortnight

UNDER R.A.C.
OFFICIAL OBSERVATION

WAKEFIELD **PATENT** Castrol MOTOR OIL



"no sludge or deposit"

"little carbon deposit"

"consumption of 6118 miles per gallon"

"all working parts in good condition"

"piston rings free in their grooves"

Yet PATENT Castrol COSTS NO MORE

10,017 miles on the road by an Austin—without stopping the engine

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF
ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB TRIAL No. 771.
WAKEFIELD PATENT CASTROL "XL" OIL.

ENTRY.—Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Company, Limited, of Wakefield House, 30/32 Cheapside, London, E.C.2, submitted for trial a sample of Wakefield Patent Castrol "XL" Engine Oil.

OBJECT OF TRIAL.—The object of the trial, as declared by the entrants, was to demonstrate the performance of the oil in the engine of a car, running over a distance of 10,000 miles, without stopping the engine.

DESCRIPTION OF TRIAL.—The car used for the trial was supplied by the entrants and was a 1935 18 h.p. Austin car fitted with saloon body.

The trial was run in three eight-hour shifts per 24 hours, intentional stops, with the engine running, being made for traffic, refreshments, and changing crew. The total distance covered was 10,017¾ miles, at an average speed (settled by the entrants) of 33·2 miles per hour, excluding all stops.

RECORD OF TRIAL.—The engine ran continuously throughout the trial for a total time of 341 hours 52 mins. The car was stationary, with the engine running, for a total time of 40 hours 12 mins., the longest stops being of 44 mins., 43 mins. and 43 mins. duration respectively.

The engine sump was drained and refilled before the start of the trial, but not again during the trial. The total amount of oil used was 1·64 gallons, equivalent to a consumption of 6,118 miles per gallon. Throughout the trial the oil level in the crankcase was maintained between the "maximum" oil level, as shown on the dipstick, and two-thirds full.

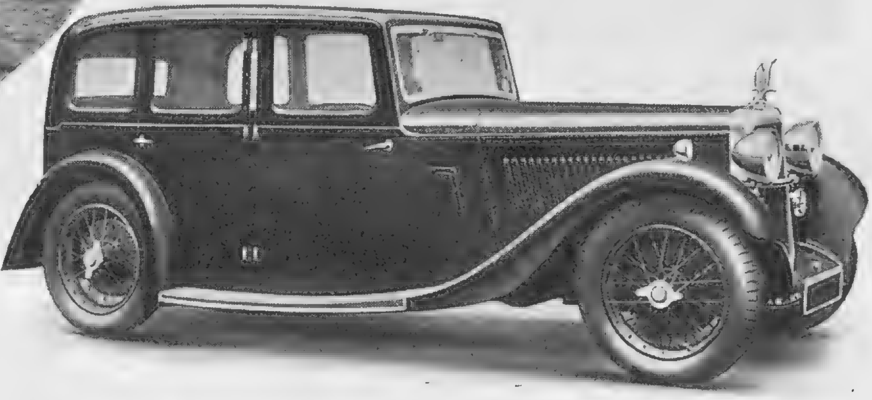
At the end of the trial the engine was completely dismantled. All working parts were found to be covered with a film of oil and were in good condition. The carbon deposit on the piston heads and cylinder heads was thin. There was little carbon deposit on the metal parts of the sparking plugs and the insulators were clean. The piston rings were free in their grooves.

The appearance of the parts was very consistent throughout. The wearing parts, being in uniformly good condition, were not photographed.

On dismantling, the engine sump was found to contain no sludge or deposit.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS AUTHENTICATED BY THE R.A.C.

The coachwork of the Alvis "Silver Eagle" is attractive, both in outward appearance and also in the matter of practical comfort



The Alvis "Silver Eagle" saloon. Although priced at £598, this car represents really sound value for money

A New Medium Powered Alvis

The 17 h.p. "Silver Eagle"

By The Earl of Cardigan

ONE does not, for preference, elect to drive a strange car for the first time on a day of really vile weather. On the other hand, if one has to do so, such conditions provide a wonderfully good test of the car's basic qualities.

I am not altogether sorry, therefore, that I had to drive the new "Silver Eagle" Alvis through a succession of tropical rainstorms, over streaming roads and in poor visibility. I am not sorry that I had to do these things on a busy day, while hurrying to keep appointments. It was unpleasant at the time, but interesting in retrospect.

It enabled me to class this Alvis, for example, as an exceptionally "confidential" motor-car. I do not remember that I had any anxious moments, although often travelling at 70 or 80 m.p.h. on the straight. Road-holding seemed quite excellent, and there was never a trace of instability.

This speaks very well for the springing. The "Silver Eagle" is not sprung in the "hard" manner of sports cars. It is thoroughly comfortable at any speed over any surface. On the other hand, the springs are firm enough to give that feeling of solidity that one appreciates when cornering, or when going fast on a main road.

THE steering also inspires confidence, with its very definite action. The brakes are powerful, and one soon learns that they require to be applied with some firmness. On wet roads this is really an advantage. One can, in an emergency, "step on" the brake pedal without getting that sudden violence of action which might provoke a braking skid. The ultra-light brake, which is so common nowadays, is not necessarily the ideal type for such conditions.

Then again, the Alvis helps its driver by combining a lively and responsive engine with a really first-rate gearbox. The gears of the "Silver Eagle" indeed are almost, if not quite, unique. All four ratios are engaged by synchro-mesh mechanism, so that every possible gear-change is a synchro-mesh gear-change.

To my mind this represents a real improvement over the ordinary synchro-mesh gearbox, in which only third and top gears are benefited by the synchro-mesh mechanism. The latter has this defect—that sometimes (e.g., changing down to third) the gearbox looks after itself and makes a clean change, whereas at other times (e.g., changing down to second) the driver has to exercise his own ingenuity. This is often confusing—and always seems rather illogical.

THE Alvis gears, apart from the fact that they all behave in exactly the same simple manner, have also very skilfully chosen ratios. Second is high enough to be distinctly useful on right-angle turns, while third is excellent for climbing, and gives plenty of speed, its maximum being no less than 60 m.p.h.

In top gear the "Silver Eagle" is really fast and can do approximately 80 m.p.h. A pleasant feature is that the instruments include a revolution counter. From this it may be seen that the engine, at such a pace, indulges in very high "revs," without, however, displaying any unpleasant symptoms of valve clatter or vibration.

This, indeed, is the engine's greatest virtue—that it can do so much work with so little fuss. It is always perfectly smooth, and also very quiet. With its three carburettors, it has excellent acceleration, and there appears to be no "flat spot" within its range of speed.

THE saloon coachwork is attractive, both in outward appearance and also in the matter of practical comfort. There is a sensible amount of space, the upholstery is comfortable, and all the fittings are in excellent taste. It is difficult to define exactly what I mean by this last item; but there are no "frills." Good appearance is everywhere combined with practical usefulness.

The price of any of the closed models is just on £600. At this figure the "Silver Eagle" cannot profess to be a cheap car. It can, nevertheless, I think, claim to represent really sound value for the money. It has individuality—which to many a motorist is still a pearl without price.

Then it is definitely faster than the average, and has the sort of good "manners" that make it genuinely enjoyable to drive. Unless I am much mistaken the qualities will ensure for it a real measure of success.

The Alvis "Silver Eagle" in Brief

Engine: *Six cylinders, with overhead valves and 3 carburettors. 17 h.p.*

Gearbox: *Four speeds, all synchro-mesh.*

Performance: *Third gear, 60 m.p.h.; top gear, 80 m.p.h.*

Steering: *Good, very definite.*

Springing: *Semi-elliptic, good road-holding.*

Brakes: *Powerful if given firm pressure.*

Coachwork: *Good-looking and comfortable.*

Price: *For all closed models, £598.*

FREQUENTLY described as the most successful range in the Rover Company's long history, the models below have taken a proud place among Britain's fine motor cars. Despite the flow of orders reaching the factory, the Company will continue to place Quality before Quantity.

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The Twelve Saloon	£278
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The Fourteen Sports Saloon ..	£318
The Fourteen Streamline Saloon	£348
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The Speed Fourteen 4-seater ..	£405
The Speed Streamline Coupe ..	£415

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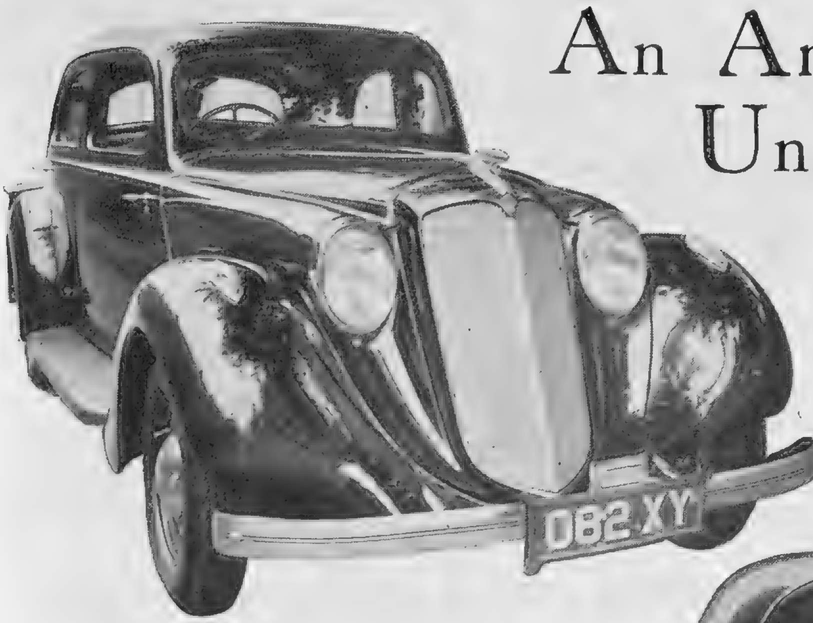
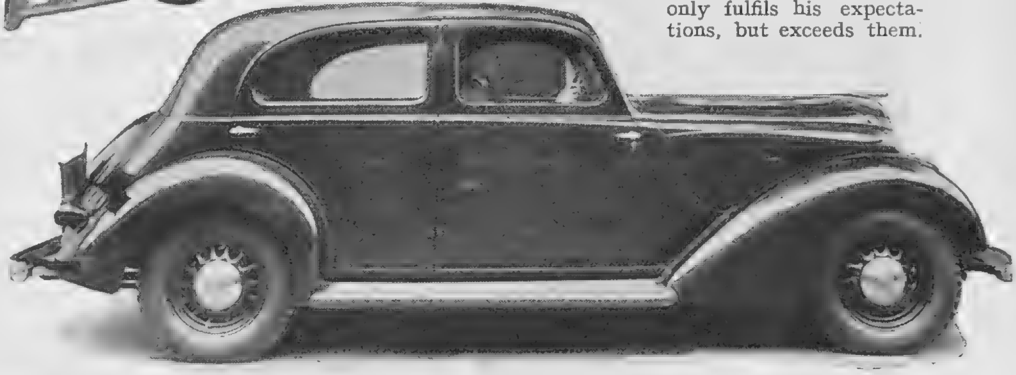
An American Car *of* Unusual Attractiveness

The 30 h.p. Hupmobile "Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE front view is imposing, and the incorporation of the head-lamps into the front of the bonnet is unquestionably sound. Head-lamps, as separate units, must always create considerable "drag"



EXPERTS may argue as to the practical value of Hupmobile streamlining; but there is no denying that the car looks distinctly impressive. It is remarkably roomy, and has an excellent performance

IN describing the new Hupmobile, the word "unusual" is almost the first adjective that suggests itself to one's mind. An American car always has many virtues, and generally, by English standards, one or two deficiencies. These qualities, good or bad, are very constant factors. They occur so regularly that one almost takes them for granted.

This is definitely not so with the Hupmobile. The latest model, in addition to the good points which one naturally looks for, has several virtues which are unexpected, and therefore doubly pleasing. Similarly, one may seek in vain for certain defects to which the American car is usually prone.

It is in the matters of springing and steering that the Hupmobile strikes me as most unusual. That the springing should be soft and comfortable is merely what one would expect. In addition, however, it is also firm enough to enable the car to corner really well, and to "sit down" on the road with remarkable steadiness. This excellent road holding, which one thinks of as being an English or European characteristic, will provide a new pleasure for the Hupmobile owner, and encourage him to drive with more than ordinary confidence.

It is the same with the steering. One expects it to be light and easy; but, in addition, it is also extremely definite, not geared too low, but possessed of firm self-centring action. In other words, it is just the sort of steering that an Englishman likes and appreciates for fast touring purposes. Fitted to an American car, it not only fulfils his expectations, but exceeds them.

I have stressed these points as being remarkable, although naturally the Hupmobile has many other and more orthodox virtues. For example, the 30 h.p. engine is impressive in its power and smoothness, and achieves a degree of flexibility and swift acceleration that is quite outstanding. It is also very silent, making only a "whispering" sound, the effect of which is curious and rather attractive.

The gearbox provides only three speeds; but it may safely be said that there is no need of a fourth. A good 50 m.p.h. can be reached in second gear, while in "top" the maximum is close on 80 m.p.h. The top gear ratio is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, so that the "revs" are by no means excessive, and a high cruising speed can be maintained with perfect ease.

Both second and top gears are of the synchro-mesh variety, and render the business of gear changing, on the rare occasions when it is needed, genuinely simple and foolproof. Another good feature is the braking system, which can only be criticised on the ground

(*Continued on page 82*)

The 30 h.p. Hupmobile in Brief

Engine: *Six cylinders, with side valves. 29·42 h.p.*

Gearbox: *Three speeds, synchro-mesh second and top.*

Performance: *Second gear, 50 m.p.h.; top gear, 80 m.p.h. approx.*

Springing: *Good, semi-elliptic; car holds road well.*

Brakes: *Hydraulic, with mechanical hand brake; good and smooth.*

Steering: *Very definite, self-centring.*

Coachwork: *Exceptionally roomy, comfortable space for six.*

Price: *Standard saloon, £375; de luxe £398.*

THE back seat is very comfortable, and the curve of the roof still permits of ample head-room. There is unusual width, and three people can easily sit abreast

A LARGE space exists behind the back seat, and in this a good quantity of luggage can be stored. In the extreme tail of the car is a further compartment for the spare wheel

Your lips
Must Not look
PAINTED!

WHERE THE SMARTEST SOCIETY WOMEN MEET YOU SEE A DEFINITE TREND TOWARD NATURAL MAKE-UP THIS YEAR

● At all Society gatherings, in the smart Restaurants, and at the Theatre you will be impressed with the fact that most women's lips have taken on a more natural appearance. That painted look is fast disappearing. It's hard to say how this trend started, but we like to think it's because more and more women are finding out about Tangee.

Tangee is that amazing new idea in lipsticks—that colours your lips without painting them, that makes you look sweet and appealing. Tangee can't give your lips that coarse "painted look" because it isn't paint! Instead it contains the magic Tangee colour-change principle that makes it change, as you use it, to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to you. No other lipstick has this Tangee colour-change principle—no other can make your lips look as lovely and natural.

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TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee colour principle

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An American Car

that the hand lever is inconveniently remote. The braking action is very powerful, calls for only a light pedal pressure, and is at all times progressive and smooth.

The coachwork is distinctly interesting. In the first place it is, to use a much-abused word, "streamlined." The effect is undoubtedly pleasing to the eye, and creates an impression of power and speed. From the strictly practical point of view, however, I question whether there is any great gain in efficiency. My slight knowledge of the subject makes me a little dubious.

At a guess, I should say that the greatest benefit arises from the abolition of the headlamps as separate entities. In the Hupmobile, these are embodied (or embedded) in the front end of the bonnet. There are thus two units fewer to create "drag"; and this must represent a definite, if slight, advantage.

In the lay-out of the coachwork, however, there are many substantial good points. It is no exaggeration, for example, to describe the saloon model as a six-seater. There is not only space, but comfortable and even luxurious space, for three people to sit abreast either in front or at the back. The central gear lever does not form an obstruction, since it is specially curved to clear the front passengers' knees.

The wide, single front seat seems to me an excellent institution. It has the great advantage of enabling an extra passenger to be carried with perfect convenience—and it is difficult to see that it has any counterbalancing defects. Why do English manufacturers, even of big cars, so rigidly adhere to individual front seats?

There is ample leg-room for everyone, and plenty of headroom, even at the back. Behind the back seat is a really large luggage space, in which several suitcases can comfortably be stored. The driving position is good, although the non-opening windscreen, in certain conditions of fog and frost, may provide a source of difficulty.

The price is remarkably moderate, being only £375 for the standard, and £398 for the de luxe saloon. For this outlay, one gets a car which is certainly out of the ordinary. It has individuality—which is expressed, for the most part, in directions attractive to the discriminating English motorist.

Exercises for Good Health

(*Continued from page 61*)

exercising. The thin person, she explains, needs an entirely different form of exercise from the fatter one. The latter, more often than not, is too loose jointed and requires to develop a more controlled posture and movement.

The thin person, on the other hand, is more likely to be stiff and should be taught to relax. By correcting these deficiences enormous benefit may accrue in a physical and mental sense.

Scientific exercising is more and more used to combat nervous complaints—with almost unfailing success. Cases of stammering have actually been cured and nervous inhibitions marvellously improved by the stimulation of poise and the conservation of nervous energy which scientific movement brings.

Rheumatic cases can be assisted by influencing bad circulation. Constipation, gout, local paralysis and asthma are often found to have both a physical and nervous origin.

In these cases treatment by exercising is often successful, inasmuch as the pupil attains a new consciousness of his body and is stimulated to adopt a healthier internal attitude and a better carriage of the body.

So, you tired business woman or housewife, don't dismiss exercise as something which makes heavy demands upon your time and precious energy, but learn to know it as a perfect relaxation which brings health and beauty in its wake.

Try some simple exercises at home by all means—but *please* make them gentle. For instance this:

Touch your toes with your hands, but not stiffly as you were taught to do at school. Relax every muscle and then flop! Don't stiffen your legs, your back, or any part of you to do it.

Now, stand with your back against the wall. If you find that there is a wide space between the small of your back and the wall, it means you need exercises to straighten the back. Bend your knees, brace your sitting-muscles until you feel the hollow in your back straightening out. Hold this for a few seconds and then rest.

Another excellent movement for the trunk and spine is touching the chin with the knee, but the movement must be flexible. Curve your back, bend the standing leg and bring the other knee up to meet the chin with an easy, unforced motion. If you feel strain in any part of the back or legs relax some more.

When exercising with the limbs swing them. Never use force. Move the arms up slowly, and in a circular motion let them drop over the back into a natural hanging position again. If you feel the muscles at the back of your neck and in your shoulders responding to this movement you have really done some good. If you don't it means that you were just moving your arms and the only result will be stiffness.

Water Babies

(*Continued from page 65*)

They are easy to pack and turn out pies as good as any. Iron spades, which chop dangerously near small toes, should be replaced by wooden ones. They are safer, too, when an argument arises.

Sunshine is good in moderation, but must be rationed. Too much sunshine causes a nervous exhaustion which may be dangerous to health.

Let the child wear a hat most of the day when the sun is shining—going without, of course, when it is not. Sunbonnets are splendid for little girls, because they cover the nape of the neck well, which is the place where sunstroke can occur.

Let the body be as little covered as possible, but see that the youngsters do not play in the sun's glare for hours at a time. Sore sunburn is a sign that the body has been harmed by the sun. Oil or cream should be used on the skin *before* this happens.

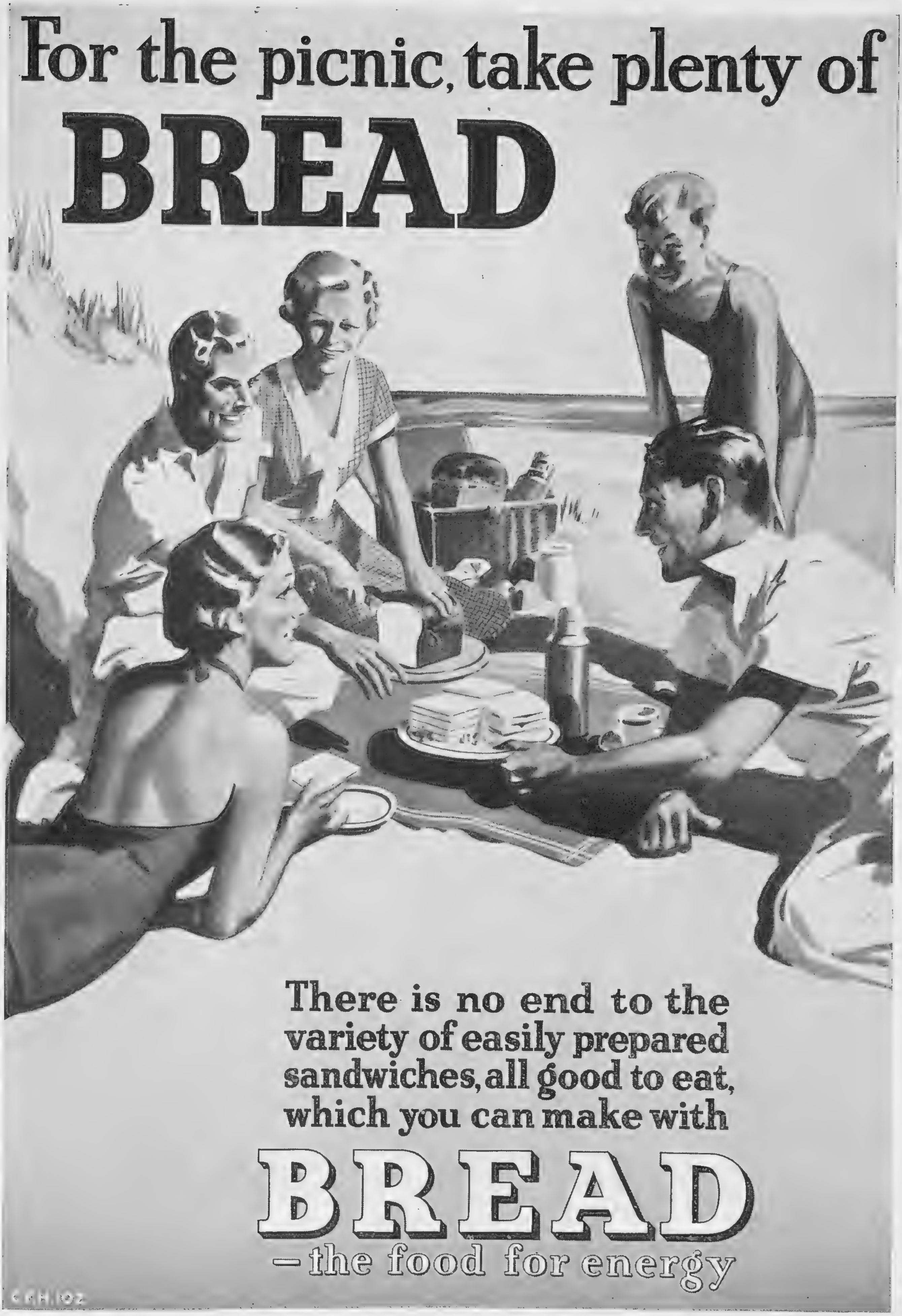
Sunsuits should be woolly and of a light colour. The wool ensures against chills and deals with the perspiration without chilling the body. Light colours are cooler than dark ones, even though the texture of the material may be precisely the same.

The Treasure Cot Company have a large variety of good and sensible sunsuits and beachwear clothes. For the small child there is an all-in-one garment there (Kamella sunsuit), which has crossed straps over the shoulders and leaves the waist free, taking the small weight the garment has entirely on the shoulder—which is as it should be.

Towelling makes useful and pretty frocks for little girls. It needs no ironing and can be washed out in cold water if necessary. As it is only cotton, a light woollen slip or vest is necessary underneath these garments. Towelling can be bought by the yard in lovely colours—striped, flowered and bordered. Panties of the same material complete the outfit.

Be sure to make a pocket, as handkerchiefs are much needed on the beach.

Start out on your holiday with the full determination to get your full money's worth of health for the children. Be firm where health matters are concerned and do not let your good-natured holiday mood overrule you. Give them the chance of becoming water-minded and ozone-soaked, with sensible moderation.


For the picnic, take plenty of
BREAD
There is no end to the variety of easily prepared sandwiches, all good to eat, which you can make with
BREAD
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It's well worth the little extra . . .

that JANTZENS cost for they have the quality that is true economy. Whether you choose one of the new fancy knits or regular JANTZEN fabric they fit snugly, on lines that are becoming to the figure; yet no matter how long or how hard they are worn, the integrity of their tailoring ensures the preservation of perfect fit. That is why men and women the world over accept JANTZEN swim suits as supreme.

Above is the "Prom," cleverly designed for perfect adjustment. The straps pass from the brassiere top through tunnel hems at the waist to form a tie belt. Skirtless and skirted models are available in new fancy knit and regular Jantzen fabric.

Jantzen

The red diving girl identifies the world's finest swimming suit.

Jantzens from 15/- at all good shops.

KIPPY — wonderfully good suits made by Jantzen at lower prices.

Pell Street Blues

(Continued from page 25)

" Yes," agreed Foh Wong. " Better a fat, dirty pig than a cracked jade cup."

" Better," the editor wound up the pleasant round of Mongol metaphor, " a fleet donkey than a ham-strung horse."

For a while they smoked in silence. The fragrant, opalescent fumes rolled in sluggish clouds over the mats. Then Foh Wong asked :

" Your daughter Si-Si—I understand—of marriageable age ? "

" Indeed."

" She is betrothed ? "

" Not yet, O wise and older brother." Faint amusement lit up Yung Tang's purple-black eyes. " She is waiting for a proper man, a wealthy man."

" I am wealthy."

" I know." Yung Tang pushed the warm bamboo pipe aside and substituted for it one of carved tortoiseshell with a turquoise tip and three yellow tassels. " She is devoted to her parents. She has given solemn oath to the Buddha the Adored that she will not marry unless her husband invests—ah—twenty thousand dollars in my enterprise."

Foh Wong stared at the other. He knew that—thanks to the weekly's freely expressed pro-Manchu attitude, the opposite of Pell Street, which, being coolie, was mostly revolutionary—its circulation and advertising had dropped ; that, therefore, the editor was in awkward financial straits.

" Or—perhaps—fifteen thousand dollars?" he suggested.

" Or—rather—nineteen ? "

" Sixteen and a half thousand is a goodly sum, the more so as I—should I give it—would be going counter to my political principles. It would mean a loss of face to me."

" While, to me, it would mean a loss of face to accept money from a man who does not see eye to eye with me when it comes to China's future. Thus—eighteen thousand dollars. Personally I dislike bargaining."

The editor smoked two pipes one after the other. He continued :

" It is wretched manners to praise your own. I know. But it has been remarked by certain people—truthful people, I believe—that Si-Si is a precious casket filled with the arts of coquetry, that when she washes her hands she scents the water, that her seventeen summers have only increased her charms seventeen times, and that— " calmly—" her hips are wide enough to bear many man-children."

Foh Wong sighed.

" My own wife," he replied, " is a fallow field. There is none of my seed in the world to pray for me after death. Not that I blame her. Still—it is written in the Book of Meng Tzeu that she who cannot fulfil her charge must resign it."

" You mean divorce ? "

" No."

" No . . . ? " echoed the editor, looking up sharply.

Foh Wong turned on his mat. He glanced through the window, up at the sky where the sun was gaping in the West like a great, red door.

" Divorce," was his answer, " is a custom of coarse-haired barbarians. Besides—a law of these same barbarians—alimony would have to be paid. Expensive—eh . . . . ? "

" Very expensive."

" Not that I am stingy." Foh Wong spoke with sincerity. " For my wife, should her soul jump the dragon gates, would have a splendid funeral. She would be buried in a large and comfortable red lacquer coffin, on the side of a hill facing running water and with an elegant view over the rice paddies."

" Her spirit," commented Yung Tang, " would doubtless enjoy itself."

" Doubtless."

Both men were silent. The editor was caressing his cheek with his right hand. The dying, crimson sunlight danced and glittered on his highly polished finger-nails. He thought of a man whom he had talked to and who had given him his confidence, a few months back, during his visit to China ; thought of the queer mission with which this man had entrusted him ; thought how—fantastically, sardonically—fate can work its will . . . fate that ambles out of the dark, like a blind camel, with no warning, no jingling of bells . . . .

He smiled at the other, who, having emptied his pipe at one long-drawn inhalation, looked up and asked a casually worded question :

" I believe you have a cousin who is a hatchetman ? "

" Yes. But . . . " The editor slurred, hesitated.

" His prices are exorbitant ? "

" They would not be—to me. Only, I have discovered that it is one's relatives whom one must trust least."

" Just so."

" I have a friend in Seattle. I shall communicate with him. I shall act slowly, discreetly. I shall think right and think left. There is no especial hurry."

" Except," courteously, " my desire for Si-Si."

" Another summer will increase her charms eighteen times." Yung Tang pointed at the table. " Will you smoke ? "

" No more. I have a duty to attend to. You will write to Seattle ? "

" Immediately."

" But he did not write to Seattle. He wrote, instead, to Hongkong ; and he began his letter with a quotation from Confucius :

> *The man who is departing on a sad journey often leaves his heart under the door—to find it on his return.*

He smiled as he dipped his brush into the ink-pot ; and it is worth remembering that the Chinese ideographs *sin*—heart—and *menn*—door—when placed one above the other and read together make a third word : " melancholy " ; which latter, by a peculiar Mongol twist, is considered an equivalent of " eternal love." And he wrote on while Foh Wong, having left the Azure Dragon Club, entered the joss temple around the corner.

There, without the slightest hypocrisy, he kow-towed deeply before the Buddha of the Paradise of the West—the Buddha who looks after the souls of those about to die—and burned three sweet-smelling hun-shuh incense sticks in honour of his wife. For once he had loved her. Too, he was sorry for the destiny in store for her. So, from this day on, he stopped beating her. On the contrary, he was kindly to her ; brought her presents of flowers and fruit ; treated her—with no irony intended—as if she were an invalid not long for this world. And almost every evening he visited the joss temple ; always he made kow-tow before the Buddha and burned incense sticks—until Yu Ch'ang, the priest, declared that few men on Pell Street could compare with him in piety and rectitude . . .

TOWARD the end of the year, Yung Tang reported to him that the matter was progressing satisfactorily. His friend in Seattle had secured the services of a hatchetman.

His name—said the editor—was Kang Kee. He had been a war-lord fallen upon evil days. Therefore, thanks to his former profession, there was no doubt of his being a skilled and efficient killer ; and, given the fact that he was a stranger with no local Tong affiliations, there was no doubt of his discretion.

" When will he be here ? " asked Foh Wong eagerly.

Yung Tang shrugged his shoulders.

Kang Kee—he explained—was still in Hongkong ; and, surely, Foh Wong knew that times had changed since he himself had come to America. For there was now the law called the Asiatic Exclusion Act, to circumvent which the Chinese aspirant after Yankee coin had to travel many thorny, roundabout roads and spend exorbitant " squeezes " right

(Continued on page 86)

STEPS TO HEALTH AND APPETITE

NEW ZEALAND
NEW ZEALAND BUTTER
NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

Sunshine is health. In the fresh, green pasturelands of sunny New Zealand wonderfully rich cream is produced to make the butter which brings to you all the natural sunshine vitamins in the most delightful form. No other butter gives so much enjoyment and so much nourishment at so relatively small cost. New Zealand cheese is just as good.

If you want the best, you must get–

The importance of plenty of New Zealand Butter for growing boys and girls cannot be over-estimated.

Read the following extract from the officially published report of Dr. H. C. Corry Mann, O.B.E., of an Investigation conducted under the auspices of the Medical Research Council:—

"A group of 26 boys who were taking the butter ration remained under observation during 12 months and during that time gained an average 6·30 lb. per boy and grew an average 2·22 in. per boy. 11 of these 26 boys completed a two years' test, and the average gain in weight remained steady at 12·32 lb. for the two years' period."

The Butter used was New Zealand Butter

New Zealand Butter and Cheese

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AT 1750

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and left. Would Foh Wong, therefore, be good enough to pay fifteen hundred dollars on account, to be deducted, later on, from Kang Kee's price of five thousand ?

The merchant grumbled, protested, finally went to the safe and counted out the money.

" I would like a receipt," he said curtly. After all—he went on—he was a business man. Here was a job for which he was paying. " Not that," with grim humour, " I want you to particularise the—ah—nature of the job."

The editor smiled. His smile—had Foh Wong noticed it—was queerly triumphant.

" I understand," he said. " Just a few words acknowledging the money for—well—services to be rendered . . . how's that ? I shall make it out in duplicate."

" In duplicate . . . ? "—rather astonished.

" Yes. One for you. And one for me, as agent for Kang Kee." With quick brush strokes he wrote paper and copy ; handed both to the other. " Will you look it over ? "

" No, no ! " exclaimed Foh Wong. " It is not necessary."

The editor's smile deepened. He knew that the merchant, in spite of his wealth, had never learned to read ; that he carried the intricate details of his business transactions in his shrewd old brain ; that he could just about scrawl his name ; but that, for fear of losing face, he had never owned up to it. Besides—and here, too, Yung Tang saw through him—Foh Wong figured that the editor had no reason to cheat him. For, though Si-Si was young and beautiful and desirable, there were few men in Chinatown willing and able to pay the eighteen thousand dollars which her father demanded and needed, in fact—Foh Wong knew, having made inquiries here and there—needed desperately ; and he had made assurance doubly sure by buying up, at a generous discount, a number of Yung Tang's overdue notes.

He lit a cigarette, while the other signed the original and said :

" Will you countersign the copy ? "

" What for ? You received the money. Not I."

" I know. But—it would make the deal more binding . . . "

Foh Wong was puzzled. Make the deal more binding . . . ? He did not understand. Still—doubtless Yung Tang knew what he was talking about. He was a literatus, a learned gentleman ; and the merchant, for all his success, was at heart the coolie who had never lost his atavistic respect for educated people. And—again the thought—the man needed him ; could have no reason to cheat him . . .

" Very well." He dipped brush in ink-pot and clumsily painted his signature. " Here you are."

Even so, he felt relieved when, in the course of the afternoon, he dropped in on Nag Fat, the banker, and found out, by discreet questioning, that Yung Tang had bought a draft for fifteen hundred dollars made out to one Kang Kee, a former war-lord residing in Hongkong . . .

INDEED the latter—whose American Odyssey was destined to be quite as hard as that of Foh Wong, decades earlier—needed every cent of the fifteen hundred dollars. To enumerate all those whom he had to bribe would give an ethnographical survey of many of the Far East's more gaudy rogues.

But let us pick out a few.

There was in Shanghai a Kansuh ruffian on whose shaven poll had been a blood-price ever since the Boxer affair and who met the former war-lord and thirty other prospective emigrants in a first-chop chandoo place west of the To Kao Tien Temple. There was, furthermore, a squint-eyed Lithuanian skipper, wanted for murder in Riga and for piracy in Pernambuco, who took them to Vladivostok and into the tranquil presence of a Nanking compradore with gold-encased finger-nails and a charming taste in early Ming porcelain. This gentleman passed the adventurers through yet two more middlemen to a Japanese captain who flaunted British naturalisation papers and called himself O'Duffy Ichiban.

He was supposed to clear directly for Seattle. But he managed to cruise off the British Columbia coast—" contrary head winds, half a gale," he wrote in his log, and lied—until a narrow-flanked clipper shot out from the fogs of Queen Charlotte Sound and took away the living freight, drowning no more than seven. The remainder had an interview, the next morning, with a Canadian government inspector who—hating himself for it—drowned his Scots conscience in his Scots greed.

Then a stormy night. A motorboat chugging recklessly across the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. A dumping overboard into the swirling, greasy sea half a mile from land. A screaming wave that swallowed all the merry band of Mongol rovers with the exception of the former war-lord. His swim ashore. And, at last, his strong, hairy hand reaching out from the stinking water and gripping the slippery piles at the foot of Yeslerway, in the city of Seattle.

Seattle in spring.

Spring in Portland, Spokane, Butte and points East.

Spring, too, in New York.

Spring brushing into Pell Street on gauzy pinions. Hovering birdlike over sordid, tarred roof tops. Dropping liquid silver over the toil of the mazed, scabbed streets. Adding music to the strident calls of pavement and gutter.

Spring in the heart of Foh Wong to whom, that morning, the editor had said that he had received a telegram from the hatchetman. The latter would be here on Saturday ; would seek out the merchant immediately upon his arrival, at nine in the evening.

So, on Saturday afternoon, Foh Wong entered the joss temple. There he attended to his religious duties more thoroughly and unctuously than usual. Not only did he make kow-tow to the Buddha of the Paradise of the West. He also kow-towed seven times to the Buddha of the Light Without Measure and nine times to the purple-faced Goddess of Mercy. He heaped the bowls in front of the idols with dry rice. He burned twenty-seven incense sticks. He made the rounds of the temple, bowing right and left, beating gongs, ringing a small silver bell. He paid the priest a handsome sum to exorcise whatever evil spirits might be about.

Finally, his soul at rest, he went home. He presented his wife with several gifts, thinking shrewdly that Si-Si would enjoy them after Na Liu's demise : an expensive radio set, a robe of purple satin embroidered with tiny butterflies, a pair of coral-and-jade ear-rings and a precious Suentih vase.

Na Liu smiled. She said :

" You made me very happy these last few months."

" Have I ? "

" Yes. By forgetting your anger against me. Your just and righteous anger. For—you see—I have been a bad wife. I have never loved you. I have grown old and ugly. And I have borne you no children."

" Three things which only fate can help," he replied quite gently.

" Fate is bitter."

" Fate, at times," as he thought of Si-Si, " is sweet. Let us not blame Fate . . ." He interrupted himself as there was a loud knocking at the street door below. " A friend whom I expect," he explained and hurried out.

He reached the shop ; crossed it ; threw open the door. A man stood there—tall, broad, a black handkerchief concealing his features, all but the hard, staring eyes.

" Upstairs," whispered Foh Wong. " The first room to the left."

The stranger inclined his head without speaking. Noiselessly he mounted. He disappeared.

There was a pall of heavy, oppressive silence—suddenly broken by a sob that quickly gurgled out. And Foh Wong trembled a little ; felt a cold shiver along his spine ; saw, a minute or

(*Continued on page 88*)

KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE TRUST
GIVE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN

109

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Perspiration under the arms can now be controlled for a week at a time. The introduction of Perstop makes this possible. Perstop is a new deodorant; modern, effective, safe. It is a discovery of supreme importance to womankind.

The way it is applied is also a discovery of great value. Look at the photograph. See how easy it is to apply Perstop. The bottle is fitted with a permanent applicator. Nothing but the cap to take off, no need for your fingers to touch the liquid at all, and not a drop can be spilt or wasted. All you have to do is to rub the armpit with the moist applicator (as shown) and without loss of time you can continue dressing.

Simple, isn't it? And ever so much better!

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Perstop

two later, the man return. He asked: "Is it—finished, O hatchetman?"

"Yes. It is finished, O mud-turtle."

Then the merchant gave a shriek of surprise and fear. Why—the nasal, metallic voice so well remembered! The voice of Yang Shen-Li! And—as the other tore off the black handkerchief—the face of Yang Shen-Li! Older. Much older. But still the bold, aquiline nose, the high cheek-bones that seemed to give beneath the pressure of the leathery, copper-red skin, the compressed, sardonic lips brushed by the drooping mandarin moustache, the flagging, combative chin. . .

"But you—oh—" Foh Wong stammered ludicrously—"you died—in Ninguta. . ."

"And I came to life again," was the drawling answer, "as Kang Kee, the war-lord. Kang Kee who, last year, forged a chain of strong and exquisite friendship with one Yung Tang who was visiting China. Kang Kee—no longer a war-lord, but a hatchetman—come here for the sake of a small killing."

"A killing," cried Foh Wong, rapidly collecting his wits, "for which you will lose your head."

He had decided what he was going to do. Outside somewhere, on Pell Street or Mott, Bill Devoy, detective of Second Branch, would be walking his beat. He would call him; would tell him that his wife had been murdered. He was about to run out—stopped at the other's drawling words:

"Not so fast, mud-turtle! You spoke of me losing my head—eh . . . ? and what of your own head?"

"You killed. Not I."

"You hired me."

"Prove it!"

"I shall!"

Leisurely, from his loose sleeve, the Manchu drew a paper. The paper which, a few months earlier, Foh Wong had signed on the editor's request—which Yang Shen-Li now read aloud:

> "Herewith, for the sum of five thousand dollars, I employ Kang Kee to kill my wife. . ."

Foh Wong grew pale. He stared at the Manchu, who stared back. There was in their eyes the old hate that had never weakened. Alone they were with this searing, choking hate. The outer world and its noises seemed very far away. There was just a memory of street cries lifting their lean, starved arms; just a memory of river wind chasing the night clouds that clawed at the moon with cool, slim fingers of silver and white.

Then the Manchu spoke:—

"If I lose my head, you lose yours. Only—I am not afraid of losing mine, being a brave man, an iron-capped prince, whereas you, O coolie, are . . ."

"A coward," the other said dully.

"Precisely. But brave man and coward shall be united in death. Together our souls shall jump the dragon gate." Yang Shen-Li turned toward the door. "I shall now go to the police of the coarse-haired barbarians and . . . "

"Wait!"

"Yes . . . ?"

Unconsciously, Foh Wong used the words which, decades ago, in Ninguta, the Manchu had used:—

"Is there a price for your silence?"

"There is."

"How much?"

"Everything," announced the Manchu, sitting down, slipping a little fan from his sleeve and opening it slowly . . . .

He had not arrived to-night—he related—but twenty-four hours earlier. He had spent the time with Yung Tang, talking over the whole matter with him and making certain arrangements. For instance, bribing a Chinese doctor who would certify that Foh Wong had died—of heart failure.

"You—oh—" the merchant whispered—"you mean to . . . ?"

"Kill you? Not at all. Did I not tell you there is a price for my silence? And would your life be the price? No, no! Your life is sacred to me."

"Then . . . ?"

"Listen!" Yang Shen-Li went on to explain that, with the help of the physician's certificate, Na Liu would be buried—as Foh Wong, while it would be given out that she had gone to China on a lengthy visit. "Clever—don't you think?" he smiled.

"But what will happen to me? How—if I'm supposed to be dead and buried—can I show my face?"

"You can't."

"Eh . . . ?"

"You can't," repeated the Manchu. "You will live in the garret of your house until death—may it not be for many years! You will see nobody—except me. You will speak to nobody—except to me. Nobody will know that you are amongst the living—nobody except I and Yung Tang. This shall be a bond between you and me. And, the moment you break it, I shall go to the police and . . . "

"But—my business—my money . . . "

"I shall look after it. For before—shall I say?—your death, you shall have made a will—you are going to sign it presently—making me trustee of your estate for your—ah—absent wife. You will leave her your whole fortune. All, that is, save eighteen thousand dollars—make it thirty-eight thousand—which you will leave to Yung Tang . . . *Hayah!*" as the other began to plead and argue, "be quiet, coolie! For to-day I command—and you will obey!"

And it is thus that Foh Wong is cooped up in the sweltering garret of his Pell Street house, with the door locked and the windows tightly shuttered and an agony of fear forever stewing in his brain. It is thus that Yang Shen-Li is lording it gloriously over Foh Wong's clerks; spending Foh Wong's money recklessly; and, in the evening, after a pleasant hour or two at the Azure Dragon Club, mounting to the second floor, bowing courteously to his wrinkled old wife and asking her:—

"Moonbeam, was there ever love as staunch as ours?"

Always she gives a quaint, giggling, girlish little laugh. And, at times, hearing the echo of it, Foh Wong wonders, wonders—then forgets his wonder in his fear . . .

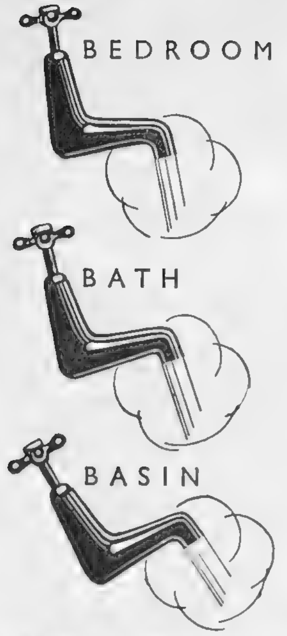
END

Books

(*Continued from page 53*)

the opposite plan, thinking first of a good plot and then fitting in the requisite characters. The failures of the English writers are usually due to their subordination of character to plot; the French, when they fail, throw so fierce a light upon poor human nature that, like people photographed by flashlight, it is no longer recognisable. Lady Cynthia Asquith has collected a strong team on paper, but the best work is done by those who are not yet sure of their place in a representative side. Of the old choices, Mr. Compton Mackenzie does much the best with a charming souvenir of Miss Jenny Pearl, of the Orient Corps de Ballet.

Under the arresting title of *Beecham and Pharaoh* (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) Dame Ethel Smyth offers two essays, one about Sir Thomas and the other about golf (and other curiosities) in the Nubian Desert. Dame Ethel herself is a solitary but solid connection between the two papers, which might both, indeed, be described as fragments of autobiography. The word fragment (the publishers' choice, not mine) is not unsuitable. For though there is a boisterous vitality about the essays, as about all Dame Ethel's writings, they have a swept-up aspect, as if they had been left over from some greater, earlier feast. The best pages in the book describe a short visit to Ireland, where Dame Ethel, having aroused popular enmity in a remote Galway village, faced, addressed and cowed the natives.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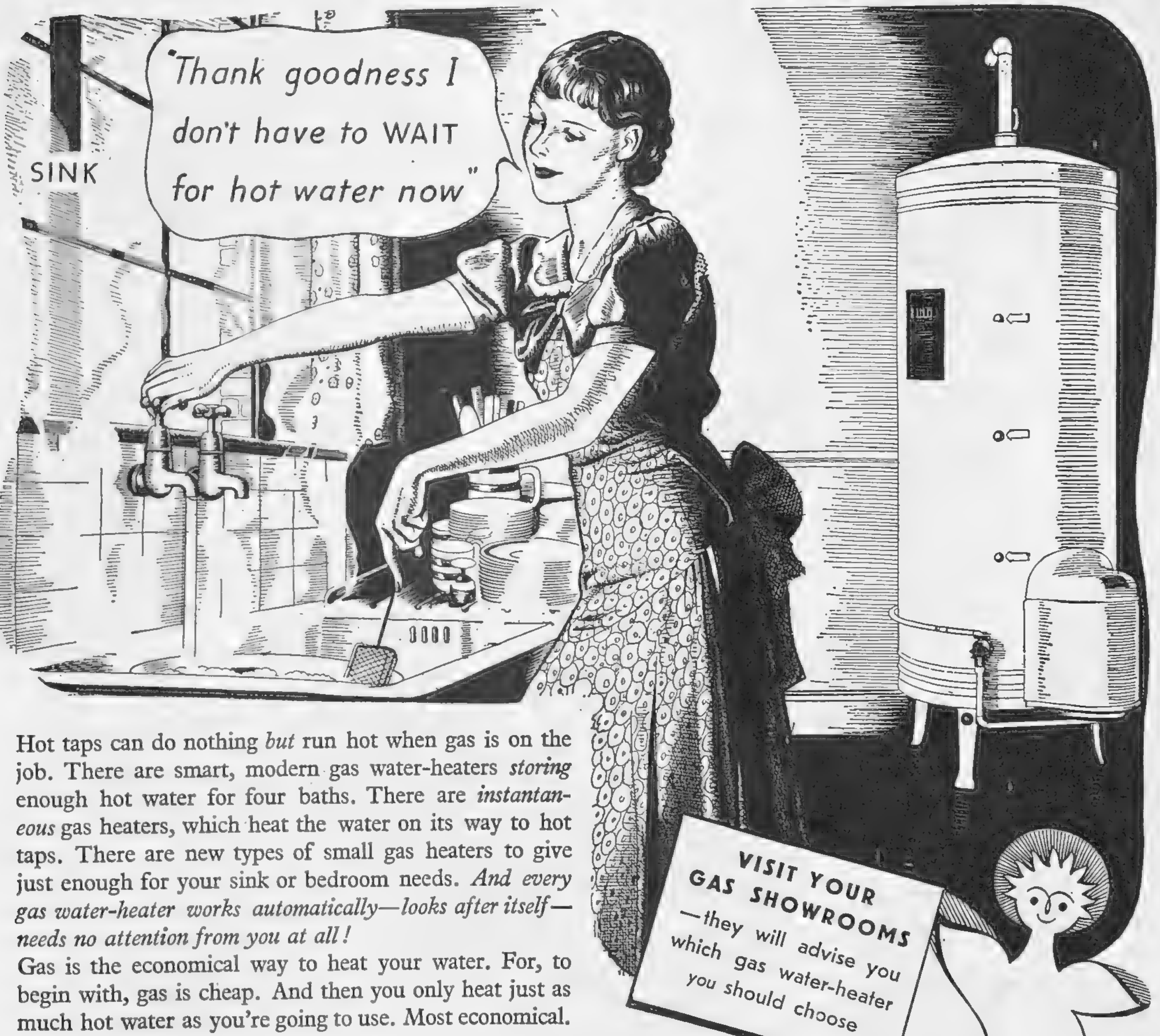
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Sports Blouse.
Elastic-waisted blouse with adaptable neck. Three sizes, with long or short sleeves. Prices from 7/11 to 10/11 according to design range.

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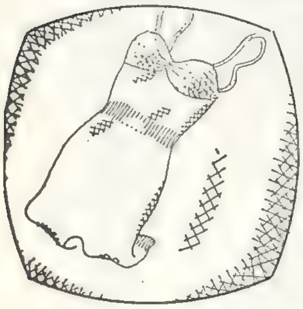

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W.G.3.

An Odyssey of Sport

(Continued from page 27)

it and its ups and downs, so to say. See ? "

A welcoming clatter, and Nodkins, with the roll of a sailor, a man in the region of 50, cut square, legs short and sadly out of perspective, came into view.

Unlike his rival, who, to his shame, was on more than nodding acquaintance with his third, if not fourth, beer, Nodkins was the soul of affability. There was " I don't-give-a-dam" carefreeness about him that was in the sharpest and pleasantest contrast to his fellow sprinkler. His casualness was much remarked and roundly criticised by pro-Joeites, even to the condemnation of him for being a swank.

Wisely, I am sure, I steeled myself against a temptation to protest. For it has ever been my abiding faith to " See all, hear all, say nowt." Which faith makes for priceless adaptability. Partisanship, even at a sawdust sprinkling championship, I decided, was bad. So I sat tight and discreetly dumb, but none the less captivated by Nodkins, whose first spray was, I was assured, " a regular blinder." And I was not a little apprehensive of the eclipse of Joe. But Nodkins, at a moment when romping and prancing to victory, so it seemed, not only overstepped the circle, as will an over-eager hammer-thrower, but lost his balance so completely as to make a splauge and thus ruin what otherwise would have been a matchless exposition.

In the north-east corner of the room there were discovered flaws which, though not apparent to the eye of a layman, were stark naked to the expert, who, I grieve to tell, voted that this and that curve was more fanciful than finished. So it was that Joe, or Long Tom, was hailed king of his world. And he strutted accordingly, the richer for a share of the stake money with which his backers endowed him.

Nodkins, drawing deep upon his philosophy, found solace in the certainty that there was a " next time " and billows of good brown ale.

The last I saw of Joe was in a stout-hearted fight with himself to strike, between hiccups, the perpendicular. And though the odds were heavy against him, he won after the way of a champion of champions.

IN my younger newspaper days there was a family in Lancashire named Toss—Owd Toss, Johnty Toss, Young Toss, of whose contemporaries were " Taypot," Bill o' Jack's, and other queerly dubbed men, bowls their passion, as it was their profession. And they thrived exceeding. But none of rinks and skips for them. A crown green or " nowt." Which I conceded : at least hard swearing and loud shouting forced agreement. By which no offence is meant : it is that men of the County Palatine, whether at work or play, permit of neither doubt nor compromise. So I decided when, in search for outlandishness in sport, I was initiated into the venerable, but by no means gentle, game of bowls as played in the Blackpool tournament or sweepstakes, a several weeks' affair.

" Sailor Prince," so nicknamed, a famous campaigner, had just sent his first wood after the jack when, by dint of much thrutching, I had wormed a way to the fringe of the green. His opponent, who had his home in Ince, I gathered, was laughably remarkable for physical littleness, the few teeth in his knowing head, and bow legs. He answered, if I am not mistaken, to Jud. He put me under arrest at once by his waddle and general architecture : also he left me embarrassed, for when, with studied politeness, I inquired the identity of " that funny little fellow," I was invited to " shut thi chops." With which request I complied with appropriate grace and readiness, only, however, the next minute made to squirm by an unconscionably heavy hoof brought down upon my tired and aching feet by the man next door, if I may so describe him. I protested mildly but with no little point : my only recompense was "Teck thi damn feet out o't road." I obeyed with the meekness of a child, to be rewarded with "Tha'd better come and have summat to sup." There was no denial, and with him, like a sheep, I proceeded to a wooden hut upon which was an Everest of pies in the process of being attacked with true North-country vigour.

" Here, young fellow-me-lad," bawled my host to the bar-tender, " two pints," and to my wondering, hot and nervous self, " What about a pie ? Maybe tha's never been here before," he guessed. " Well," he burred, " tha'll learn summat. Sup up and let's go and have another look at what's going on." And I saw things to be reminded of the incompleteness of my education, also to pledge eternal friendship with what I shall always remember as the biggest-hearted sportsmen ever.

And if by chance I hear it said that bowls is only for old and decrepit gentlemen, I shall feel around for a six-shooter so that I may kill such a notion stone dead. Your Lancashire bowler is many men rolled into one, in turn artist, limpet, contortionist, and with mannerisms severely and peculiarly his own, his gospel " I'll bet thi." Give a Blackpool bowler of standing the jack and he will take " t'other chap " into an impossible country. For it is his business to know every blade of grass of a green as intimately as the members of his own family. And he so fires the imagination as to have it supposed that bowls have a soul.

" Taypot," *par exemple*, as he was when I saw him, now unhappily so many years ago that I am afraid he has, with other of his cronies, passed on. Sleeves rolled up to the elbows of his hairy arms, he tossed for and won the jack. With a smirk as if to say to the competitor with whom he had been paired, "Tha'd better mind tha P's and Q's," he sent the jack to a spot within a few feet of the edge of the green, watching it, as it went rolling along, with the eye of an eagle. That, however, was not enough : he followed it to its resting place ; and having approved of the layout, marched back to his woods. Then this ritual : first he took a flaming red handkerchief from his pocket, and, having polished his bowl, sent it on its journey, with himself behind it, now shooting up a hand, again pulling up with a jolt to stand on one leg. Another little run, his arms employed as signals, then down on his knees, his head cocked at such an angle that, in my ignorance, I feared that he had broken his neck.

" Now then," he addressed his wood, " not so merry wi' thi " ; " If tha narrers " ; "Come, lad." And I do believe that that wood understood the cajoling and the threatening of it. At any rate, it nestled so close to the jack that it was voted to be unbeatable. Its master gloated excusably, and I could not but agree that it was what the cognoscenti held to be a Bobby-dazzler. But they had not reckoned with the opposition, as represented by a be-mufflered white-hot collier, who, disdaining either the finger or thumb bias, bowled with such mathematical straightness as to dislodge the other wood from its apparent position of impregnable security. The usurper preened and swelled, and his rooters rooted to the full capacity of their leather lungs. Betting on the end waxed fast and furious. And when the last wood was bowled I estimated that at least £25 had been wagered on the result of that particular match.

I waited on until the last game of the tournament, and the experience I shall never forget. The finalists were surely of a mould that must have been broken when they were born. They told of the long and short of it. One a towering fellow, heavy-jowled, aldermanic, oozing geniality out of every pore. The other lean, but as tough as teak. Their physical differences were as marked as their idiosyncrasies. For whereas the giant tramped after his wood, the pigmy tip-toed like a fairy.

The only things

(Continued on page 93)

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ROSE'S LIME JUICE AND LIME MARMALADE

Arks

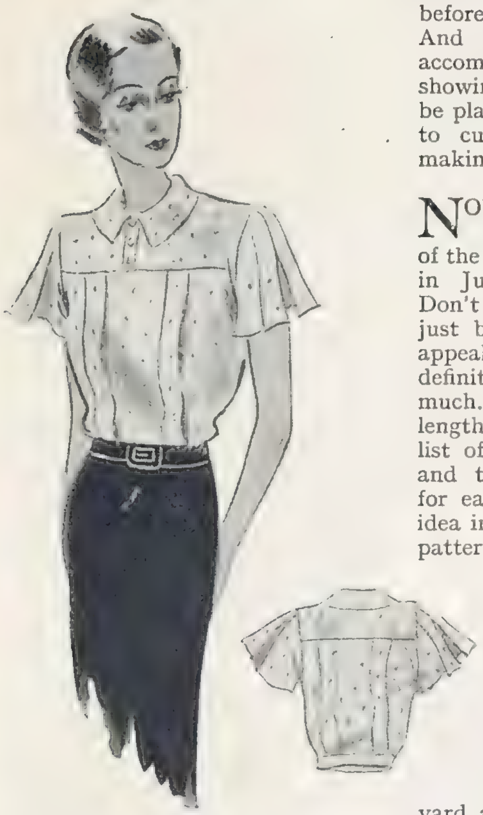
they had in common were their extraordinary vocabulary and supreme belief that their bowls had eyes to see and ears to understand. And each, during the game, approximated to a semaphore, and alternately cooed and blasted instructions to this and that wood. As for the onlookers, they saw no humour in gesticulations however extravagant. And it was forced upon me that nothing short of the players standing on their heads would have created surprise. It was, for instance, in the nature of things that a bowl should be warned that "If tha doesn't mind thisen, tha'll know about it," or "By gum, wot are y'up to?" The seriousness, the intensity, the importance of it all demanded and

condoned unusualness, whether in the form of a soliloquy or a threat to commit near to wholesale murder.

My experience of bowling at Blackpool, and as it is practised in Lancashire generally, is that, in its humanity, the pawkiness of its humour, it has no counterpart in the whole realm of sport. But it must be seen to be believed. A game for dodderers—never. And that is why, whenever I am abroad in my native county, I touch my hat to this and that man who, if he does not live by bowling, plays it in the way of a master.

End

Renovations and Remnants



No. 465.

This crisp little blouse requires only 1¾ yards of 36 in. material. Price 1/-

I EXPECT quite a number of you are now busy making preparations for your holiday wardrobes, so in this connection I would like to say a word or two about our Paper Pattern Service. First of all, in case you have not studied them very carefully, I would like you to turn back to pages 68 and 69 and have a look at the patterns which we are offering this month. I am not going to be garrulous about each one, but I do think No. 489 merits special attention. You see the idea? We sell the pattern of the little cape and apron skirt and you utilise it to make a new ensemble of last year's printed silk frock. Suppose you have a navy and white printed dress that does not look quite so fresh as you would wish; you just buy 2⅞ yards of navy wool georgette, send 1s. for this pattern, and after a few hours with scissors, needle and thread you have a most useful three-piece that will easily see you through another summer. Again, you can wear it with your new frocks on those rather chilly days when you want a little extra warmth. This pattern is so simple that even if you have never attempted home dressmaking before you need not hesitate to tackle it. And remember, all our patterns are accompanied by a clearly drawn diagram showing exactly how the pattern should be placed on the material before starting to cut out. Detailed instructions for making are also included.

NOW I am going to give you a little lecture on economy. It is *à propos* of the remnant sales which always abound in July. Do shop with intelligence. Don't go and buy odd lengths of material just because the colour and the price appeal to you. Go to the sales with a definite idea of what you want and how much. It is wasteful to buy a 4½ yd. length when 4 yards would do. Make a list of the dresses or blouses you want and the quantity of material required for each. Just to help you to get this idea into your head I am reprinting here pattern No. 465, which has proved very popular, being attractive, useful and economical. In a 34 in. bust size it requires only 1¾ yards of 36 in. material. So start your list with "Blouse—1¾ yds.," and I wish you good hunting. If you are not a remnant fiend make it in one of Tootal's lovely crease-resisting "Robia" voiles. They range from 1s. 11d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, and if you would like patterns, write to Britannia and Eve's Paper Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclose a 1½d. stamp for postage and we will send you a selection.

DON'T forget our special cutting service. If you find that none of our patterns is exactly the one for which you are looking send us a sketch of any dress, coat, blouse or lingerie that you particularly like. You can send a pencil sketch of your own design or you can cut out a sketch or photograph from any publication. Often charming original designs are reproduced in the weekly and monthly papers just to show the trend of fashion, but no pattern is offered. Send us any one of these designs that appeals to you, and we will have a paper pattern specially cut for you. If you have it cut in a stock size, *i.e.*, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 or 42 in. bust with hip measurement in each case 4 in. larger than bust, our charge is 3s. 6d., but if you wish it cut to your own measurements we charge 4s. 6d. In the latter case measurements should be given in as much detail as possible to ensure your entire satisfaction. If possible, send us a back view or indicate your idea of how you wish the back to look. This is not absolutely necessary, but it will help us, and will also be much more satisfactory from your point of view.

Lost Ugly Fat

Fat Folks—Here's more Proof —Daily Dose of Kruschen Salts and Twenty-one Pounds Gone —Eats as Usual—Looks Years Younger—Costs 1/9

A Typical Kruschen Figure of Health and Vivacity.

Thousands of women have resigned to ugly fat and abandoned their desire to remain attractive because they believe there is nothing to be done about it. They have tried rigid and complicated diet, and have wearied of its monotony. They have tried strenuous exercise, and, after much puffing and panting, have failed to stay the course. They have tried tight lacing, and have only achieved that trussed up appearance—so fatally middle aged.

On the other hand, there are thousands of women who are enjoying the thrilling experience of watching ugly fat disappear, simply because they have discovered the daily dose of Kruschen Salts. Miss R. G. writes: "*I first started taking them for rheumatism—and then I found I was losing weight—which pleased me very much.*" Of course, it pleased her. Wouldn't it please *you?* Read the letter she writes:

"I am glad to say that I have certainly lost weight since taking Kruschen Salts. I first started taking them for rheumatism, with satisfactory results, and then found I was losing weight—which pleased me very much. Naturally I continued to take Kruschen Salts, and do so at present. During a period of 7 to 8 months I have actually reduced from 10 stone to 8 stone 7 lb., also I look years younger. No special diet was taken, except that I ate brown bread, nor did I take any special exercises."

(Miss) R. G., Aylesford.

You, too, can reduce your waistline, hips and weight; you, too, can possess a stylish, slender figure—and at the same time build up new health. Kruschen is a saline—NOT a drug—it's an ideal blend of mineral salts found in the aperient waters of those European Spas which have been resorted to from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including obesity. Kruschen is SAFE.

Get a 1s. 9d. bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

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NESTOL Medicated Toilet Powder Large Tin 1/3

At Fifty Feet

(Continued from page 31)

floating round in a half-circle and taking up even flight again.

Keenly he gazed around and below for the other machine. According to all precedent the attacker should now be beneath because he had been diving while Lexham was zooming, but with growing amazement Lexham realised that the sky beneath was empty. He twisted in his pit, looked back and up.

There, riding his tail, perhaps three hundred yards away, sat the other machine—a dark-blue Gipsy Moth, brand-new it seemed, sparkling and dancing in the afternoon sun. Lexham caught his breath involuntarily. Had this been war it would probably have been his last breath, for the Moth was in perfect position to rake him from nose to tail with lead. Sheer instinct rather than fear guided Lexham now. He kicked on left rudder, flung the stick sideways and came sweeping round in a vertical turn.

This was no ordinary pursuer, he realised. Any pilot who could recover from such a dive out of the sun in time to follow a rapid zoom and remain on the tail of his enemy, was a *good* pilot, a trained pilot, a combat pilot. There was no time for conjecture, however.

The pursuer had followed his lightning manœuvre with instant decision, and Lexham found himself re-enacting a grim comedy which he had supposed he would never act again after leaving France.

ONE of the first lessons a combat pilot learns is "When he's on your tail—circle." An aeroplane machine-gun is fired at a fixed angle through the propeller and can only be aimed by pointing the nose of the plane at the target. If the target is sweeping round in a rapid circle it cannot be hit because, follow it as quickly as one may, it is always ahead on a curved path, and the gun which fires round corners is not yet invented. The only thing one can do is to join the circle on the tail of the target and wait for the moment when the other pilot can flash round and round no longer.

The only thing that keeps a plane in a continuous vertical turn is sheer speed—speed which creates such centrifugal force that the machine cannot slip inward or down any more than water can move in a rapidly revolving pail. The length of time for which any man can stand the strain of such centrifugal force depends on the individual, and when he must come out of his bank there is a split second when his machine, whatever the manœuvre may be, will present a momentarily stationary target. Whichever of the combatants is the cooler and cleverer during that split second—lives.

Lexham was in the deadly circle. His war training held him there grimly, waiting. But, for the first time in his life he realised that he was thirty-eight. The exhilaration, the muscular control, the fierce joy of combat were missing. The strain seemed unbearable. In the first few sweeping turns he knew that he was an ace no longer, that he was old, broken, defeated. The air pressure which bowed his head rigidly downward was like an iron weight. His blood pounded, pounded; his breath choked and dried. A black veil seemed to shut down over his eyes—almost unconscious, he snapped the throttle shut and pushed the stick forward and to the right.

The plane jerked violently, fluttered, hung——

Lexham sat limply, waiting for that familiar tat-tat-tat—for the sound of splintering wood as the bullets smacked home, for the sudden searing agony which was the penalty of defeat. So often had he himself been the stern, relentless victor meting out the penalty. Now—

The nose of the plane lifted sluggishly, hung, dropped. The machine plunged downward and went into a spin. The earth swung round his vision in a careening, tilted nightmare. With a superhuman effort he tightened up on the rudder, shut his eyes to lessen the vertigo, fought the increasing spin down to a straight dive and floated up again to an even keel. One thought was dominant in his recovering brain, a thought which gave him back life, renewed his youth, restored his confidence—"He's got no gun!"

He looked back and up again. There sat the Moth, serenely, calmly, seeming to mock at him in a cool consciousness of supremacy. At any moment during the past two minutes the pilot of the Moth could have ended the battle. The Avro had been at his mercy.

Lexham stared intently at the flashing arc of the Moth's propeller. No, he believed there was no gun. Then what the Hell was the game? Somebody trying to scare him? One of his old buddies playing the fool? Some pupil—a blinding light flashed upon him, nearly causing him to jerk the stick into a dive.

Cynthia Lyle!

He furiously rejected the idea. No chit of a girl with fifteen hours' solo could outfly him—Squadron-Leader George Lexham, A.F.C., D.S.C.! At the very thought there welled up in him such a wave of fury and chagrin that he literally gasped for breath.

Well, he'd see. He shut off the engine, putting the nose down just far enough to keep the plane gliding comfortably, then, half rising from his seat, he waved to the Moth, beckoning and pointing down in a wordless request for the other to come down level with him. The Moth pilot evidently understood, for he started down as though to comply and then, apparently changing his mind, opened full out, dived past Lexham so closely that the Avro bucked in the slip-stream, and soared up again in a glorious loop, finishing in precisely the same position from where he had started—on Lexham's tail!

Lexham swore savagely. It had been impossible to tell, when the Moth had dived past, whether it contained a man or a woman. The flying helmet and goggles of the pilot had alone been visible, so that he was no wiser than before.

Then Lexham went berserk. Never, in his grimmest battles for victory and life over Flanders had he flown so madly or so brilliantly. Every trick and dodge known to the flying ace Lexham tried. Up and down the sky from eight thousand feet to two thousand, the curveting machines dived and soared. Split turn, chandelle, roll, half-roll, roll off a loop, Immelman. Slipping, sliding, diving, twisting, spinning, until Lexham felt sick and dizzy, tired and old. Still the blue Moth rode his tail, still the blue wings flashed and turned and followed as though operated by the same control. If anyone below were watching it must have been a glorious sight, a poem in blue and silver, for, save perhaps the flight of a gull or the darting sweep of a trout, there is no sight more graceful or inspiring than an aerial combat between skilled pilots.

Lexham was beaten. He knew it; he felt it. Youth must be served. But the feeling of despair, of disgrace, was gone. He had been beaten by a genius. Whoever was in that Moth was no more *driving* it than the brain of a bird drives its flight. That pilot was a part of the Moth, as much a part as the brain is of the bird, flying it instinctively, not reasoning, not thinking, but riding every gust, controlling every movement with such perfect balance and instinct as an eagle possesses. And Lexham was content to be vanquished by such a pilot. He was too good a pilot himself to fail to recognise such genius and bow to it. Of such stuff were the great ones: Ball, Manock, Richthofen, Immelman—and a dozen others.

He surrendered, dropping down in a slow, flat spin—itself admission of defeat, for in actual warfare there is no better target than a plane in a flat spin.

Then, straightening out, he held both hands aloft in token of surrender, gripping the stick between his knees. He was intensely curious to know whether it was really Cynthia Lyle. He could not believe

(Continued on page 96)

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it—it seemed incredible that a girl with but three months' training should have become such a pilot. Yet, thought Lexham, men had to learn in less than three months in wartime. Given inherent genius, it was not impossible that she should have so progressed.

The occupant of the Moth saw his signal and waved in reply; then, forsaking his position on Lexham's tail, he swung down until he flew alongside and slightly above the Avro, to the left.

Lexham stared hard at the helmeted head. No, it was impossible to tell. The figure waved an arm and pointed down. Lexham looked down, and suddenly realised that he was lost. The combat had so twisted and turned, drifted and swayed, that miles of country had been covered. They were over open country now; far to the right appeared a black smudge that might be a town, but he could not recognise any landmark.

Well, no use landing here, he thought. He knew the compass bearing of the drome and its position relative to the sun, for only three-quarters of an hour had elapsed since leaving the field. He shook his head at the Moth, pointed to the sun, and then at the direction of the drome, and began to bank round in that direction.

To his surprise, the Moth heeled round and, instead of following his lead, came soaring directly overhead, the pilot still stabbing downward with his arm.

"You go to blazes," growled Lexham. "I'm landing on my drome and nowhere else."

The Moth dipped and came lower, still directly overhead.

"Hey, hold off, you fool!" shouted Lexham, and frantically waved the other away.

The blue plane never wavered. It dipped lower, lower; it blotted out the sky from Lexham, its roaring engine mingled with the noise of his own, its wheels threatened the centre section of the Avro. In sheer desperation, Lexham put his nose down and began a turn to get away. The Moth turned with him and held its position.

Lexham began to lose his temper again. Damn it, why *should* he land here, when the drome was only a few miles away?

He began to twist and turn again, but on an even keel now, for they had not sufficient height to indulge in any more aerobatics. It was useless. The Moth followed his every movement, and always it rode only a few feet above, pressing him down, forcing him to give way before the threat of collision.

Lexham gave it up, looked about for a suitable landing place. Away to the right was a sweep of grass-land, dotted with grazing cattle. Ahead were fields of young corn, to the left a railway, with low hills beyond. Lexham decided on the pasture. The cattle were mostly herded at one side of the meadow, leaving plenty of room for him to get down. He shut off his engine, and with a final wave of surrender put his nose down for the field.

The pursuing plane fell off in a half-circle to leave him room, itself intending to land behind him, and to one side.

Then, as he neared the ground, a sudden idea came to Lexham. Why should he land? Why not get nearly down, thus lulling the other's suspicions, and then smack the throttle wide, go up again and dash for home? While the Moth was recovering from its surprise and getting up again he could get a substantial lead and perhaps retain the lead as far as the drome.

He cast a rapid glance round: the Moth was settling, behind and to the left.

Here was the field—down, down, hold her off, gently *now!* Bang went the throttle, the engine bellowed, the nose came up, and away roared Lexham, skimming the hedge like a frightened bird. He held off with just enough height to clear any possible trees and kept the throttle wide, then looked back to see the effect of his manœuvre.

The pilot of the Moth had been utterly taken by surprise. Lexham saw the machine, nearly touching the ground, jerk suddenly as the engine cut in abruptly. Up came its nose—too steeply, surely—yes, Good *God!*

It happened in a second.

The nose of the Moth lifted sharply to the surprised jerk on the stick, hung for a horrible moment with the propeller clawing at the air in a vain fight for flying speed, and then, sickeningly, the port plane dropped, the whole machine lurched and fell sideways and the wing crumpled into the ground with a rending smash, dragging the nose round abruptly and pitching the Moth down as though it had been plucked from the sky.

Even as the nose of the Moth had lifted, Lexham realised what was going to happen, and he came round in as tight a turn as the Avro would make, shut off, glided back over the field and, slipping into the wind, dropped down on to the field near the wreck.

Almost before his machine had stopped, Lexham was out of it and racing towards the Moth. If it should catch fire——

He was there. The pilot was struggling feebly in his pit. Thank Heaven, he was alive, then! He turned as Lexham arrived and made a weak gesture.

"The rudder bar, it's caught my foot."

"All right," said Lexham, "we'll soon have it out."

He snapped open the flap of the cockpit, wriggled his head and shoulders past the pilot and wrenched away the broken bar which was jammed across the fuselage, trapping the pilot's feet. Then he edged back, pulled himself free and looked up. The pilot had removed helmet and goggles.

It *was* Cynthia.

He grasped her shoulders and half-helped, half-dragged her from the wreck.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded, anxiously.

She shook her head. "N-no," she said, doubtfully. "I was so afraid—fire—I——"

She staggered a little, and sat down abruptly on the grass. Lexham stood and looked at her, fighting for words.

"Well," she queried at last. "Can I fly?"

Lexham seemed to wake up. He took a step forward.

"Shake!" he said, and held out his hand.

She took it with a laugh that had a catch in it, and for a moment they were silent, looking at each other.

"I'm sorry," she said at last. "Do you know, you've given me the finest flying lesson I've ever had."

"*I* have?" echoed Lexham. "Why, you had me utterly beaten."

She shook her head. "I simply followed your manœuvres. And it came off. But you won. You beat me with the last trick."

"Miss Lyle," said Lexham, slowly, "I am deadly serious when I say that you're the finest pilot I've ever met." (He seemed to have forgotten that he was still holding her hand. So did she.) "I hope you'll let me fly with you again—often."

"Oh, but, of course, I'm coming back to the school."

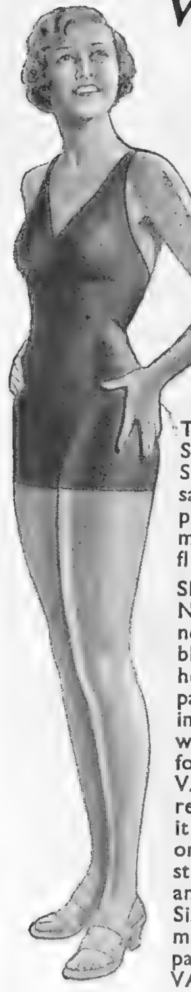
"What on earth for?"

"To learn to fly." Then, gravely, "'*Any fool can fly at five thousand feet, but it takes a pilot to fly at fifty!*' And you were right. Is it a bargain?"

"It's a bargain," said Lexham, and smiled down into her eyes.

END

Regain Your Youthful Grace and Vigour



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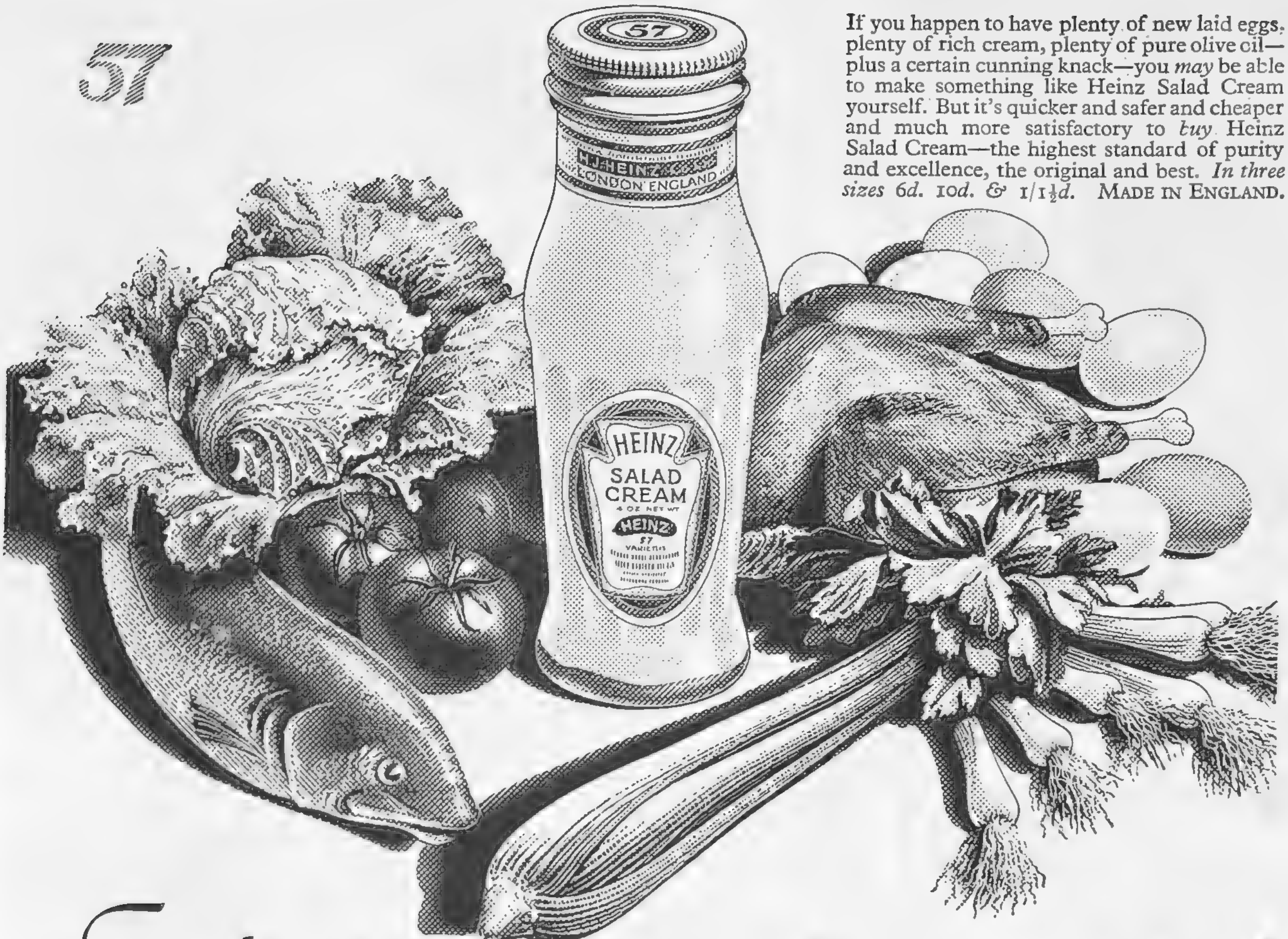
In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

57



If you happen to have plenty of new laid eggs, plenty of rich cream, plenty of pure olive oil—plus a certain cunning knack—you *may* be able to make something like Heinz Salad Cream yourself. But it's quicker and safer and cheaper and much more satisfactory to *buy* Heinz Salad Cream—the highest standard of purity and excellence, the original and best. *In three sizes 6d. 10d. & 1/1½d.* MADE IN ENGLAND.

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Your Summer Breakfast

(Continued from page 70)

For the dishes themselves, why not turn over recipe books and notes and examine our collection of after-dinner savouries?

These little dishes, essentially of a spicy, appetising nature, may perhaps be converted or adapted easily to breakfast-time needs. At any rate they give you an idea. Fish, also, should appear fairly frequently, with an occasional dish of cold ham or a breakfast sausage.

Here are a few recipes to go on with.

Mushroom Canapés. I

Peel and wash the mushrooms and put them in a saucepan with the juice of a lemon and enough boiling water to cover them. Boil for five minutes and drain well.

Meanwhile melt a little butter or bacon fat in a frying-pan, put in the mushrooms, adding salt, pepper, chopped parsley and a tiny pinch of cayenne pepper.

Cook together for five or six minutes, or longer if you prefer, but remember that mushrooms should not be cooked too long. Have ready some squares of bread crisply fried in bacon-fat and put mushrooms on each piece.

Mushroom Canapés. II

First fry crisply some rashers of streaky bacon, one for each person. When they are done remove and keep hot. Add a little butter to the fat, and in this fry your mushrooms previously peeled, washed and dried. Season with salt and pepper and a dash of Worcester sauce. Pile the mushrooms on bread fried in bacon fat and sprinkle the top with the bacon finely chopped.

Fried Eggs à l'orientale.

Boil some rice—a small handful for each person—and when it is nearly done, but not quite, drain it well and put it into a frying-pan in which you have melted some butter.

Add salt, pepper and a good pinch of saffron, and cook until the rice is soft. Put the rice in a hot serving dish and place on top the eggs very crisply fried in deep fat and well drained.

Eggs en Cocotte.

Another tempting breakfast dish served in little individual *cocottes* or ramekins. Make the little dishes hot first, put a tiny piece of butter in each and drop in one whole egg. Another tiny piece of butter, salt and pepper on top.

Place the ramekins in a baking dish with a little boiling water in it, put a lid or cover of some sort over all the dishes and cook in a moderate oven for about eight minutes. The whites should be set while the yolks remain liquid.

You can garnish these eggs in all sorts of ways by putting a tablespoonful of something already cooked and hot on top of each. Tomatoes, chicken livers, mushrooms, bacon or just a tablespoonful of hot cream.

There's Home-Made Jam for Tea

(Continued from page 72)

fruits are made either like strawberry or loganberry jams.

Vegetables can also make delightful preserves.

Carrot Jam.

Carrots.
Preserving sugar.
Lemons.
Warm water.
Brandy.
Sweet almonds.

Choose sound red carrots, wash and clean them well. Cut in pieces and put into a preserving pan with sufficient hot water to cover them. Allow to simmer until tender, then drain off the water and rub the carrots through a sieve.

Weigh this purée and to each pound allow 1 lb. sugar, 1 lemon, half an ounce sweet almonds and 1 tablespoonful brandy. Put the sugar and carrot purée into the preserving pan, add the grated rind and strained juice of the lemon, bring slowly to the boil, stirring all the time, then boil until the jam will set when tested on a plate.

Have the almonds blanched and shredded, and add them with the brandy at the last. Pot in the usual way.

Tomato Jam.

4 lb. tomatoes.
4 lb. sugar.
1 pint water.

Red home-grown tomatoes are best. Wipe and put in a basin with boiling water to cover, then peel them. Cut into quarters and remove the hard pieces. Put the tomatoes into a basin with the sugar overnight, then turn the contents into the preserving pan, and boil and finish like other jams.

Either of these jams can be made most successfully with Certo.

There are many old country recipes for jam-making and for those who have time to experiment great variety can be got later on from our woods and hedgerows. Where there is any doubt about the setting use Certo to get perfect results.

Pumpkin or Melon Jam.

9 lb. pumpkin or melon.
3 oranges.
1 teaspoonful citric acid.
10 lb. sugar.
3½ pints water.

Skin the melon or pumpkin, remove the seeds and cut into dice, wipe and peel the oranges and slice them as for marmalade. Put the sugar and water into a preserving pan and boil for ten minutes. Add the prepared pumpkin or melon and oranges, along with the citric acid and boil all together for about 1½ hours or until the jam sets. Pot and cover.

The jars used should be free from cracks, well washed and heated before use. The ideal method of covering all jam, however made, is with highly refined mineral wax known as Coverax. Label with the name and date, then store in a cool, dry, airy cupboard.

Twenty Minutes

(Continued from page 47)

Travel across the Atlantic, and beyond to the Middle West, in North, South, East and West of Europe, had brought him many strange happenings, but this! This! Damn it all! Charing Cross to Sidcup—who'd have thought it! What's her game? "Care, now! Don't get rattled."

So Bill nodded, smiled rather feebly, and said: "Oh, yes. Do you mind, please? I was just going to light a cigar."

"Oh, don't mind me!" said the voluptuous one, and shook herself invitingly from neck to hips. "I'm going to light a gasper! I love gaspers!"

A respite came to the rather nervous Bill. He had an evening paper in his pocket. "Bless that," he thought, and opened it deliberately, shutting out the vision, and hoped that it would shut her up.

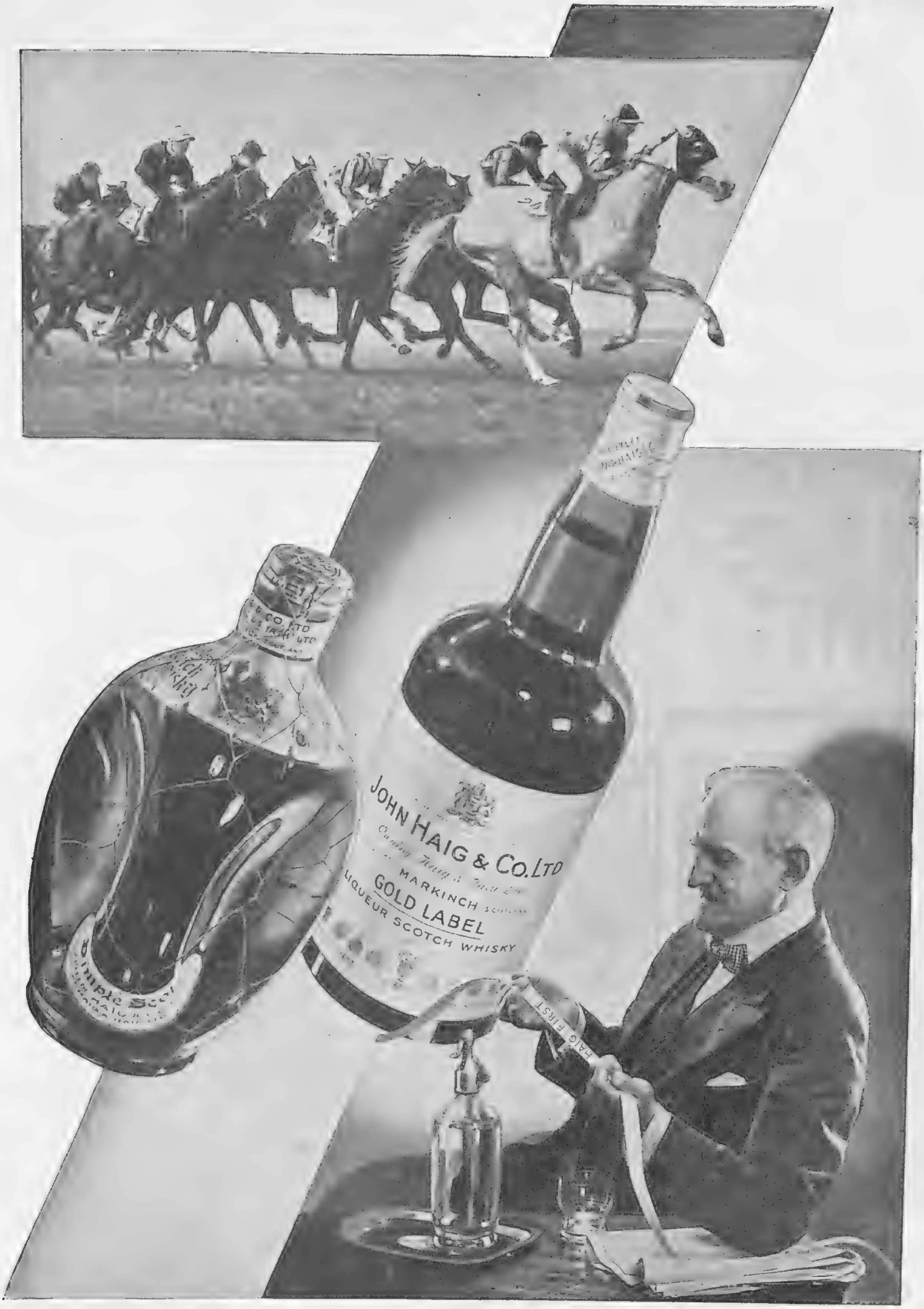
It did, and Bill breathed more freely.

The gorgeous Partaga, neatly nipped and carefully lighted, soothed him for many minutes. Bill was counting them. He had a "hunch" that this voluptuous one might "try something on." But no, thank goodness! She was smoking—sulking, perhaps, because—but, how silly, at his age!

She sulked, or appeared to do so, and Bill smoked—in peace.

In peace! So quickly and so rudely to be broken.

(Continued on page 100)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" Pardon me ! " she said. " We are now within a few minutes of arriving."

" Oh, really ? " said Bill, looking up from the paper he hadn't been reading.

" Yes, really—and—I want ten pounds, please, from you ! "

" Ten what ? "

" Just ten pounds—that's all. It isn't an extravagant request."

She chose her words with care.

" We need not beat about the bush," she said. " I am fairly sure that you have ten pounds, and possibly more, on you."

" Why ? " Bill felt impelled to ask.

" You are perfectly dressed, you have been dining in town, you are obviously a gentleman and prosperous. Without doubt you are married. That's why I ask you quite calmly and definitely for—ten pounds."

A flicker of his second Benedictine made Bill reply, " I'll see you damned first ! "

" Oh, no, you won't ! You've too much to lose."

" You—blackmailer ! "

" A nasty word, but, yes, that is my—profession."

" But," said Bill, interested in spite of his anxiety, " you must run a lot of risks—prison and all that ? "

" I do ! " answered the voluptuous one calmly, " but I manage to get quite a lot of tenners from well-dressed men, obviously gentlemen, and without doubt married."

She smiled like Circe, and Bill went all cold down his spine.

" How and why did you pick on me ? " he asked.

" I saw you," she replied. " You passed me in the Strand. I was in a doorway. You turned in to the station—I followed. I heard you ask for a ticket to Sidcup. You were so wrapped up in yourself that you didn't notice me. I took a ticket and followed you again. I needed money, and—here we are ! Oh, I know my business. Come, now—don't let us have any upset," she said. " It isn't worth it. Only ten pounds. I'm not grasping. That's why I always—almost always—get away with my last train ' talkie.' You needn't even kiss me. Your wife would see my lipstick, and that would cause trouble. Come, now ! "

There was perceptible slowing of the train.

" Blimey ! " thought Bill. " I'm in for it. I've got to give in."

" Just a moment," he said. " And if I don't pay ? If I tell you to go to the devil, where you came from, what about it ? "

" I shall pull the alarm cord just as we are entering the station and accuse you of assault. Hurry now," she said, " we haven't much more time—ten pounds ! I'll count five slowly, and each one will mean an extra pound. One—two—three—— ! "

Poor Bill ! His mind worked like that of one drowning, or dreaming, in tenths of seconds.

The Wilsons, his wife, the car, the companies, his directors, his staff, the newspapers, dinner, Savoy, Swedish guests, plenty to drink, left them there, home by train, voluptuous woman, weakness of the flesh, prone to evil, sniggers. Agony ! he could see and hear it all.

He fancied people saying : " See the case in the paper about Bill Blank ? Who'd have thought he was one of that kind ? " " Oh, I don't know, he's no better than the rest. Serve him jolly well right ! " And so on.

Bill sweated with anguish.

" Well ! " said the lady, " I've counted five—that makes fifteen pounds, please. Or——"

" Or what ? "

" You know ! Come on ! Out with your note case."

Almost automatically, Bill's right hand groped its way to his trouser pocket, and he cursed himself and his cowardice while it did so.

" My wife," he thought, " poor darling—first time I've ever been blackmailed. Damn ! but I must—I couldn't bear the look in her eyes. Oh ! I give in. I—No !—No ! I don't."

Suddenly his brain cleared. Napoleon was himself again. He had noticed something.

" Madam ! " he said, " It would be an insult to the canine race, feminine, to call you by such a name—but you are. I'll pay you nothing ! Get on with it. I'll fight the case—but I warn you, whatever you do, keep in your corner—don't come near me. If you do, I'll—I'll kick you ! "

" That's all right," she said, " keep your seat. So far I've got away with my little game—without going all out—but never mind, I'll take a chance. Watch me."

Bill watched her, fascinated, but curiously calm.

Sidcup—a few seconds to the train stop.

She pulled the alarm cord.

She ruffled her hat, pulled down her hair, tore at the neck of her dress. In brief, she rent her garments.

To the tick of the arrival, the Guard, with a platform inspector, reached the door.

" What's all this ? " they asked, and feasted their eyes upon dishevelled beauty, which made their simple, homely mouths water.

She was an actress, indeed. She rolled her eyes, flopped into her seat, and gasped : " This man has assaulted me ! " and then registered a faint—with one eye open.

Bill sat quiet in his corner.

The guard took charge.

" Well (gulp) sir," as he noticed Bill's immaculate attire, " this is a serious matter. I shall have to trouble you to come with us to the Station Master's office."

" George "—he turned to the inspector—" whistle for Harry, the constable, he's quite near." And that was done.

Bill sat quiet in his corner.

" All right, guard," he said. " I know what this means, but I'm not coming with you—yet."

" But you must, sir ! We can't keep the train waiting—we're late now."

" Never mind that ! This—*lady*—accuses me of—what you heard—eh ? "

" Yes—sir ! "

" You don't know me," Bill went on, " because, although I live six miles from here, I don't use your line much. I drive to Town."

" Yes—sir ! But what's that got to do with your ass—ass—assaulting the lady ? "

" Just this ! Now, guard, and inspector, and—Oh, good ! Here is the police officer. Officer ! This is your job. This—lady—with her hair all messed up, and her most disorderly attire, accuses me of assault. That's so, isn't it ? "

" Yes—sir ! " said the guard, with rather grudging politeness, " and you must come with us, please."

" I'll come," said Bill. " Oh, yes, but I'm not coming until you, particularly the police officer, a trained man, have noted *my* side of the case. Is that agreed ? "

" Yes—sir ! "

" First of all," said Bill, " look at me, perfectly tidy, not a speck of powder or lipstick on me. Not a hair out of place."

" That's all very well, sir," said the constable, " but you may have had time to make yourself tidy."

" Quite fair," said Bill. " You give me confidence to—what I may term—clinch my case."

" My case is that this—lady—is a liar and a blackmailer. It's her word against mine. She should be put under arrest, not I, and I'll prove it to you—honest men, husbands and fathers all, no doubt—why she should go instead of me."

" How ? " they asked in a chorus—and for the first time the voluptuous one gazed at them all with fear dawning in her eyes.

" Simple ! " said Bill.

From behind his evening paper he produced his exhibit, mute and convincing evidence for the defence.

" Look at this cigar ! " He held up his beloved Partaga. " The ash is at least two and a quarter inches long—unbroken. I've been smoking it steadily for TWENTY MINUTES."

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The Milky Way

(*Continued from page 45*)

"Perhaps it got caught in that funny bracelet you've got on, Mr. Inch," someone suggested.

"Perhaps—I don't know—oh, what can I say! Mrs. Sharman, if I'm in any way to blame for any part of this ghastly accident I'll never forgive myself." He bowed his head, and several people murmured in sympathy.

The doctor slipped quietly through the crowd and took Mrs. Sharman by the arm. The whole body sagged and the green dress creased like the skin of an over-ripe fruit.

"Please go and lie down, Madam—at once!"

She turned furiously on him, and wrenched her arm away. "I'll do nothing of the sort. Leave me alone, can't you."

"If you don't do as I say you'll have a stroke in another sixty seconds," the doctor cut in harshly and led her forcibly along the deck and out of sight. Inch followed nervously, obviously at a loss to know what to do. He, too, disappeared.

THE hours passed. Hamish and the doctor were ordering themselves a final drink before the bar closed for the night. They sat together in a corner of the smoking room and discussed, for the twentieth time, each detail of the event they had witnessed.

"I can't help feeling that there's more in it than meets the eye," Hamish was reiterating. He took a long, thoughtful pull at his rye-whisky-and-water. "It was a curious coincidence, too, that we should've been talking of much the same sort of thing just before it all happened," he added.

"But, my dear man, we all of us saw it fall. He couldn't very well have fished the damned thing out of the sea again—not even in this age of wonders."

"I know. But——"

"Oh, come now!" the doctor laughed. "At best it was an accident—at worst he deliberately chucked it overboard, though why on earth he should want to do that passeth my understanding. Anyway, we'll probably never know."

A sudden gleam came into Hamish's eyes, and he frowned thoughtfully. At that moment Shirley came across the almost empty room and joined them.

"She's asleep now, thank God!" she replied to a questioning look from the doctor. "You know, it's funny," she went on, "she still insists the wretched thing was pulled out of her hand."

The doctor smiled enigmatically, and got up. "Good night!" he said, and left them.

Hamish led the girl through a succession of lounges and up a companionway to the boat deck. As they went he asked a question.

"Was that man with you the whole time you were ashore to-day?"

"You mean Inch? No, he left us for about an hour at the Runnymede. He had business of some sort. When he came back he brought all those coconuts with him."

"I see!" Hamish whispered—but what he saw, if anything, he did not disclose. The moon was setting; but its glory still gleamed from squat funnels and threw long shadows across the deck. He slipped an arm round her and drew her gently to him.

"No, Ham—please!" she whispered. But the hands that pressed him back were very tender.

He let her go reluctantly. Suddenly he laughed and seized her by the shoulders.

"Shirley—if I get back that necklace Hector dumped into a mile or so of sea, will you marry me and come to the States, instead of looking after that old hag in Shanghai? I've plenty of money for both of us."

His spirit was infectious, and she laughed back an affirmative.

"Sure?" he demanded—carefully and distinctly.

"Abso-*lutely!*" she mimicked, and bade him good night.

Hamish awoke next morning filled with a sense of exhilaration and well-being. He leaped out of bed and looked through his cabin window. Away on the horizon low, palm-clad shores stood out in the morning sun. That must be somewhere near Malacca, he thought, and the ship would be reaching Singapore well before tea-time. He put on a thin silk dressing gown, collected his sponge and a piece of soap, and stood listening by his door. Inch's cabin was directly opposite. Presently he heard a door open across the little passage. After a moment's pause he stepped out, turned into the main corridor, and followed the thin back in search of a bath.

He arrived at the bathrooms to find them, as usual, all occupied. Immediately in front of him Hector Inch waited fretfully.

Hamish bade him a cheerful good morning. Inch grunted irritably, and blew a cloud of smoke from between discoloured teeth. "Smoking before breakfast shoots hell out of the nerves—don't do it!" Hamish advised calmly. The other swung round angrily. "Look here! I'm sick of——"

"'Ere y'are, sir! All ready," the bath attendant suddenly erupted on a billow of steam. Inch snorted and moved towards the room indicated. A moment later Hamish heard the latch snap to. The attendant turned to him. "Sha'n't keep you a moment sir. Bit of a rush-like this mornin'."

Hamish, however, did not wait. He hurried back down the corridor and opened his own door. Carefully assuring himself that no stewards were hanging about in the offing, he slipped silently into the cabin opposite. For perhaps fifty seconds he stayed there; then suddenly reappeared and moved swiftly across to his own room, pushing the door nearly shut. He took something from under his arm and for five minutes there was silence. Then he put his head round the door and glanced quickly up the little side passage that connected with the main corridor. It was empty. He stepped quickly across the passage, into Inch's cabin, and a moment later came out again shutting the door behind him. Within a few minutes he was up to the neck in hot salt water and singing loudly and tunelessly.

It was about midday that they sighted Raffles Light. Presently they picked up the pilot, and several anxious-looking men in white drill whom Hamish rightly guessed to be insurance agents connected with the companies that had undertaken the Sharman business. The launch swung off in the direction of the Pilot Station and the great ship went on with slightly increased speed. As the passengers came up from lunch she was threading her way between green islands into the harbour. Eventually they tied up to a buoy and a fleet of small boats, launches and sampans gathered round them.

Hamish stood with Shirley on the boat deck, drinking in the moving, colourful scene. Presently Hamish noticed an ancient sampan, propelled with a stern oar by an old Chinese woman, earnestly scavenging amongst the floating rubbish. She had a long bamboo in her hands with a small net fastened on the end. Hamish watched her idly. A gout of slops from the galley flopped into the water. The sampan moved forward and the net gathered in a collection of old cabbage stalks, two or three overripe grape-fruit and an empty tin. These the old woman carefully put away. Shortly afterwards she gathered in an old wooden box and some bits of driftwood.

Suddenly his eyes narrowed. From a cabin window immediately beneath him a shower of crumpled paper and odds and ends shot forth. This was followed by a whole coconut and a few broken pieces. There was a momentary pause and then one more nut curved out and fell with a tiny splash into the water. The sampan moved forward quickly and gathered in the spoil. It wandered aimlessly about for a short time afterwards and finally drifted away on the tide and was lost to view.

"Well! Well!

(*Continued on page 104*)

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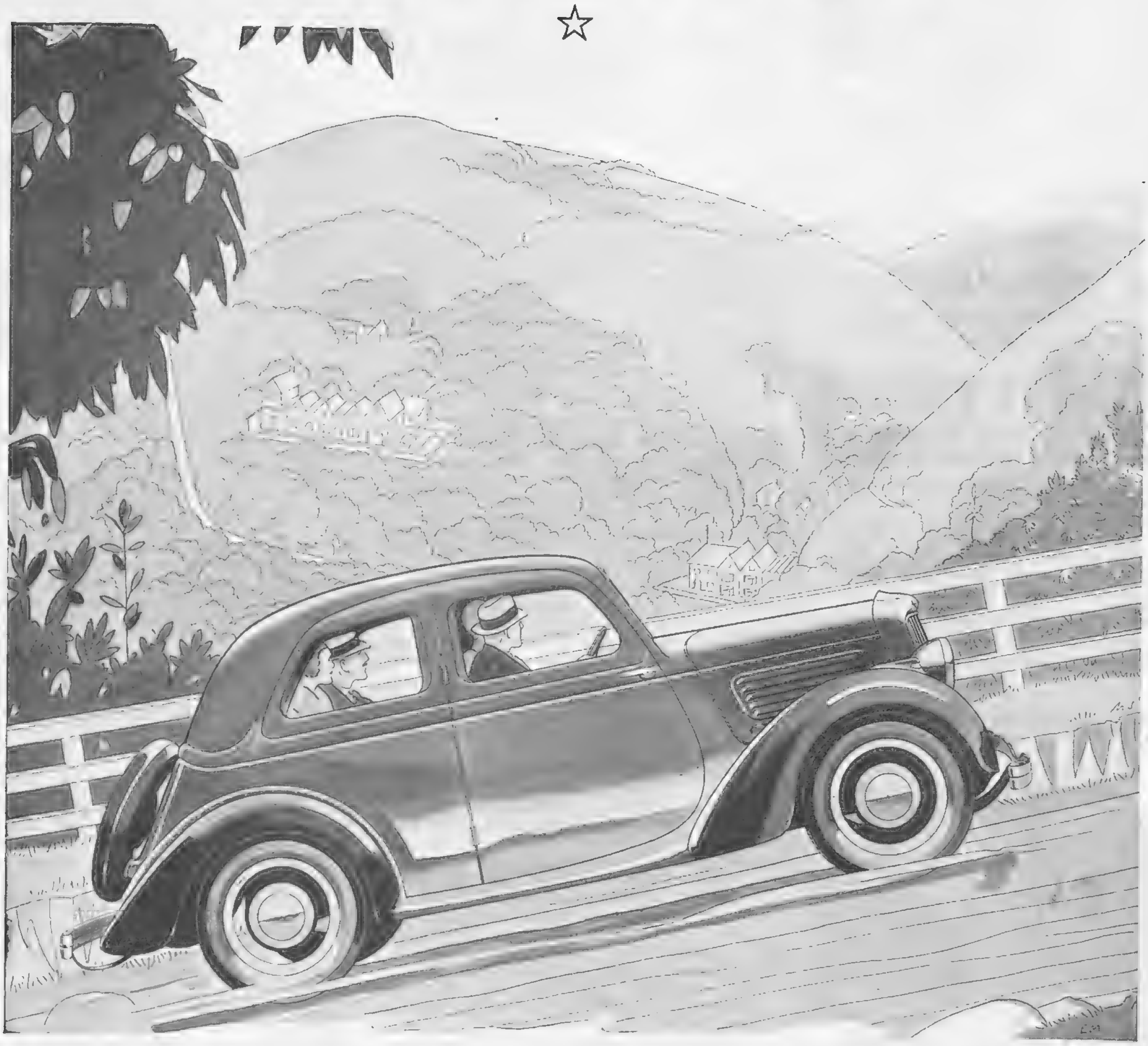

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Well!" Hamish breathed comfortably. "That's undoubtedly that!" Shirley looked at him interrogatively; but he offered no explanation and instead suggested that they should go in search of tea. "I guess it's too early for a highball yet—but we'll have one in my cabin before dinner to-night. I've got several people coming," he added.

At seven o'clock that evening anchor was weighed again and a course set for Batavia. In Hamish's cabin a small party had gathered, and cocktails had just been brought in. The party consisted of the purser, the doctor, Shirley, a couple of other girls and the second officer.

"Everybody got their poison?" he inquired. A chorus of affirmations greeted him. He lifted his glass and called for silence.

There was a sudden hush. "I give you a toast," he smiled—but the suppressed excitement in his eyes communicated itself to the others, and they all bent forward expectantly. "Nuts! Great big husky nuts! One every morning before you get up. But make sure they really contain milk—I had one this morning from our late friend's collection and it contained—*this!*" He suddenly brought his other hand from behind his back and threw on to the table a tightly rolled ball of cotton wool.

Everyone stared blankly. Hamish motioned to the purser to examine the exhibit.

The purser put down his glass with meticulous care and lifted the white bundle. He pulled the cotton wool apart. A second later he gave a cry of amazed incredulity as a river of green fire poured through his fingers and rang on the glass table top. His cry was taken up breathlessly and the little party crowded round.

"Good God! The emeralds!"

"Precisely!"

Everybody turned to him in speechless interrogation.

"You remember last night, Doc," he began, "we were discussing this business. You said it was either an accident or he had deliberately thrown it overboard. That word 'deliberately' suddenly gave me a crazy idea. We all saw a flash as the necklace fell—didn't we! Now suppose he had deliberately thrown overboard . . . *not* the real necklace, but something got up to look like it. He could have palmed the real one and concealed it in a moment in that great skirt arrangement he had on. The more I thought of it the more likely it became. But supposing he had stolen them—the next problem was how he was to get rid of them. He couldn't take the risk of walking ashore with them, because he could never be sure that someone's suspicions had not been aroused, and there was also the possibility that the insurance people would insist on a search as a matter of principle. I had another, even crazier, idea. I remembered Hector's strange passion for coconuts. It suddenly crossed my mind that a perfect way to get the jewels off the ship would be to put them inside a nut and sling it over the side for a confederate to pick up. No one would dream of anything being inside a bit of rubbish like that floating with the garbage round the ship's side. Anyhow, I committed a felony this morning while Inch was having his bath, and searched his cabin for coconuts. There was a glass by his bedside and an empty nut alongside it. On a small table stood three others. Two of these seemed genuine enough, but the third one gave no splash of milk inside when I shook it. Anyway, I took a chance and lifted it. In my own cabin I examined it all over with the greatest care, but it was fully three minutes before I discovered that it had been split around its equator and that the two halves screwed together. A wonderful bit of native work. Inside I found that." He pointed to the green glory on the table. "I put something in its place, and after screwing the two halves together, put it back in his cabin."

"Then that's why I couldn't get you away from the scuppers all the afternoon." Shirley cried out excitedly, "You were watching for him to throw it overboard. And that old woman in the sampan must have been there on purpose. Oh, I'm so glad you found. . . ." She stopped suddenly and flushed scarlet.

Hamish smiled wickedly at her. "I guess that's about the long and short of it. He had plenty of time to make the necessary arrangements, and he admitted himself that he knew this part of the world from the most exclusive houses to the more obscure opium dives and Government House."

"But why, for the love of Allah, did you let him go?" the purser exploded.

"I've very sound reasons"; he glanced quickly at Shirley, "but they're not for publication. Anyway, you can still probably get him. I say 'probably,' because I think he'll have a certain amount of difficulty in explaining to his Asiatic accomplices exactly why that excellent nut contained four rusty razor blades, a dozen golf tees, three metal studs and an old single bladed penknife in place of £30,000 worth of emeralds. Still—there may be something left of him if you hurry!"

The moonlight gleamed from squat funnels and cast long shadows across the deck. He slipped an arm round her; and this time she did not resist.

"Why did you let him go?" a soft voice asked him.

"First, because I'm not a professional sleuth; and secondly, because I was scared stiff they'd keep me back to give evidence or something, and I just can't spare the time. I've got to cable my father to see the captain, and——"

"What about?" she whispered.

He drew her to him. The moonlight streamed down upon her upturned face. "Hector was right!" he murmured, apropos of nothing. "Few people realise the magic of moonlight on precious jewels." He kissed her eyes, and as her arms slipped round his neck, she found her answer on his lips.

End

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 37)

blocked the narrow doorway, but to those in the room came the unmistakable sounds of many others following them. The Queen, struck with horror, asked Ruthven the reason for this unpardonable intrusion. Ruthven, his bloodshot eyes fixed on David, replied: "There is no harm intended to Your Grace, nor to anyone but yonder poltroon David; it is he with whom I have to speak."

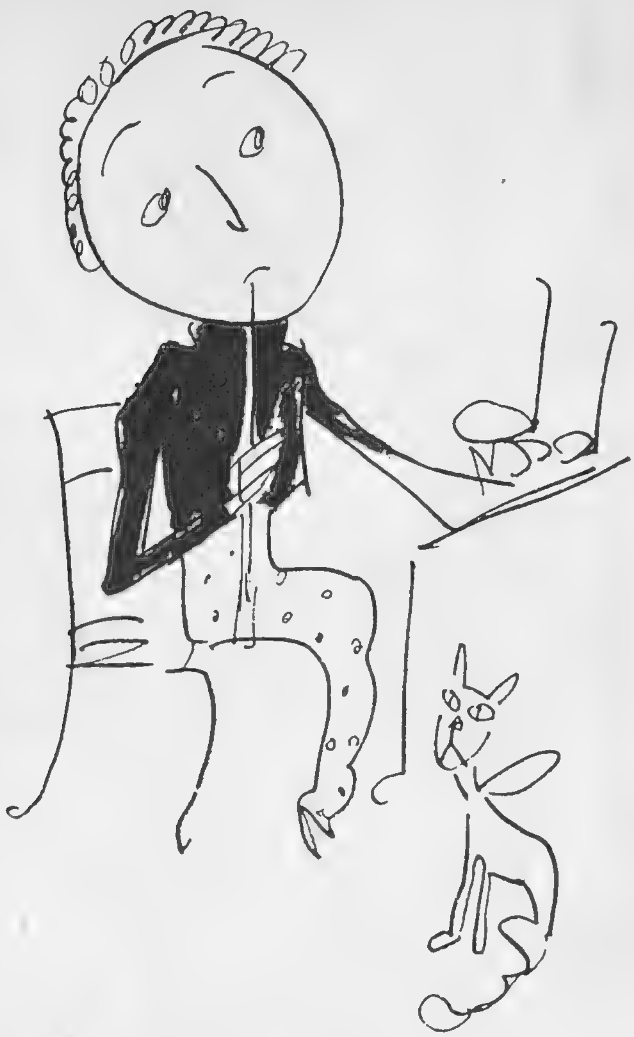
Darnley's passive silence must have irritated even Ruthven, for when she asked for what reason, Ruthven replied: "Ask the King, your husband, Madam." But when she asked him, he looked away from her, and, incapable of facing the truth in a manly way, said: "I know nothing about the matter."

Rizzio was paralysed. The Queen, pointing to the door, ordered Ruthven to go, whilst her companions were making their way through the narrow space in an endeavour to turn him out.

Ruthven shouted over his shoulder: "Lay no hands on me!" Evidently this was a signal, for Ruthven and Douglas were pushed forward with an inrush of armed men; there was no space to move. Above the pandemonium and shouts of terror could be heard Ruthven crying that all was happening with the sanction and consent of the King, that it was the King's will, etc. . . .

The table was pushed against the wall, then overturned with all there was on it. Jane Stewart, in the nick of time, caught one of the falling candelabra and she succeeded in keeping it upright despite the jostling and pushing. Rizzio, his useless dagger in his trembling hands, had managed to reach the Queen and, making a shield of her person, he begged

(Continued on page 106)



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her to protect him. The appeal was made to her queenly power, but brutal force had brushed aside all thoughts of royal prerogative. The stretched hands of Mary Stuart were unable to prevent the first thrust of a blade which sank for half its length in the black velvet coat of the unfortunate man.

Then Darnley, too, performed his act of heroism. He dragged the Queen away from the fireplace and, passing his arm firmly round her waist, kept her nailed against the wall, while David, already half dead, was being dragged along the floor into her bedroom. Thrust upon thrust continued to mutilate his body, although the eager blades of the assassins had already done their ghastly work. When at last they ceased there were 56 wounds—and from one of them was protruding the jewelled hilt of the King's dagger. It seems that Douglas had seized the weapon in order to put the royal seal on their great deed.

The tragic scene did not last for more than three minutes. The Queen's emotions had been too overwhelming, the naked glittering blades that suddenly filled her room too horrible a sight for her to realise properly what had happened. She gave vent to an outburst of reproach against Darnley, who retorted by going through the endless list of Rizzio's supposed crimes. She was surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting and her grooms. Her mind was so confused that, in spite of all that had happened, she still enquired what had become of David. Blank looks and evasive replies, however, soon acquainted her with the grim reality.

In the meantime the remains of the Queen's favourite were hurled down the staircase, and taken to the porter's lodge. There they were placed on a wooden chest, and as the crowd of servants stood staring at the gruesome sight, one of them observed that, when Rizzio came to the Palace for the first time, it was on that chest that he sat whilst waiting to be admitted.

No plot in history has left so much authenticated evidence as this one against Rizzio. The Bond, drawn by Darnley, shows that everything happened according to plan. The cold-blooded manner of its calculation almost passes belief. Darnley even insisted that the murder should take place in the presence of the Queen, without regard to her condition, or to the possible harm that it might cause her unborn child. Ruthven, who was one of the signatories of the Bond, repeatedly tried to make Darnley alter his mind on that point, but he remained adamant. Further, it was stipulated that Darnley should obtain the matrimonial crown. The rebel lords and all those who had directly and indirectly taken any part, were to be pardoned and restored to their estates. It was signed—"Henry R. 1st March, 1566."

The preacher John Knox, speaking of the butchery, describes it as—"worthy of all price"—while Randolph, writing a summary of the crime, expresses himself in the following terms: "She governed for four years quietly in Scotland, till a change was made through her disorderly behaviour; first with Chastelard, a scurvy varlet that came with M. d'Amville that was found under her bed; witness Madame Rawley and old Madame Seton. Next with David, who, of a beggarly minstrel sent into Scotland with Moreta, Ambassador of Savoy, was made her chief Secretary, and found at supper in her cabinet in Holyrood, where he received the reward of such a filthy wedlock breaker, with other such filthy behaviour, whereof I am ashamed to speak." Who, reading this description, would not believe that the culprit had been caught alone with the Queen, redhanded, and justly punished by an unprepared and summary penalty?

And so—a Queen branded for eternity. A child, destined to a throne, grows up with a stigma that no power on earth can wash away.

Centuries pass, and the uncertainty created by calumny remains eternal.

To-day, tourists visiting Holyrood Castle are shown a tiny room, the fireplace, the narrow door, the bedchamber of Mary Stuart, and a spot of blood on the floor. It came from a heart that knew what faithfulness was—so much at least, is certain.

A New Roman Empire

(Continued from page 11)

activities of the fanatical Senussi sect strongly entrenched in the country, and the demands of the Great European War, kept Italy at the outer gates of Cirenaica—Benghasi, Derna, and a few other seaports, until 1919, when she had the time, men and equipment to spare for the penetration and conquest of the interior. In 1925 by agreement with Egypt, Italy took over the Oasis of Giarabub, occupying it the next year as a headquarters for operations in the hinterland. 1928 saw the whole coast subjugated. There was, however, little security even a few miles inland.

The greater part of Cirenaica is desert and barren land, but in the more fertile regions camels, sheep and cattle are raised; barley and, in lesser quantities, wheat cultivated; olives, almonds and vines planted. Saltworks, sponge and tunny-fisheries are important industries. Where there is an abundance of sweet water, as in Derna for instance, luxuriant vegetation is sub-tropical, and almost anything will grow, from tobacco, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, figs, bananas, peaches, grapes, berries and perfumed flowers.

The Italian Government would literally have to gild the sands to render Cirenaica capable of supporting any appreciable proportion of Italy's surplus population within the next half-century or so. But they are going ahead doggedly and intelligently. What they can do they are doing, and doing that very well.

To enter Cirenaica from the Eastern (Egyptian) frontier is rarely undertaken except by officials on duty, and a few adventuring travellers. Customary arrival is at Benghasi by boat or by air.

I was staying at Mersa Matruh, more or less half-way between Alexandria and Sollum, Egyptian frontier of Cirenaica. Mersa Matruh is one of my favourite retreats. Beautiful bay, two large shallow sapphire lagoons, iridescent sands, palm grove, white village, mosque, beach hotel, British Government House, residence of Colonel A. W. Green Bey, British Governor of the Western Desert. The rolling desert and undulating sand-dunes south, spasmodically dotted with black nomad tents, there to-day, vanished to-morrow. Access by aeroplane, coastal steamers; bad road from Fuka, the railhead, some fifty miles east. Only water supplies from Alexandria in ship-borne barrels, or from ancient wells twelve kilometres distant.

Between Mersa Matruh and Sollum, the 180-mile road is negligible or bad. Impassable in the rainy season. Accurate distances on these desert tracks are almost impossible to state.

If you love the desert—and I do—there it is, stretching in endless, boundless horizon on all sides. No trees, no villages, no life, till the cooler evening permits a few wandering nomads to continue their mysterious pilgrimages, whence and whither only they themselves know. Goats and camels gurgle lusciously over shrivelled scrub and thorny bushes. The Bedouin chews dried dates. Mirages beckon. Illusionary palm groves, lakes, dripping rocks, faërie cities, minarets, cupolas and palaces. We all see them. The next moment all we see is the interminable, inexorable ocean of sand.

We entered Sollum by the setting sun. Eight hundred inhabitants and two Europeans, the Italian Vice-Consul Signor Ruggiero, and Colonel Neal W. Douglas-Matheson, road-builder.

(Continued on page 108)

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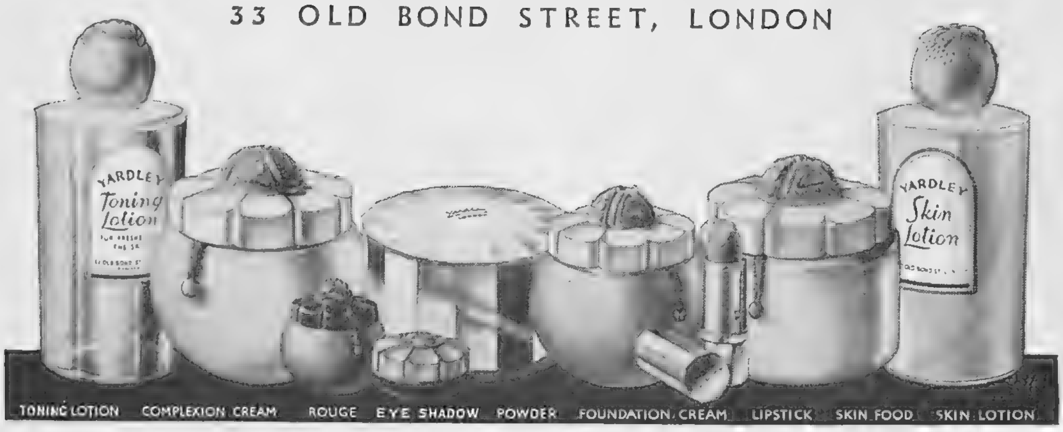

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Colonel Douglas-Matheson is a war veteran, wounded sixteen times, with sixty-three scars. He lives in a shack commanding the bay of Sollum, with three Arab servants, a dog and a tame hawk. The highly-decorative dinner plates he had borrowed from a Greek whose dinner service was the pride of Sollum. The Colonel relinquished his room to me, offered me a "warm shower-bath." The bathroom proved to be a room with a hole in the floor, and hole in the roof. Petrol drums on the roof, exposed to the heat of the sun, provided the "warm" water for the shower (released in exuberance by a primitive plug), the water drained away through the hole in the floor. As this precious water is transported twice a month 375 miles, all the way from Alexandria, the shower-bath was not the least of his sacrifices in the cause of hospitality.

I had not seen enough of his road-making, tame hawk and Sollum itself, before three handsome beflagged Italian military cars appeared to escort me through Cirenaica. With his unfailing courtesy and thoughtfulness, Marshal Italo Balbo had commanded magnificent hospitality from the Libyan border to Benghasi. Cars, accommodation, facilities, open reception everywhere.

Colonel Douglas-Matheson, some high Egyptian officials in British cars, lengthened the procession as far as the actual border. At the actual frontier, the gate of one of the most amazing border defences in the world was opened to receive us. A barbed wire fence, about five feet high, some eight feet deep, extending nearly 190 miles from Bardia on the Mediterranean coast to the Oasis of Giarabub in the heart of the desert, with sentries every kilometre, that is eight sentries every five miles, patrolled and rigorously maintained.

Five kilometres beyond the well-guarded wire gateway to Libya, Fort Amséat loomed sternly on the horizon. White, square, battlemented, in majestic isolation on the arid desert plateau, against a cloudless blue sky. I am not easily thrilled, because I have seen so much. But Amséat did thrill me. It hardly looked real. Too picturesque, too completely the perfect desert fortress of Foreign Legion cinema and novel. The heavy gates swung open. It was romantic even to enter the gates under the battlements. Commandant Antonio Carbotti and Lieutenant Gian-Giacomo di Beo in immaculate tropical uniform emerged to complete the picture. Following coffee, cigarettes and courtesies a typical Italian lunch was not long delayed, spaghetti and Chianti, omelette and quails. Carbotti, the senior, loves the desert and the solitude. He told me that he would not exchange the shadeless days and starry nights for all the city tree-lined boulevards and Neon lights. Di Beo, younger and more restless, admitted to periodic hankerings after life.

Fort Amséat is well equipped despite its lonely position. Water is brought from Bardia. Plenty of it, I judged from the trees and flowers in the courtyards within the walls. The lofty rooms of the fortress were cool and shaded. Good furniture, good carpets, electric light, which they generate themselves. The bathrooms, white tiled and spotless. Gazelles in wire runs, rabbits bred for food, pigeons, some greyhounds, mules. Yards crowded with motor lorries prepared for desert service, double wheels, tanks for emergency water supplies. Some old wartime Fiats, others modern and more powerful. Commandant Carbotti affectionately indicated the ancient warriors. "Many of us here remember them in active service. They seem like a real link with youth and homeland."

Tobruk is about one hundred miles from Fort Amséat. It was rough going.

Uniform desert all along the route, but ever-changing colours and sky-scenes. No life, human or animal until we were within about twelve miles from Tobruk at dusk. Then gazelles made timid appearance. I felt sorry that I had ever eaten gazelle steak in the Sahara, but everyone does. Too often there is no other meat to be had.

Tobruk is curiously situated on a peninsula: the sea runs round three sides of the town. It is not big, some three hundred Italians, and about three thousand Arabs, many of whom are nomads. The main streets are wide, treeless and bleached. I was the house-guest of the Commandant, Colonello Ettore Galliani and his wife, luxuriating in a fine room, electric light, refreshing bath, delightful dinner and a real welcome.

As the road between Tobruk and Derna is very bad, the Commandant most kindly arranged for me to fly to Derna. Neither of us knew at the time that General Gugliemo Nasi from Benghasi had ordered the new, still-closed road to be opened and patrolled especially for my benefit! I only learned that later upon arrival in Derna, where the absence of official welcome was explained by the fact that the Derna officials had taken advantage of the rarely opened road to make a dash to Tobruk and back while the going was good!

The flight was interesting, but again, not a sign of life anywhere. The coast is deeply indented by violent rains in their season; steep cliffs border the sea—such a blue sea. All blue to the north. All brown and yellow desert, south, east and west. As far as eye could see. Suddenly a speck of green appeared like a palm tree on the coast. Not a palm tree, a palm-grove, a big grove. Approaching, I could see that it was bigger than the biggest palm-grove I had ever seen, a whole town of groves and gardens, whose foliage almost obscured the white buildings. Derna, "Pearl of Cirenaica."

Perennial sweet water springs abound in the district. More than a thousand canals irrigate the oasis. The population, according to the last census, numbers about 10,000, of which a proportion is of handsome Moorish stock, descendants of their forbears who emigrated from Andalusia in 1493.

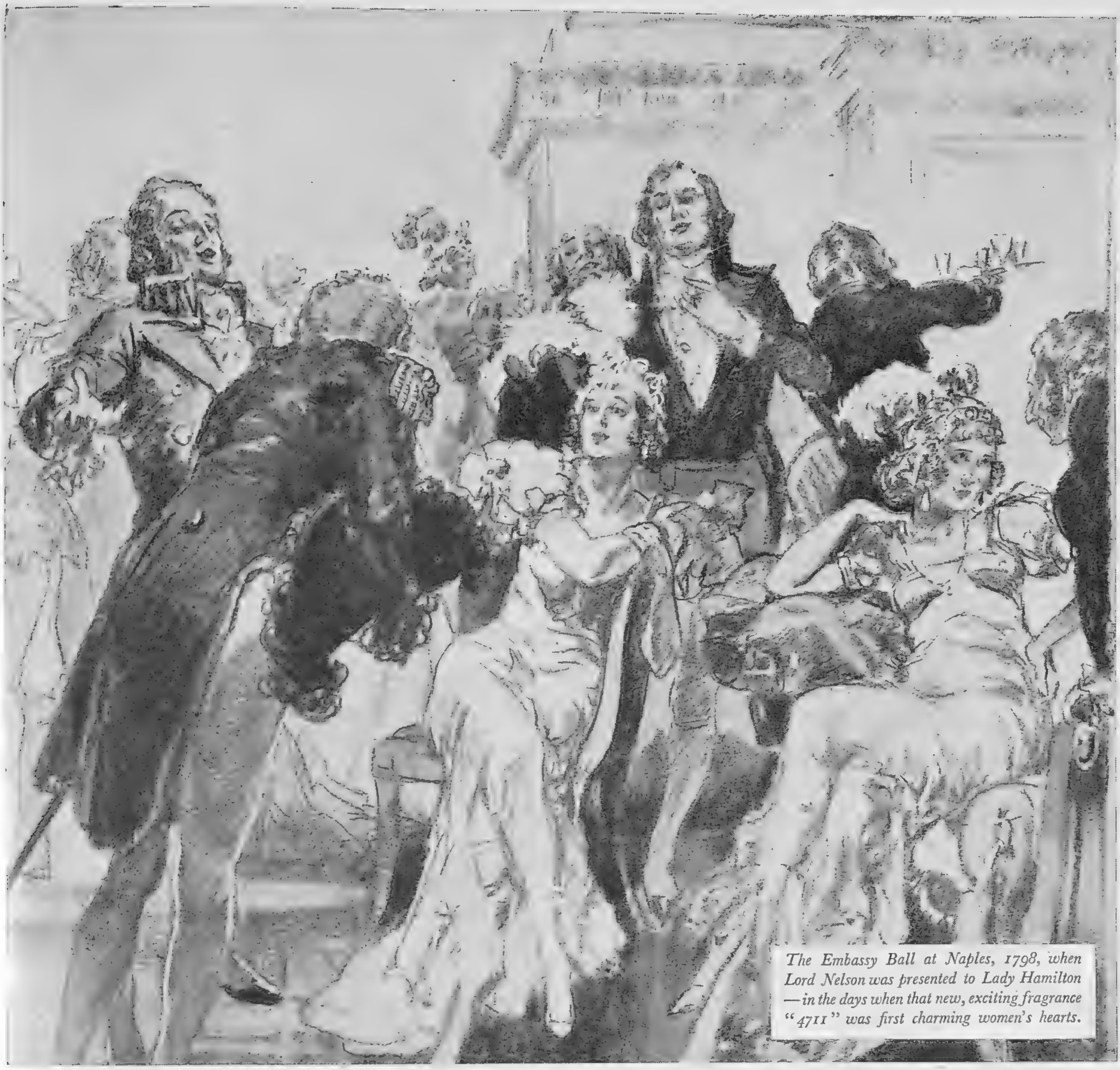
The climate is sub-tropical. Everything seems to grow luxuriantly in Derna. Many of the streets are covered with grape-vine pergolas through which the sunlight frets the cobbles. The flat roofs of the native houses have been made into shady gardens with arbours of grape-vines, flaming bougainvillea and jasmine. When ripe heavy bunches of tempting fruit bob in and out of the windows. The "restaurant" of the Hotel Miramare was merely a pergola-covered courtyard, from whose leafy roof the waiter cut the bunch of grapes I selected.

Man has not spoiled what Nature has made so perfect. The Arab quarter is picturesque and clean. The Italian officials have built themselves beautiful villas, set in grounds and flower gardens.

From Derna at sea-level some twenty-six miles of ascending road brought us to El-Gubba, over 1,800 feet altitude. Here the business of colonisation became evident. El-Gubba itself is very pretty. There is the famous waterfall of the Wady Barbaresc, framed by a carved portico and eight pilasters. El-Gubba is the gateway to the useful part of Cirenaica. Westwards to Benghasi the roads are excellent. There are oases, and possibilities of colonisation. But, even so, each immigrant family is a heavy expense to the Italian Government. Individual pioneering, such as built up Australia, Canada and the United States, is impossible for many reasons. Small wonder that Italy longingly contemplates fertile Tunisia, the Nile Valley and Abyssinia. What could she not make of even a small slice of any one of them!

A sum of 50,000,000 lire was placed at the disposal of the Colonial Government for the colonisation of Cirenaica. 1933 saw the inauguration of the constitution of seventy holdings in the zone of Beda Littoria, eighty in that of Luigi di Savoia, the same number in Messa-Primavera, and seventy in Giovanni Berta.

Colonial families were first admitted in April, 1933, when some households from the province of Bari were temporarily accommodated at Beda. Immigration into Cirenaica was resumed in October, 1933. By the end of that year 150 families had been transferred from Italy to *(Continued on page 110)*



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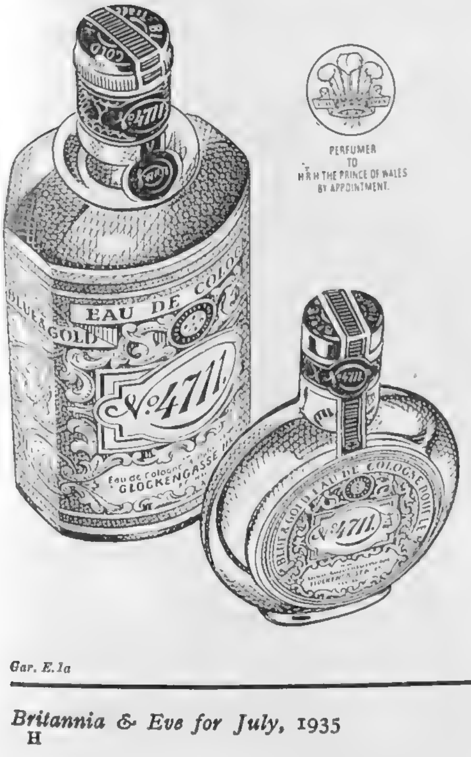

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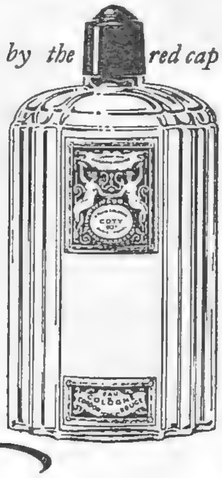

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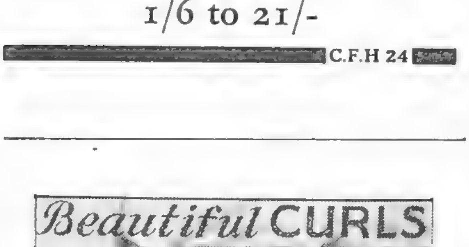

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what must be one of the youngest colonies in the world. During the first months of 1934 250 more families emigrated to join them. Further statistics are not available, but it is safe to assume that by now between 500 and 600 Italian families are settled in Cirenaica.

From what I was told in Cirenaica the Italians handpick their colonists, with the exception, of course, of business men and rare capitalists. In Italy there is the central Administration of the Colonisation of Libya, both Cirenaica and Tripolitania. Subdivisions in all the Departments and States of Italy, whose business it is to get into touch with the poorest and most numerous families in their districts. From these they recommend candidates for State help to emigrate. Most of the emigrants come from Southern Italy, Apulia, Calabria and Sicily. The Southern peasants are the poorest and most improvident. Further, the climate and vegetation of Cirenaica closely resembles that of Southern Italy. From various villages families are collected and, in groups, are aided to Cirenaica, where they find waiting for them a well-built stone house, outhouse for animals, and water tanks. Each house has space for a little flower garden in front, and some five acres of land attached. The new colonists are provided with water, given seeds and plants, advised by experts working in, or in charge of, experimental agriculture and horticulture. For two or three years the colonists live in the house, develop their holding and garden, as tenants of the Italian Government. At the same time they are employed at a wage by the Italian Government to build houses, prepare land for prospective colonists, or other colonising activities. The wage keeps them in food and necessities. Their land has time to become productive. At the end of the period the Government hands over the deeds of the house and property to the colonist, who becomes a little landed proprietor, independent to live off his land, and to take other employment if he wishes.

The houses are built in groups in the best spots between el-Gubba and Benghasi. Situated as much as possible near the road, and within walking distance of a Centre. The Centre comprises a church, school, clinic, doctor, and a Fascist Club which is social and recreational. The chief Centres are Messa-Primavera, Beda Littoria, Luigi di Savoia, and Giovanni Berta. One of the striking features of these Centres is the ultra-modern architecture. The Italians want Libya for Italy and the Italians. They want it to look like Italy, in contrast to the French in Morocco and Tunis, who settle down beside the original occupants, seek to preserve the native architecture, and develop native industries. The Italians do that too, but in a different way. They try to Italianise the Arabs by means of schools, imposition of the Italian language, and customs. The Arabs who accept seemed to me to be quite welcome and well treated. The dissenters had retreated into the interior. That is an explanation of the empty spaces *en route*. The country was not suitable for European colonisation, and the wilder, untamed Arabs who might have lived off it, had disappeared into the desert. Often they go south far enough to avoid international frontiers, such as the 190-mile-long barbed-wire wall from Bardia to Giarabub, and slip across the border. This refugee problem is a constant source of international palavering between the desert governors.

Some of the colonial houses I saw had been inhabited only a month. Others have been occupied a year or two, already had little gardens full of flowers, lots planted with vegetables. The people looked well, were courteous and appeared content, the children particularly well. Families average eight members each, transplanted from hopeless destitution in Italy to the status of small land-owners in North African Italy.

At this rate, it will be a long time before Cirenaica is a paying proposition to Italy. They are literally watering the desert with gold. It is all part of a vast, ambitious Imperial scheme from which future generations should benefit. Meanwhile, the present generation must admire the courage, enterprise, and foresight.

Cirene, another twenty-seven miles or so from el-Gubba, is situated on a plateau some 2,000 ft. above sea-level. The air struck raw and chilly, coming from a lower altitude. Perhaps the impression was enhanced by the vast necropolis, the ruins, the cloud ceiling like huge grey wings, hovering over this city of past and dead glories. So many tombs, opened, gaping. Thousands of them in the hillside. Wonderful remains of temples and baths. The Temple of Apollo almost perfect, is 70 ft. long. There is a smaller Temple to Artemis, his sister. The "Venus of Cirene," considered to be the finest piece of antique statuary in the world, was found here. A small museum contains priceless treasures. Enough in Cirene to keep the student of archæology fascinated for weeks, and enough to repay the lay tourist for a special journey there.

The ancient city is dominated by an amazing modern hotel, built in 1933, opened last year.

Apollonia is the seaport of Cirene. Is now, and always has been. It is 2,000 ft. lower at sea-level. I will not pretend that I was not glad to feel the warm, balmy air again, the sun, the heat shimmering off the sands. Once a beautiful city, centring round the Temple of Apollo, the Temple and the amphitheatre are now washed by the waves. Half of the city is in the sea. The former town is a small village. On the beach I picked up pieces of exquisite mosaic flooring. I uncovered mosaic pavements under the sand. Soon it will disappear altogether. Tombs stand out in the sea like hollowed rocks.

The 135 miles from Cirene to Benghasi was almost perfect road, drained, smooth, as good as the Great West Road from London. The Wady Kuf is as scenically beautiful as Switzerland. A magnificent river bed, full of olive trees, palms and flowers. The sky becoming ever bluer in contrast to the rather heavy grey sky of Cirene.

Out of the Wady Kuf, the scenery along the sea-coast was flat, arid and stony, running between salt land. I noticed that the Italians have sunk wells and marked them plainly, every three miles all along this road.

About eight miles from Benghasi, Coefia, the colonial Penal Colony. The novelty of traffic on the road, a few lorries, some cars, a horse vehicle or two; Benghasi Cathedral looming on the flat horizon. The city gradually materialised from the mists of distance. Italy in Africa or Africa in Italy, it was difficult to decide which.

General Gugliemo Nasi entertained me in the Government Palace, where I had the most beautiful suite of rooms, with a large verandah, a car, a chauffeur and servants. As if all this lavish hospitality was not enough, the General invited me to fly in one of his tri-motored aeroplanes to the oasis of Kufra, nine hundred miles deep in the desert.

General Gugliemo Nasi, Regent of the Government in Cirenaica, is charm personified. His name is held in such respect all through Cirenaica that I imagined he would be quite formidable. But he is jolly, bright and welcoming. He does not live in the Palace. Says it is too big for him, and has a smaller house, cosy and picturesque. Dinner one night was served in the garden under palms, huge banana trees and vines. His Italian guests included General Fougier, whom Marshal Balbo had introduced to me in Tripoli some months before, Colonel Louis Sozzani, Commandante of Aviation in Benghasi, and Maria Dante Turenetti, head of the Young Fascists. They told me about 23-year-old Gaby Angelini, Italian girl flier, who crashed and was killed in her aeroplane two days previously in the Wady Kuf. She must have lived a few minutes at least, for they found her with her crucifix pressed to her cold lips. Turenetti of the Young Fascists planned a memorial stone for her.

Benghasi is a typical North African colonial port town. Hotels of varying grades, cafés, shops, cinemas, a Theatre Berenice, parched streets, imposing

(*Continued on page 112*)

MINTY
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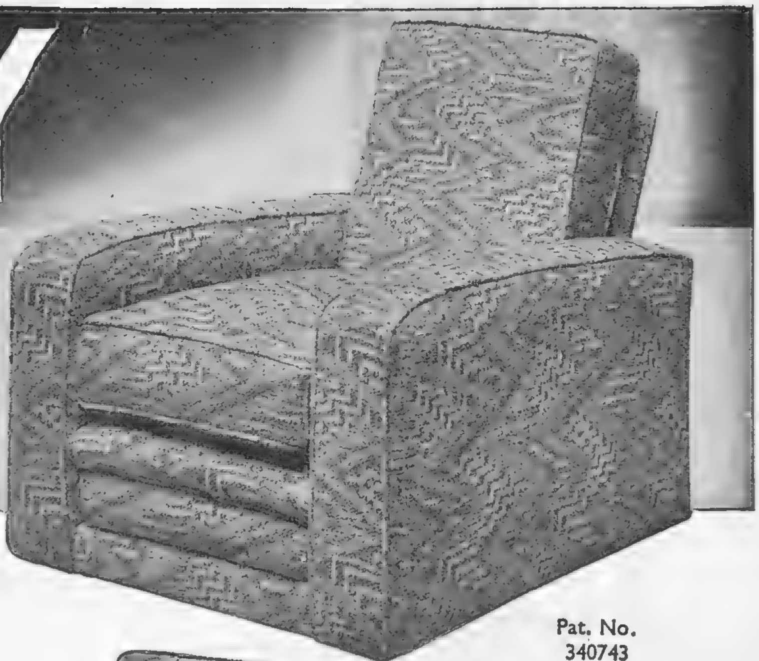

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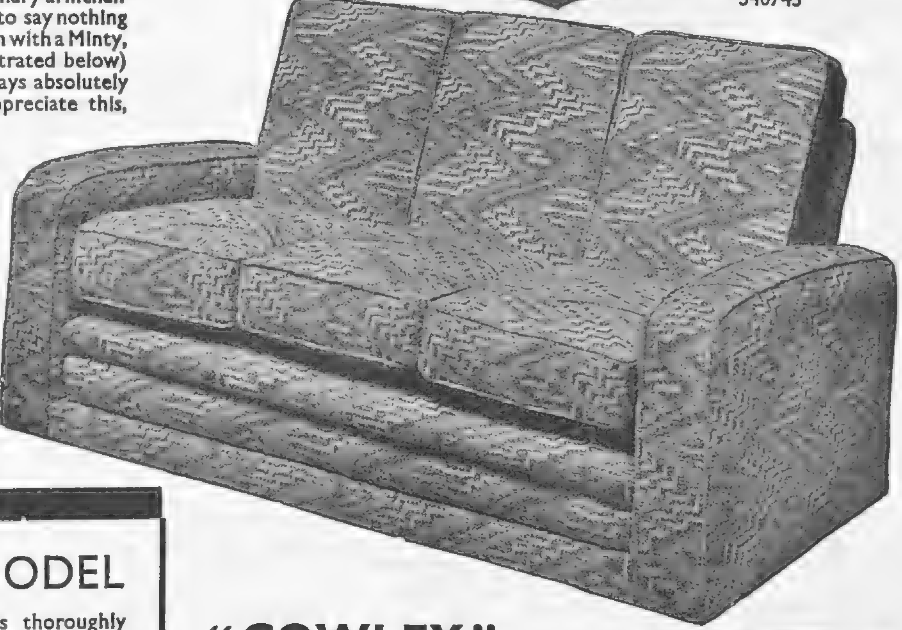

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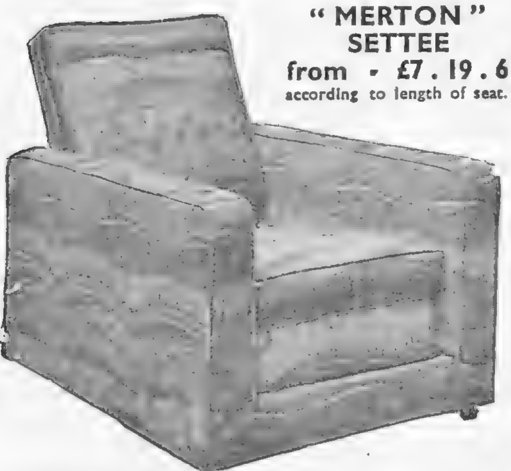

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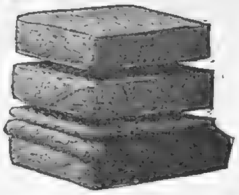

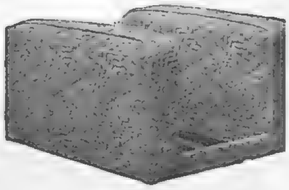

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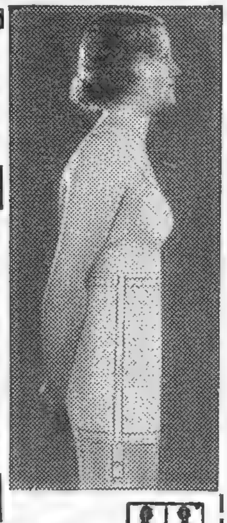

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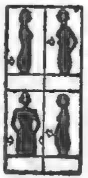

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seaside promenade, Italian Government buildings. The market is the most interesting feature. Throughout Cirenaica I have noticed that the Italian municipal authorities fix the price of goods in the markets. Every commodity bears a label stamped by the municipality every morning. Goods, grades of goods, plainly marked. No haggling or squabbling, customary in the East. Half a dozen different grades of grapes, for instance, fish, meats, vegetables, labelled at half a dozen different prices. An Italian policeman patrols the markets, at hand to settle disputes should they arise.

A series of great lofty halls, ventilated and lighted. Tiled floors, tiled walls. The poorest Arab who may want fish can select it from a glass-covered refrigerator and receive it uncontaminated. A huge wide circular counter furnishes the hall. Each stall-holder is allotted a space of the counter—one part marble slab, one part heavy glass, covering the refrigerator connected with the central refrigerating plant in the basement. No smell, no flies, no discussions as to price.

The meat market is equally hygienic. Even "2nd grade horse-flesh" bought by the poorest is supplied from a large ice-chest, and any meat on the counter is kept covered by muslin. Vegetables and fruits are attractively displayed, with the municipal price label on each tray. Weighing machines and scales of most modern make, with the weight visible to the customer. Prominent notices everywhere not to handle the goods.

Under the arcades outside the market halls are all the shops of dry goods, household requirements, etc., including the inevitable Indian stores of Poohoomul, stacked with silk kimonos, sandals, Indian silver-ware, Japanese goods, ebony elephants, combs, fans, ivory and curios from all parts of the world.

The native suks are all too clean! Not a whiff of the familiar spicy, pungent odours, except some saffron, leather, perfume and tobacco. Few examples of local Arab industries, save a few carpets, and some rough silver work. Mostly imported Italian articles.

A last glimpse of Benghasi from the air, as the excellent tri-motored Caproni, with its crew of four, headed towards Sirte and Tripoli, 625 miles away. A seaplane could have cut across the big bay, but this land 'plane hugged the coast. Nothing to see but sand. Not a tree, not a shrub. Places marked on the map were hard to locate at even a moderate height. They generally proved to be tiny groups of sand-coloured huts. The landing fields, however, were in good condition, well-marked in white letters.

Sirte boasts a nice little hotel, where we had early lunch; to my astonishment, even ice being offered. Hundreds of miles from the nearest town East or West, in the middle of the desert, producing absolutely nothing, every kind of commodity and necessity has to be transported to the handful of officers and officials in Sirte.

From Sirte westwards much of the desert sparkled white like snow as we flew over immense areas of dried and drying salt-lakes, The first large group of palms heralded Misurata, the second largest town in Tripolitania after Tripoli. Thence Zliten, Homs, the ruins of Leptis Magna and Tripoli itself.

END

The Seven Wonders of Wimbledon

(*Continued from page 9*)

be told, the cricketers were probably happy to be relieved of the responsibility that they had so innocently and unthinkingly taken on.

There were twenty-two competitors for the first Lawn Tennis Championship, and half a hundred spectators (most of them related to the players) saw S. W. Gore enrolled as the first champion. Who could have guessed what was to grow from that modest start?

To-day, more than a quarter of a million people pay £40,000 for the privilege of watching the championship matches, and if the All-England grounds were bigger, the figures would increase proportionately. Why, only last season £15,000 was returned to would-be spectators because there was not room for them. One hundred and twenty-eight competitors participate in the Men's Singles, ninety-six in the Ladies' Singles, and three hundred and eighty-four in the three Doubles Championships.

How the All-England Club nursed the interests of lawn tennis from such feeble beginnings, and how the demands of the championships eventually compelled it to seek new headquarters costing more than £150,000, is surely one of the noblest stores in the history of sport. The mother organisation is now known as the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. Sentiment though it may be, that reference to croquet is what makes the All-England Club the first and greatest Wonder of Wimbledon.

Early in the championship roll, the name of Renshaw is prominent. Willie Renshaw won the title seven times—from 1881 to 1886 inclusive, and in 1889. Ernest Renshaw was champion only once, in 1888. But mere dates can convey no idea of what lawn tennis owes to these twin brothers from Cheltenham—revolutionists both, yet singularly dissimilar in their styles of play. One essential they had in common, however, and on it was founded a new conception of the game. They believed in speed.

In 1880, the Renshaws, then only nineteen years old, won the Doubles Championship, but in the Singles were both beaten by a player named O. E. Woodhouse, who employed a new shot of his own invention—the volley. The Renshaws learnt their lesson. In the following year, they returned to Wimbledon, and Willie devastated the field with the speed and accuracy of his shots.

Ernest never showed the same complete mastery of the game as his brother, but as an apostle of fast play he was as equally popular and respected. Willie was dynamic, overflowing with energy, the Borotra of his day. It is said of him that he could scarcely wait for his opponent to take up position to receive the service. And when that service came over—what a thunderbolt it was! No swing, no spin or break, but simply a fast, straight shot that none but the keenest-eyed could touch with his racket. Ernest was more patient and restrained, but had terrific punch in his drives, both forehand and backhand. In addition, his glorious fleetness of foot established him as one of the greatest retrievers of all time.

It was the popularity of the Renshaws which consolidated the legislative work of the All-England Club, and established Wimbledon as the premier lawn tennis meeting of the world. In the years 1882 and 1883, when Ernest was his brother's challenger for the Singles title, the crowds rolled up in their hundreds to watch them. Two temporary stands had been erected overlooking the Centre Court, but these were insufficient to accommodate the spectators, and standing room had to be made at the edge of the lawn. Unfortunately, there was no banking to this, and it was no uncommon sight to see ladies and gentlemen from the West End travelling down to Wimbledon with carefully wrapped-up bricks to stand on!

In spite of Ernest's solitary success in the Singles Championship, it does not seem fair to me to separate him from Willie in considering our Wonders of Wimbledon. As a team, the brothers seven times won the Doubles Championship in the first eleven years of the Wimbledon meeting; and granted that Willie was the superior player, was he a more ardent or more successful propagandist of the new style of tactics and stroke production?

I think not. Whatever Willie accomplished for lawn tennis, he could not have done a quarter so well without the presence of Ernest. One was the complement of the other, and for this reason let us set them down as The Renshaws on our list.

And much the same remarks apply to the Doherty brothers. The dual record of that noble-minded and ill-fated pair is unique in the Wimbledon annals. Between them they nine times won the Singles Championship, and as a team carried off the Doubles on eight occasions.

Reggie Doherty came to the fore at Wimbledon in 1897, when he won the All-Comers' Singles, and beat Mahony, the Champion, in the Challenge Round. To say that he was the greatest player that had hitherto been seen on the Centre Court is not to disparage the glory of the Renshaws, of Lawford, Baddeley, or Pim. The Renshaws had lighted a torch which glowed more brightly with each succeeding champion. It was in the hands of Reggie Doherty that the torch burst into brilliant flame.

Laurie Doherty actually had a better public record than his brother: he was champion five times (1902 to 1906) against Reggie's four (1897 to 1900). Each at his best was undoubtedly the finest player of his time, and comparisons between them are unusually difficult because of the marked differences in their styles. Besides a better stamina and faster movement over the court, Laurie had one or two shots that had no place in Reggie's play—notably, a truly wonderful smash that could kill a lob from his own base-line.

But for all that, there was something in Reggie's game that marked him as a man apart from others—an effortlessness and ease of movement, even in making his fiercest shots, which resulted only from perfect timing, the faultless co-ordination of eye, mind, and muscle. Something of this same quality can be observed in the stroke production of Jack Crawford, the present Australian Champion.

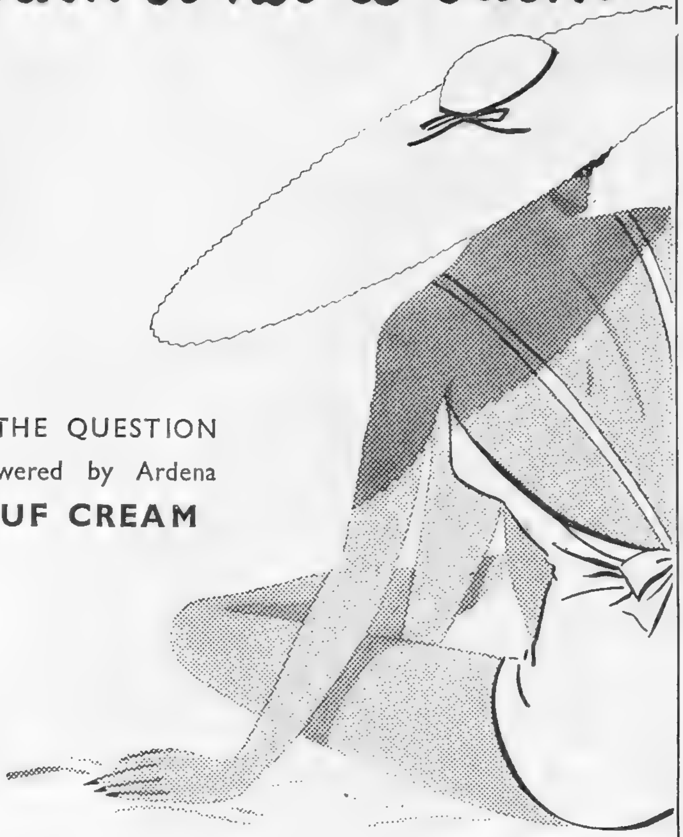
Comparisons between champions are inevitable, but there is almost a sacrilegious note in tabulating the virtues of one Doherty brother against the other. For to speak of them as The Dohertys is to give them their proper place and perspective in the story of lawn tennis. Brilliant though their individual triumphs were, their true greatness lay in their powers as a doubles team. In ten seasons of first-class tennis, they suffered defeat on only four occasions, and this at a period when there was more first-class doubles talent in the world than there is to-day. Hillyard and Cazalet, Smith and Risely, Davis and Ward, Ward and Beals Wright, the Wrenn Brothers—the Dohertys defeated them all, and usually with something to spare. Such a record must surely rank them as the greatest doubles team of all time—what pair before or since their day could have consistently beaten them?

Let us, therefore, put the Dohertys down on our list. What next? So far we have had no difficulty with our choices, but now, for a period, the way is not so clear. In 1909 A. W. Gore, the champion of 1901 and 1908, again won the title at forty-one years of age. Then there is Miss May Sutton, who, after winning the Ladies' Singles in 1905 and 1907, returned to Wimbledon in 1929, when she was forty-two, and reached the last eight in the Ladies' Singles, defeating Miss Eileen Bennet, ranked number seven in the world's list of women players, in the process. Wonderful performances these, but are they more wonderful than the consistent play of a present champion, who first appeared at Wimbledon twenty-three years ago?

Miss Elizabeth Ryan was playing in the championships before many of the present Wimbledon competitors were born. Fred Perry, holder of the men's singles title, had just celebrated his third birthday when this lady of perennial youth made her *début* on the Worple Road courts; horse buses lingered on in the London streets; and Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the lady champion, used to cycle to the meeting every day from her home at Ealing. Days of ground-length skirts, of stays, of artificial "buns" in the hair of the lady players! That a Wimbledon competitor of those distant times should still be playing in first-class tennis is extraordinary enough. But Miss Ryan does not merely play. She plays

(*Continued on page* 114)

To burn or not to burn?



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and *wins*, defeating rivals young enough to be her daughters. It is little short of miraculous.

In 1914, on her third appearance at Wimbledon, Miss Ryan's name was engraved for the first time on the championship roll. In that year she won the Ladies' Doubles with Miss A. M. Morton, and in spite of four empty war years, she proved that, having won once, she could go on winning. At nineteen Wimbledons she has won nineteen championships—seven Mixed Doubles and twelve Ladies' Doubles, to say nothing of once winning the All-Comers' Ladies' Singles and being runner-up on three other occasions.

Her achievements in doubles matches must claim for her a place amongst the immortals of lawn tennis. In her specialisation of this phase of the game she has become one of the finest tacticians ever seen at Wimbledon.

If you glance at the list of Ladies' Doubles champions, you will see Miss Ryan's name coupled with such brilliant individualists as Mlle. Lenglen and Mrs. Wills Moody. Now it is well known that great singles players do not usually make good doubles players. The Renshaws and the Dohertys were exceptions to this rule, but Mlle. Lenglen and Mrs. Moody were not. Their games were essentially suited to the smaller court, their minds had been developed on strictly individualistic lines. In teaming with them Miss Ryan took on a great responsibility, and a most unenviable task: it would have been infinitely easier (though probably not so successful) to have coupled with less experienced players.

Only a player of the greatest determination and sympathy could have carried so many different partners to victory, as Miss Ryan has. For this, and for her evergreen youth, we must add her to our list.

1919 and 1920 were historic years at Wimbledon, for they witnessed the "arrival" of two players of undoubted genius—Mlle. Lenglen and William T. Tilden, of America. Which of this pair was the greater player it is scarcely possible to say. The French girl is certainly the greatest woman player the world has seen, and had she been a man, she would, almost as certainly, have beaten Tilden—on occasion. There are some who believe she would have beaten Tilden every time, but I too often saw the great American at his most unorthodox best to believe this. We must content ourselves in believing that a male Lenglen versus Tilden would have provided as many thrills and excitements on the Centre Court as Tilden versus Reggie Doherty with both men playing at their finest.

For a woman who was to carry all before her for seven years Suzanne Lenglen made a most shaky start at Wimbledon. She won through to the 1919 Challenge Round without any difficulty, there to meet Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the 1914 champion. Pitting steadiness and experience against youthful determination and speed, Mrs. Chambers took the first set 10—8, but lost the second 4—6. Twice she was within a single point of winning the third set and match, and twice Lenglen saved herself, on one occasion with a net-cord shot that was extremely lucky to be a winner. Some dazzling drives thereafter secured the third set for France, and a new name was engraved on the championship roll.

After that first fright Lenglen never looked back. Everywhere she played she was invincible. In the 1920 Challenge Round she defeated Mrs. Chambers 6—3, 6—0; and it was not until 1924 that she dropped her second set at Wimbledon, this time to Miss Ryan, in the Fourth Round. In 1925 she was seen at the peak of her brilliance, producing, at times, shots of almost incredible accuracy and speed. In the course of the Wimbledon Fortnight she did not lose a set, and gave away only five games, two of them in the Final to Miss Joan Fry.

The superiority of Lenglen over all other women players of her time is admirably shown in her Wimbledon record. After her fight with Mrs. Chambers in 1919 she played in five Finals without losing a set, scoring sixty games against eight by her five opponents—Mrs. Chambers, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Mallory, Miss McKane and Miss Fry.

What was it in the French girl's play that put her in a class so much her own? She had, of course, every normal attribute of a champion—speed, skilled stroke production, stamina and a wonderful eye. But these alone, though sufficient to sequester her, could not elevate her to the dizzy superiority she so easily reached. I think Commander Hillyard hit the nail on the head when he spoke of her flawless judgment. Lenglen quite often made errors in netting the ball, or in driving it out of court, but you could never doubt the shot she had *attempted* was the correct one to make in the circumstances.

The tall American did not carry all before him as Lenglen did in her sphere. At Wimbledon he was beaten once by Lacoste and twice by Cochet. Indeed, he must have come to regard this last player as something of a *bête noire*, for the dark-haired, dapper little man from Lyons also defeated him in Davis Cup and American Championship matches. None the less, Tilden at his best could—and did—defeat all comers. His was that peculiar form of genius which showed itself in inspired moments of dazzling play, and could not always be relied on to come to his rescue in times of stress. And, for the general good of the game, this was as well. Suzanne Lenglen, so consistently brilliant, killed the competitive interest of the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon as effectively as she killed hope in the breasts of her challengers.

Tilden, in 1920, was the first American to triumph at Wimbledon; and in the following year he retained his title by beating Brian Norton, in the Challenge Round, by the odd set. In winning that match he made one of the noblest efforts of his career. Three weeks previously he had undergone an operation and was in no condition for an arduous and exacting game. Norton won the first two sets easily, but Tilden rallied wonderfully to take the next two. In the final set the South African was within one point of victory. Tilden, tired out and in obvious pain, pulled out all he knew, and eventually won at 7—5. A game—and a champion—to remember!

With the inclusion of Lenglen and Tilden in our list there is room for only one more item. Who is it to be? Mrs. Wills Moody? The American Champion's brilliant hitting is more than a little overshadowed by the superb courtcraft of the dazzling Suzanne. And to include Mrs. Moody would be unfair to Mrs. Lambert Chambers, who, as seven times lady champion, has a prior claim. The "Three Musketeers"—Lacoste, Cochet, and Borotra—were all great players, but their best was not equal to the best of Tilden. Dorothy Round, then—or Fred Perry? Again I say no. They are fine players both, but they have some way to travel yet before they join our elect.

The fact is that there is no personality worthy to rank with those we have already named. And it is as well—for no list of the Wonders of Wimbledon would be complete without the inclusion of the finest *game* of lawn tennis ever played on the Centre Court. This was the final of the men's singles championship on 1933—a match which Mr. S. A. E. Hickson, who has attended no fewer than fifty-four consecutive Wimbledon finals, described as the greatest of all time.

Ellsworth Vines, of America, the 1932 champion, had won through to the final without much trouble. His terrific speed overhead and in driving from either wing had devastated his opponents. Jack Crawford, of Australia, the other finalist, had not quite such an easy passage. But, fresh from recent triumphs in the Australian and French championships, he progressed quietly and confidently, disposing of such redoubtable players as Maier, Legeay and Satoh.

It was generally believed that Vines would win, for, apart from his storming style of play, he had the mental satisfaction of having already triumphed in the

(*Continued on page 116*)

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The 'Vi-Spring'—the famous hand-made Overlay Mattress—has for more than 30 years been renowned as the most luxurious mattress made. Hundreds of springs impart a delightful resiliency that allows perfect relaxation and quickly induces sound, refreshing sleep. The 'Vi-Spring' is to-day the mattress used to equip the best appointed homes, the leading hotels and luxury liners.

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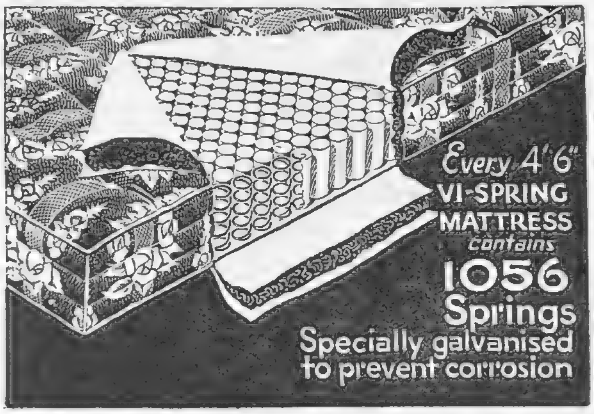

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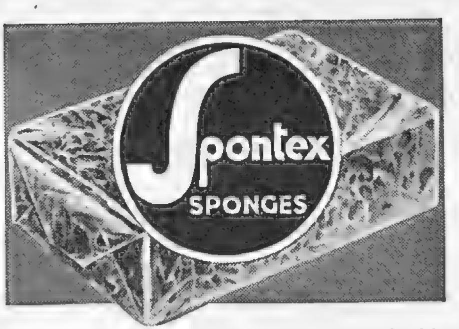

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VAPEX
FOR
SUMMER
COLDS
V.114A

only other Wimbledon final he had played in. Crawford opened the match and, in spite of a double fault, he won the game. Vines started slowly, took the next game and, by sharpening his drives, broke through the service to lead two games to one. It was then that the ferocity of his service was demonstrated. A stream of aces descended into Crawford's court, and although they were momentarily quelled in the eighth game, Vines took the set at 6—4.

In the second set Crawford's eye was keener. He stood close in to receive the service, and quickened his shots to the backhand. Now and again he surprised his opponent by sending over an untakable, swerving service. The rallies lengthened, and as game followed game, a little of the speed dropped from Vines's shots. The American must have realised that it was part of Crawford's policy to tire him—and try as he might, he could not break through service to give himself a lead. In the twentieth game he faltered. Not one of his first service balls dropped into court, and Crawford took the set.

The next set also was the Australian's at 6—2, but in the opinion of most of the critics Vines made no real attempt to win it. That long second set had tired him, and he was reserving his strength for the last vital sets. In the fourth set he had recovered somewhat, and the aces flew from his racket again. Vines won it at 6—2.

The excitement was intense as the fifth set opened. In the first nine games, service prevailed—and then Crawford made a wonderful effort. Vines had slowed down again and his cast-iron backhand was cracking. He served; the ball came back as though from a wall, and he drove it out of court. Another service and return, and Vines netted. The next shot from Crawford passed like a flash down his backhand, and left him standing, completely beaten. One more service. Another return, and Vines netted again. The match was ended! A new Champion had been crowned! But how little in it: 4—6, 11—9, 6—2, 2—6, 6—4. Twenty-nine games to twenty-seven, in a glorious duel of little more than two hours.

There can surely be no fitter ending to our Wonders of Wimbledon than that.

"Mr. Shakespeare"

(Continued from page 19)

pit-a-pat that she had never experienced before.

"Yes, we Thespians often have to put up with cheekiness from the boys," said Mr. Shakespeare. "Well, we do not mind. When they shout 'Good old Sir 'Enery—well, Irving was the best of all of us, and we are proud of him. Sometimes we hear, 'Gawd, it's 'The Only Way.' Well, Martin Harvey used to be one of us, too. We all serve the Master."

So it was that Miss Muffett began to hear of a greatness of which she had never dreamed. For she found it easier to ask Mr. Shakespeare into her room the second time. Then he came into the kitchen, unasked. Then, sometimes they would share a meal—the old man bringing in some kippers at tea-time. They may have been only kippers, but, oh, the flourish with which Mr. Shakespeare presented them! It almost seemed as if a king had called.

And then, gradually, Miss Muffett began to hear more of the Master. She had heard the word Shakespeare before, but to her it was merely a name, that of a man who wrote things. She had heard of plays, but never seen any. She had heard of poets, but never thought of them as human beings, but just a lot of words.

But before long Miss Muffett and Mr. Shakespeare and Shakespeare himself all seemed to blend into her own life just like a trinity—three persons in one life.

Mr. Shakespeare would quote him. Long, rolling, sonorous speeches would sound from his lips, every now and then, long speeches to which there seemed no end, except so musical did he make them—or were they musical in spite of him?—that they seemed to finish almost as soon as he had begun.

She remembered, long afterwards, the day that Mr. Shakespeare went upstairs and brought down a small engraving.

"That is Shakespeare," he said. "Look at this head." He pointed to a dome-like forehead. "People say the artist faked that brow. The Master has enemies, as have all great men. But to us he is a god, the greatest being who ever lived."

Then, gradually, Miss Muffett's kitchen became peopled with beings from another world. When the old man recited, Titania, the Fairy Queen, came in. And when, with broad sweeping gestures, he rolled off pages of *Hamlet*, the Prince of Denmark seemed to make the room itself worry with his doubts, his scepticisms, his contradictions and his fears.

"But say what light through yonder window breaks?" the old man began once—yes, just after he had broken his egg. "It is the East and Juliet is the sun. Arise, oh sun, and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief, That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she."

Miss Muffett had never heard the language of love before. She heard it in the sighings of Romeo and the pertness of Rosalind. She heard Anthony pouring out his passion for an Egyptian queen.

And suddenly, when Brutus spoke through the old man's lips, black-hearted Treachery seemed to stalk into the kitchen, murderous and bold. For was not Cæsar stabbed?

"And as he plucked his cursed steel away," the old man declaimed, "Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it. For rushing out of doors to be resolv'd. . . ."

No, until Mr. Shakespeare came, Miss Muffett had never heard words like that. The mighty Pageant of the Past seemed to burst the door open, and march proudly through—kings and emperors, proud warriors, men who swayed the world and bestrode it with giant limbs, conquerors, tyrants. . . .

And, when she looked at him over the tea-table, Mr. Shakespeare seemed all these mighty folk in turn. He conjured up a Fairyland one moment. Then he would embody the world's Tragedy and weep, almost, with all the tears of a sorry universe.

Richard II, when Mr. Shakespeare spoke once, marched with a proud defiance through Westminster Hall, and confronted his barons. "Alack, why am I sent for to a King, Before I have shook off the regal thoughts wherewith I reigned. . . ?"

Kings, through Miss Muffett's life, had been merely names, with numbers at the end. She had heard of them at school, how long they reigned and the years of their reigning.

But now they became a reality in which, though, mystery was blent. She seemed to hear Henry VIII speaking in his own challenging words, establishing the sovereignty of his realm, and yet in love always, pouring out the longings of his heart. She learned to mock with Falstaff and to sport with the scurvy knaves who formed his entourage.

Rome came into the drawing-room—and the woods near Athens. And Arden, of which she had never heard before, became a magical forest in that little room, one peopled with fairy-folk and elves.

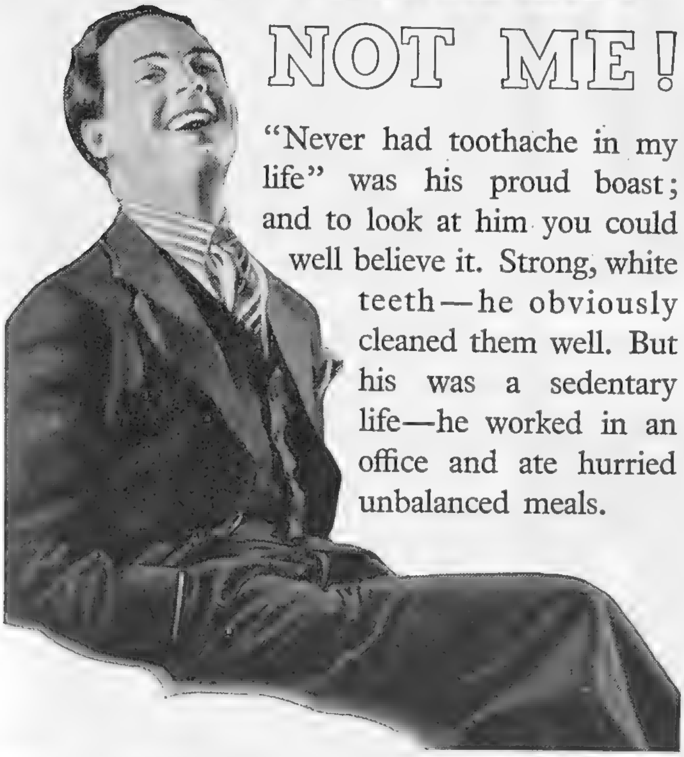
"Other men merely saw houses and fields," said Mr. Shakespeare, "but our Master could ennoble everything. And we who serve him act his plays and speak his words from memory. They become our own lives. They are our gospel, our religion. For Religion is beauty."

Then once Mr. Shakespeare brought from the big basket, that she knew was upstairs, an old book of cuttings. Now and then, in these his name—Garrick Templeton, she had learned it was

(Continued on page 118)

PYORRHŒA?

NOT ME!



"Never had toothache in my life" was his proud boast; and to look at him you could well believe it. Strong, white teeth—he obviously cleaned them well. But his was a sedentary life—he worked in an office and ate hurried unbalanced meals.

HIS TOOTHBRUSH MADE HIM THINK.

One day, however, he noticed his toothbrush—it was quite pink. He found that his gums were bleeding—they felt tender for the first time. Next day he went to see his dentist.

CAUSE OF PYORRHŒA.

His dentist told him that bleeding and receding gums are the first visible symptoms of Pyorrhœa. Modern conditions and unsuitable diet are responsible for lowering the natural resistance of the mouth tissues—thereby inviting the dread Pyorrhœa germ, which lies hidden for many years. White teeth can deceive, and healthy resistance can only be assured by regular care of the gums.

DARE YOU NEGLECT IT?

Gums that are allowed to get flabby and unhealthy become very tender and eventually lead to Pyorrhœa. Pyorrhœa has far-reaching effects—the loss of *good* teeth as well as bad, and a general poisoning of the whole system. Once Pyorrhœa symptoms have appeared, only your dentist can give you treatment—sometimes a long and disheartening business.

PREVENTION, SO SIMPLE.

Yet nothing is so easy to guard against as Pyorrhœa. Daily massage with Forhan's for the Gums keeps tissue firm and healthy—free from any germs. Besides being a first-rate toothpaste, Forhan's contains those astringent and antiseptic properties necessary for the prevention of Pyorrhœa. Don't risk delay—get a tube to-day.

● When next you see Forhan's displayed—buy then and there!

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for the gums

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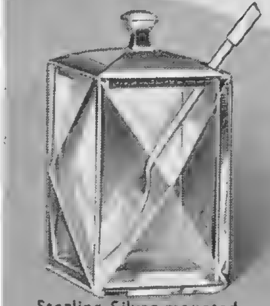

Sterling Silver-mounted
Preserve Jar with Spoon
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Regent Plate Vegetable Dish or
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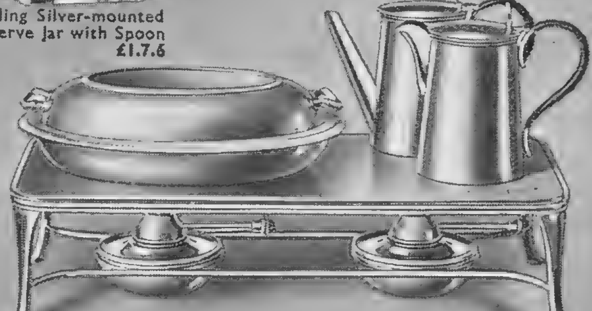
Diameter 9½ inches £2.14.6



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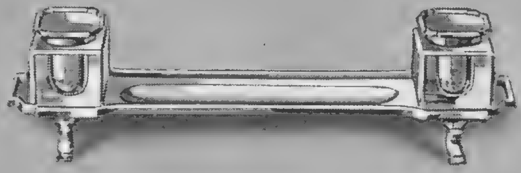

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KEEP WOMEN ON THAT HIGHER PLANE

—was mentioned. Theatre Royal here, and Theatre Royal there, she saw—and then, underneath, how once the old man was said to have given a "good performance" as Cassius and how, in a provincial town, they had spoken well of his Guildenstern. She did not know that they were minor parts in minor theatres. To her he had made the rafters ring with cheers in the world's greatest playhouses and made the last row of the gallery break out into applause.

And every afternoon he went out, and every evening, late, he came back. She wondered where he acted. But had he told her of some theatre, she would not have known. For Tooting was her world. She had scarcely left it for years, except to visit her father's grave or to call on an aged aunt.

But, when Garrick Templeton came in her kitchen became her theatre. Sometimes in it, the old man, using an umbrella for a sword, would go through scene after scene, never pausing for a word. And the umbrella became a sword when he spoke. It almost seemed to flash with living fire.

Yes, gradually, she grew to learn about Shakespeare.

"We may have a hard time of it now and then," said the old man once, "but Shakespeare used to hold horses' heads outside the Southwark theatre where, afterwards, they staged his plays. He walked all the way from Stratford along the Oxford Road, you know, acting plays in barns with Richard Burbage. It was because he suffered and he strove that Shakespeare knew what Life meant and could write it down. He became all Life. He wrote it down with his own lifeblood, so that the world should know."

And then a great day came in Miss Muffett's life.

"I will show you where Shakespeare worked," he said.

So, for the first time in her life, Miss Muffett walked out with a man! And, at the very start, there was one of those nasty boys.

"Get your hair cut!" he shouted, as they went past.

"Never mind, Miss Muffett," said the old man. "They don't know Shakespeare."

And she, because she knew, did not even blush or fear for anything.

They took a tram to the Elephant. It was years since Miss Muffett had been there. But oh, how different it looked when Mr. Shakespeare walked beside her. The sun seemed brighter than ever it had shone before. She saw, not costers with their carts or bent women walking with their bundles and their bags, but kings and lovers who strode along beside her because of her memories. She saw not lampposts, but wide-spreading oaks; not policemen, but emperors.

And then, in a tiny eating-house, they had a meal.

"The Globe Theatre, Southwark, was just over the road," said the old man. "The Master must have eaten near here, and slept in some room close by. It was in this road that he held horses outside the theatre. It was in this road, too, that, on the first night of *Hamlet*, he played the Ghost in his own play, the greatest of all living plays.

"It was in this road that stood the theatre of which, in time, he became part owner. Yes, it must have been almost on this spot that he saw hunchback Richard a living, breathing thing, here that some boy playing the part made, when he spoke the Master's words, Ophelia the quintessence of all slighted maidhood. It was along this road that, when he walked, History walked. Life was grim in those days, and sorry for poor folk, but here he brought into their lives all the glory of the past and made them think of nobler, better things."

Then, suddenly, he looked at her very earnestly.

"It is the East and Juliet is the sun," he said. "Do you know, Miss Muffett, that your eyes are the sun to me, and that you are my Juliet? Forgive a poor old man"—he went on, very earnestly—"but since I have met you, even Shakespeare has meant more to me than ever he did before. Love does not depend on age, you know. . . . You have been so very good, and that seems everything."

Poor Miss Muffett did not know what to say. She merely dropped her fork. And she felt so very proud, and yet so very humble.

"I thought I had a line of Shakespeare's for everything," went on the old man. "We used to be able, when Shakespeare was acted in all the towns, and there were lots of us, to carry on a conversation merely made up of his words. I remembered a lot of Shakespeare coming down, meaning to quote his lines when asking you to be my wife. But somehow, it has all gone. I have forgotten it all. Yes, it makes me forget even Shakespeare. I only know I love you. I suppose that is all Shakespeare himself would have said."

Miss Muffett picked up her fork again, and did the bravest thing in her life. She put her old hand, worn with toil, on his and smiled. She, too, forgot all Shakespeare and all the wondrous speeches she had heard from the old man's lips.

"And I love you, dear," was all she said. But it sounded, when she said it, as though Juliet had come down from her balcony and wooed in the moonlight.

And so she became Mrs. Shakespeare in her mind. But she did not become Mrs. Garrick Templeton, for, when they signed the register a few weeks later, she saw that she was merely Mrs. William Jones. For that was the actor's real name.

And so Mr. Shakespeare moved his big basket into her bedroom, and she saw, when she opened it once, that there were some wigs in it and some faded photographs and, otherwise, merely a very aged second suit.

For months, Mrs. William Jones no longer peopled her mind with Shakespeare's characters. She became them all. When her husband recited from the plays, she felt herself to be Rosalind and Juliet, in spite of all her years. And the Forest of Arden blossomed in her heart and the fairies were always there with elfin music ringing among the leaves.

And early every afternoon the old man went out and every evening, late, he came home.

"It's been a good show to-night," he would say.

She did not ask him more. He spoke of Irving and he told of Tree, and he said how Forbes-Robertson's was the greatest Hamlet he had ever seen.

"The old days are no more," he often said. "Times are hard. They don't want Shakespeare nowadays."

And then, one night, she woke up and heard the room filled with sonorous sound. The old man was reciting Shakespeare. She did not move, but listened. He went on. Speech after speech poured from his lips. And then he seemed to know that she was awake.

"I thought you were asleep," he said. "I was talking to God. I was thinking of all His mercy and all His goodness. And —I can't pray, you know—I was just reciting Shakespeare to Him. I am sure He would like that better than anything. . . . . Shakespeare was a god, too. He spoke divine words."

And, in the dark, she held his hand, while the old man went on reciting in the night, oh, so seriously and with such reverence. She knew, then, that God lives in everything that is beautiful. In her eyes, the ceiling became lit with stars—and she fancied that a comet burst, like a rocket, across the room.

Suddenly, one day, when the old man was out, a boy came with a telegram. Her aged aunt was ill in North London. Miss Muffett had to go. The old woman needed her.

And so, for the first time for years, she went out alone and took a bus. And in the Strand, she waited outside a theatre for another bus. She saw a lot of people lined up in a queue.

And there, standing in the gutter, was Mr. Shakespeare! And from his voice, she heard, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us. . . ."

(Continued on page 120)

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"Mr. Shakespeare"

Her eyes stared. The old man went on with his long speech. And then he carried the hat along the queue, begging! Some people dropped a penny in. Some turned away scornfully.

She shouted out to him. He saw her and dropped upon the ground, in very shame.

"I never thought that you would know," he said, when his eyes opened to the kisses she poured upon his face. "I am not really an actor now. They call me a busker. I am only a very old man. But I do give them Shakespeare, don't I?"

She took him home, and tucked him in their bed.

"I never thought that you would know," he said again. "I am ashamed."

"I don't know anything," she said, "except that I love you. You're Mr. Shakespeare to me, and you are all my world."

"They don't want Shakespeare now," he said. "We're only buskers, some of us who remain. Queues mock us. People in the street shout 'Get your hair cut!'"

She held his hand tightly.

"I think you are a very great actor," she said. "I know you are a very good man. I love you. . . . And I love Shakespeare too. And, if you do recite in the street, well Shakespeare held horses once. . . ."

Holiday Misadventures

(*Continued from page* 62)

effective in stopping irritation; if not available, bicarbonate of soda applied with a little saliva affords temporary relief. For wasp, bee or cleg stings the most wonderful antidote to inflammation is raw onion. A slice should be bound on to the place until the swelling and pain subside, which will be surprisingly soon.

If you should have an unfortunate encounter with an adder (about the only poisonous snake extant in England), the accepted treatment is to suck the wound, bandage tightly above it to prevent the poison from spreading, and drink large quantities of whisky; but I have no personal knowledge of its efficacy. All the adders I have met have hurried away.

Bicarbonate of soda is a valuable antidote in cases of food poisoning, especially if fish has started the trouble.

If there is uric acid in the blood and the skin is sensitive, sea and sun may set up an irritant rash, generally on the hands. This is sometimes diagnosed as urticaria. Calomine lotion dabbed on and allowed to dry will soothe this.

In cases of severe sun-burning, the affected parts should be bathed with witch-hazel and calomine, and cold cream freely applied afterwards.

A Perfect Summer Woolly

(*Continued from page* 56)

Point end.—Dec. 1 st. each end of every row (by K. 2 tog.) until 4 sts. remain. Cast off.

To Make Up

Sew up all seams, sew in sleeves, sew on cuffs and collar, work buttonholes.

Press with warm iron and damp cloth.

Sew on buttons.

Sew press stud at neck.

Abbreviations

K. knit. P. purl. Pat. pattern.

Beg. beginning. Tog. together.

Sts. stitches. M. make.

Dec., decrease. Inc., increase.

Measurements

From top of shoulder to lower edge 17½ in., including belt.

Across back and front under arms, 16 ins.

Sleeve outer arm, 8 in. (not including separate cuff).

Sleeve under arm, 4¾ in. (not including separate cuff).

Tension, 8 sts. to 1 in.

Candid Confessions of a Climbing Hostess

(*Continued from page* 13)

afterwards. Nor, when my mother insisted on our attending one of them without invitation, was our arrival regarded with favour. We were, in fact, invited to leave by the butler. I therefore spent the greater part of the season at charity balls, for which my mother got up parties at a cost of about thirty guineas a time.

It was an expensive but not a profitable season. The only people of title whom my mother succeeded in feeding paid no attention to me, but were primarily concerned in trying to sell things to her or to obtain orders for the re-decoration of our house.

For my second season my mother decided that different tactics must be pursued. She answered the advertisement in *The Times* of a peeress who was willing, for a consideration, to chaperon a girl for the season, references essential. Thus I came to know Lady Calomel. For the sum of £1,000 down, the rent of a house in Grosvenor Square at fifty guineas a week and all expenses, Lady Calomel was willing to present me at Court, take me to Ascot and entertain for me during the season, inviting eligible young people to the house. This on one condition: that I was left entirely in her charge and that my mother remained steadfastly in the background. I moved therefore to Grosvenor Square, where I spent a bewildering season among Lady Calomel's smart friends. Lady Calomel entertained a great deal, at my mother's expense, and filled the house with eligibles, but they were eligible to Lady Calomel rather than to myself. They were all in the thirties and forties and for the most part married. The only unmarried man nearer my own age who habitually frequented the house was Lady Calomel's secretary. At every meal I sat next to him, while the other guests remained oblivious to my presence. At first we found a little to say to each other, but soon we relapsed into an automatic silence. When Lady Calomel, at an additional cost to my mother of £1,000, gave a ball for me, she was kind enough to allow me to invite half a dozen of my friends and contemporaries, but we all felt rather at sea amid the galaxy of middle-aged rank and fashion present.

She took a house at Sunningdale, where she gave large week-end parties and her friends played bridge and backgammon for high stakes from morning till night. Lady Calomel had a number of friends who ran dress shops, and was kind enough to introduce me to them, so that I acquired an extensive wardrobe at a handsome price. But I was still in the organdie stage, and attracted little attention from the few titled bachelors whom I chanced to meet. My only proposal during that season was from Lady Calomel's secretary. At the end of July Lady Calomel sent my mother a bill for 5,000 guineas.

The following year I decided on a completely different line of attack. I told my mother that I didn't want to be chaperoned or to go to balls any more, but that I would hook a titled husband on my own. I got a small, modern flat of my own in Hill Street, Mayfair, and took a job as a mannequin in a dress shop. I changed my style of dressing completely. I wore low-backed evening dresses of a smart but rather outré cut, with sprays of orchids, every night. I plucked my eyebrows, put mascara on my lashes, waved and dyed my hair, and took a great deal of trouble making up my face, until quite soon I looked like any film star or courtesan. I cultivated a fashionable drawl, drove my own sports car and started to drink too much. Immediately I found myself surrounded by members of the House of Lords. A smart mannequin was to them a very different proposition from a dowdy debutante, however rich. Soon I was the prey of the photographers at cocktail

(*Continued on page* 122)

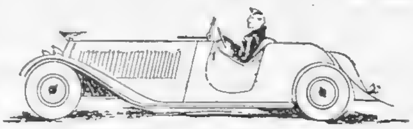
THE LADY
BARBARA GORE
* ardent motorist
* admired for her satiny skin

TALL and slim and graceful, with fair hair and grey eyes, Lady Barbara Gore is a real English beauty. She is as lovely in sporting tweeds as in a regal Court gown. Her skin has the freshness that comes from a love of the out-of-doors — yet it is always marvellously smooth and delicate.

" Motoring's one of my chief joys," said Lady Barbara — " and I like an open car for preference. I love to feel the wind rushing by my face. Friends are sometimes horrified at the weather I drive through and tell me I'll ruin my complexion. But I have far too much faith in Pond's Creams to worry about that."

Certainly no one could wish for a lovelier skin than Lady Barbara Gore's. Not a trace of roughness or little lines round the eyes betray her outdoor life and those hours spent at the wheel.

" I find Pond's Creams better than any for keeping my skin nice," said Lady Barbara Gore. " I use the Cold Cream for cleansing at any time, but especially after motoring. How soft and refreshed one's face feels after this treatment!



" The Vanishing Cream is a great joy to out-of-door people like me! I know my skin would very soon get harsh and lined if I didn't let this cream protect me from the weather. It's a marvellous powder base, too. Nothing else seems to make powder cling so long."

Why don't you try this skin-care that has made Lady Barbara's skin so much admired? It's amazingly inexpensive — the trial sizes of Pond's Creams cost 6d. each.

POND'S

FREE! POWDER OFFER: Write your name and address here, attach a 1d. STAMP, and post in 1½d. sealed envelope to *Dept. 1690, Pond's Extract Co. Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex,* for samples of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder: Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

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Wee Love
BIRDS

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Liza, Liza, make me some Birds, now do!
It's much niza than any I ever knew.
It's the custard I most favour,
I just adore the flavour,
Oh, every sweet's a regular treat
When there's plenty of Birds for two!

★

IT'S THE FLAVOUR THAT
MAKES IT THE FAVOURITE CUSTARD

parties and in restaurants, and appeared frequently in *The Bystander* as "Miss Felicity Belvedere-Smith, one of the smartest and most eligible of our lovelies." I earned the nick-name Facility, or Utility, and towards the end of the season my name was being coupled suggestively in the gossip columns with that of the Earl of Bedlam. Of all the lords I now had to choose from he was the most eligible, since Bedlam Hall is one of the show places of the country. All June and July we went about together, to restaurants and night-clubs and cocktail-parties. We went on the river at Bray and to road houses on the Great West Road, and seldom came home before daylight. We flew to Le Touquet for week-ends. He proposed to me one night at the Florida and, of course, I accepted him. Our engagement had already been announced and denied by us once when a terrible thing happened. My father was caught in a sudden slump in the real estate market, and lost every penny he had. Lord Bedlam left rather hurriedly for Scotland. A sudden access of engagements prevented my friends from calling on me. I lost my job at the shop, as I was no longer a "draw." My mother was distracted, my father was philosophical and undaunted, declaring that in five years time he would have built up a second fortune. But what use was five years to me? I had acquired a taste for luxury and social life. I was not prepared to step back into the obscurity from which I had come, with all the hardships involved. The peerage, of course, was now out of my reach. The only thing for me to do was to marry the first rich man I could find. Only with money could I continue my social career. I was not long in finding him: a business friend and ex-associate of my father's who had been prudent enough to sell out of the Belvedere Building Trust before the crash. His name is Adolf Wackerbath: it doesn't sound good, I know, when you think that I might have been the Countess of Bedlam, but money counts more than a name, and he is worth three-quarters of a million if he is worth a penny, and getting richer every minute. "Dolfie," as he likes me to call him, is 55, fat and rather bald, with a distressingly red and shiny face. He speaks broad Lancashire with a faintly foreign accent. He calls me "girlie" and gives me plenty of diamonds. He does not care for society and can be very shaming sometimes, as his manners are so genial, but I am slowly civilising him. He hates going out to parties, as he comes home every evening dead tired from the City, but I force him to go, on the excuse that it will be good for his business to mix with the social world. We have a large house in Portman Square and I entertain a good deal. It is easy to tempt the young men I used to know to the house, as the food and the drink are beyond reproach. The women I found more difficult at first, as they said that I had a disreputable past and was nobody anyway, and of course it is the women who really matter in Society. But for some years now I have served on the committee of every charity ball. I have committee meetings at my house, to which duchesses quite often come. Lately I have taken to having fork luncheons and cocktail parties instead. On these occasions I have photographers present to photograph the titled people.

I never refuse a charity subscription to anybody who is at all important, and I have my house re-decorated quite often by all the titled decorators. Thus I am gradually getting to know all the Right People, which isn't bad when you remember I was born in Brixton. I am hoping to be able to get Dolfie to take John Bedlam into his business. He has just married Lord Ditchwater's daughter, and they haven't a penny, but they give the grandest parties of anybody in London. If Dolfie would only give him a job they would be forced to ask us out and introduce us to all their friends, and the rest would be easy. I think I can fix it.

Patience is a Vice

(*Continued from page* 51)

his fingers rapidly while his thoughts raced ahead of his eyes. It was always the way with these inspired gamblers, he told himself. Five times right, and now flirting with such a lump of cold mutton as Armilago. And he hoping to make his killing to-day as soon as he heard she was coming in. Well, it was hoping he'd still be. Ah, here we are—Armilago, 7s. 9d., 7s. 3d., 7s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s., 6s. 6d., 6s. 3d.—well, if those figures didn't tell her the whole story—he shrugged expressively. Then his eye caught the name Armilago again, in the glass dome of the machine, under the keys:

"Armilago, 6s."

He passed the information on to Mrs. Landers, who received it with a nod of her head.

"6s. 6d.—6s.," she repeated. "Buy me five thousand at once, Mr. Plumbury."

"But, Mrs. Landers, I must warn you that Armilago Creek is worked out. There was a note only this morning in the *Money Times*"—he groped among the papers on his desk—"Ah, here it is—you can read it for yourself." He handed the paper over to her, opened at a column with the heading: "End of a Great Mine."

But Pussy Landers did not want to be bothered.

"I know all about that, Mr. Plumbury. Please do as I ask."

"It's money thrown away, Mrs. Landers," he persisted, as he reached for the telephone. "I feel I must warn you."

For answer she opened her bag, and laid on the desk the three thousand pounds in notes, at which the expressionless face of the broker for once showed animation.

"There is more than enough there, Mr. Plumbury. Better take it all for the present. I shall be making more purchases during the afternoon."

"Not of Armilago, I hope," he ventured.

Her gentle smile was very pronounced.

"There's some money in the mine still, Mr. Plumbury," she said.

He put her commission through at that without further ado, and when he had hung up he pushed the notes back across the table towards her.

"There's no need for these—yet"—he dropped the last word into the pause on an afterthought. He was a business man first, and if she was going to buy Armilago in five-thousand lots it was a comfort to know that she had all that cover in cash to put up. She—and he—might want it before four o'clock.

"Will you keep me advised of every change in Armilago, Mr. Plumbury? I'll wait. But I mustn't take possession of your own office like this. Haven't you got a waiting room?"

Mr. Plumbury had, and there was a telephone in it too, over which he reported the debacle of Armilago. The price of the shares that afternoon, between two and three o'clock, touched new low levels that they had never seen before, but to every depression Pussy Landers' reaction was the same:

"Buy five thousand for me, please, Mr. Plumbury."

At three o'clock she had signed instructions for eight parcels of five thousand each, and the eighth was bought at just over 2s. By that time Mr. Plumbury was frankly mopping his brow, and trying to screw up enough courage to ask for cover.

At three o'clock, in London, things began to happen that affected the immediate future of Armilagos very intimately. From Sir Julius Esterberg's office in Pall Mall instructions went out to no less than twenty-four different brokers, all of whom proceeded to buy Armilagos, and more Armilagos—all the Armilagos that were in sight, and quite a large number that were not even in existence. It was not until about twenty minutes to four that this last, utterly devastating fact dawned upon some gentlemen who had spent quite a profitable

(*Continued on page* 124)

CEREBOS
TABLE
SALT

"Right away!"

How exactly that describes the way Cerebos Salt pours from its hygienic container. No matter how damp the atmosphere the pure white crystals come pouring out at the first tilt. No clogging, no lumps, no waste. This is why housewives insist that it is actually a wise economy to pay the little more for Cerebos.

CEREBOS

TABLE SALT

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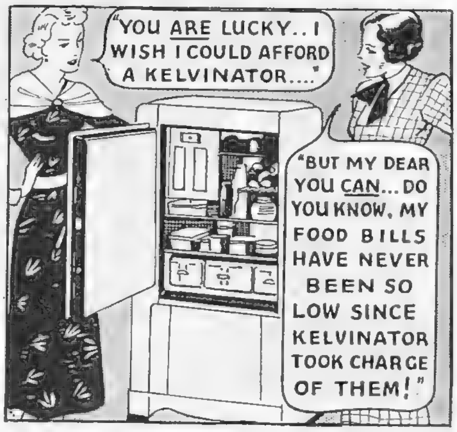
"MY DEAR, WHAT A MARVELLOUS LUNCH.... MY FAMILY WOULD LOVE THIS ICED PUDDING, BUT UNFORTUNATELY MY HOUSEKEEPING ALLOWANCE WON'T RUN TO THIS LUXURY........."
"WELL, I HAVE A SECRET.... LET'S HAVE OUR COFFEE IN THE GARDEN AND I WILL TELL YOU......"
"I'M SO GLAD YOU LIKED THE LUNCH, DEAR...BUT THE THANKS ARE DUE NOT TO ME BUT TO MY KELVINATOR.."
"YOUR KELVINATOR? OH, KITTY, HOW I ENVY YOU ...I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A KELVINATOR REFRIGERATOR ....DO LET ME SEE IT...."



"YOU ARE LUCKY.. I WISH I COULD AFFORD A KELVINATOR...."
"BUT MY DEAR YOU CAN...DO YOU KNOW, MY FOOD BILLS HAVE NEVER BEEN SO LOW SINCE KELVINATOR TOOK CHARGE OF THEM!"

Every woman who owns a Kelvinator will endorse the words of the hostess above : "**My food bills have never been so low since Kelvinator took charge of them !**" For Kelvinator cuts out all waste, enabling food to be bought in larger, more thrifty quantities, and kept fresh, sweet and safe until required. Therefore a Kelvinator is not an expense, but an investment, yielding rich dividends in economy. You can buy a Kelvinator for as little as 26 guineas, or on terms to suit your convenience ....

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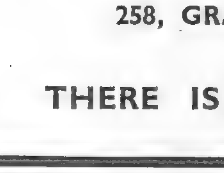

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MILK SOAP
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PRICE 1/- TABLET
FOR MEN—MILK SHAVING SOAP AND CREAM—LUXURY SHAVES
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fortnight in bearing Armilagos, and who, in a hectic forty minutes' selling, had committed themselves to deliver nearly a quarter of a million more Armilago 5s. ordinary shares than were ever issued, thereby delivering themselves over to the tender mercies of Sir Julius, whose twenty-four brokers had bought in Armilagos and contracts to deliver Armilagos to a total of well over two million shares in that same forty minutes of steady and intensive buying.

All this had been faithfully reflected, to the absolute bewilderment of Mr. Plumbury, on the tape that ceaselessly snaked from under its glass dome into the basket beneath. By a quarter-past three the shares had recovered 2s. of their fall, and by half-past they stood at 7s. But Pussy Landers, who had expected Armilagos to behave exactly as they had done, by reason of the information that Sir Julius had given her over his own private wire at one o'clock, accepted the later reports with even greater equanimity than she had accorded to the earlier ones, when the shares were falling. Mr. Plumbury, forgetting his sang-froid for once, was far more excited than she was, and when the climax of the incredible forty minutes came he was not content with passing the news over the wire to his client. He tore out a strip of the tape and ran in to her with it in his hand :

"Armilago Creek—8s. to 9s. offered. No sellers." Thus baldly was written the dénouement of Sir Julius's coup, that was to mean a black settling-day for the too-optimistic bears. Thus also was written "might-have-been" to Mr. Plumbury's dream of a worth-while killing. Once again he had failed to grasp opportunity by the forelock.

It was with ungrudging respect for Mrs. Landers' sources of information that he listened to her instructions.

"It's ten minutes to four yet, Mr. Plumbury. You can sell some of my shares this afternoon still, can't you ?"

He smiled grimly. "On to-day's market I could sell them about ten times over in ten minutes," he assured her.

"And I hold forty thousand at an average of 4s. 6d. all round—that's nine thousand pounds. Then if I sell half of them at nine shillings I'll be out of your debt, so you won't want any cover from me. I can take my money away with me."

"I didn't ask you for any cover, Mrs. Landers," he told her reproachfully. It was the one melancholy satisfaction he had out of his afternoon. "But if you'll excuse me now, I'll go and put your selling order through. I'll make it 9s. 6d.—no reason for you to pay brokerage when you can get someone else to pay it for you."

At four o'clock he was receiving definite instructions for the next day :

"You will offer the rest of my Armilagos first thing in the morning at ten shillings, Mr. Plumbury."

That shocked the predatory professionalism of the broker.

"But, Mrs. Landers, you can hold out for whatever you like. If the bears are nipped, they'll have to pay whatever you ask."

"But, you see, somebody else is holding an enormous lot of the shares, Mr. Plumbury, and he might be satisfied to take ten shillings, mightn't he ? To get all that money he's spent back again. Then I wouldn't be able to get my ten shillings, would I ? I always think it's better to be satisfied with what you have."

He shrugged slightly, but recognised finality when he heard it : "If that's the way of it, there's no need to wait until morning for a ten-shilling offer, Mrs. Landers. I can get that for you on the kerb straight away. It's slightly irregular, but——" Another shrug, a little more pronounced this time, conveyed the impression that he would run any risk for so able a client.

At ten minutes past four Pussy Landers, with the whole of her three thousand pounds, and with selling-notes that represented a cheque for just over nine thousand pounds on the following Thursday morning, sat down to a well-earned cup of tea in the most exclusive restaurant that Pinchester boasted. There were some other things in the exquisite bead bag too, but of them we shall hear in due course.

AT half-past four the Bentley coupé left the car park in College Square, and a few minutes later drew up in the down-town park at Yardsley Green. The woman that stepped out of it here, however, was not dressed in a new mink coat. That garment was carefully tucked out of sight under a rug that was apparently flung carelessly on the driving-seat, while Pussy Landers wore instead of it a plain navy coat, and instead of her fashionable pillbox, now tucked inside the fur coat under the rug, she wore a shabby blue beret. But the bead bag was under her arm, and she locked the door of the coupé securely behind her before she took her ticket from the attendant.

From the other side of Yardsley Green she took a bus that left her at the corner of South Parade, a street of unprosperous lodging-houses. She walked down to No. 8, and hesitated a moment before she lifted the latch of the rusty gate. Then she went firmly up to the blistered hall door, and had knocked a second time before an untidy tweeny opened the door widely enough to see through the gap.

"Ef it's a room ye're wantin' we're——" the budding slattern began, and then paused in indecision. Even in shabby blue, this was undoubtedly a lady, and ladies did not, in her experience, come to lodge in South Parade.

"I want to see Mr. Robinson," said Pussy Landers kindly. "He's expecting me, I think."

"Yers, marm. Second front 'e'll be. I'll show yer."

Up the stairs went Rosie's spindly legs, blotches of flesh showing through worn stockings, and broken shoes click-clacking on the uncovered treads.

"Lidy for yer, Mr. Robinson," she announced abruptly to the closed door of the second front, without the formality of any knock. Her tired little face lit up as something unfamiliar was pressed into her grubby little fist.

"Go to the pictures, child, when you're out," suggested Pussy, with her unfailing gentle smile.

"Yers, thank yer, marm. Next week that'll be," announced Rosie breathlessly, taking herself off to regions far below the second front where, if one worked hard enough, one might be let out next week.

In answer to an invitation from within, Pussy Landers opened the door. The man called Mr. Robinson was standing with his back to the empty fireplace when she entered. He was rather short in stature, with grey hair, a very high colour that was only very inadequately explained by his "indigestion," and hard blue eyes. Both complexion and hard expression were intensified by the loud purple of his cheap navy suit; his shoes were of light tan, his shirt sported pale blue stripes—an outfit with which he should not have worn a brown tie decorated in a mauve motif.

"I got your letter, Dick," she announced.

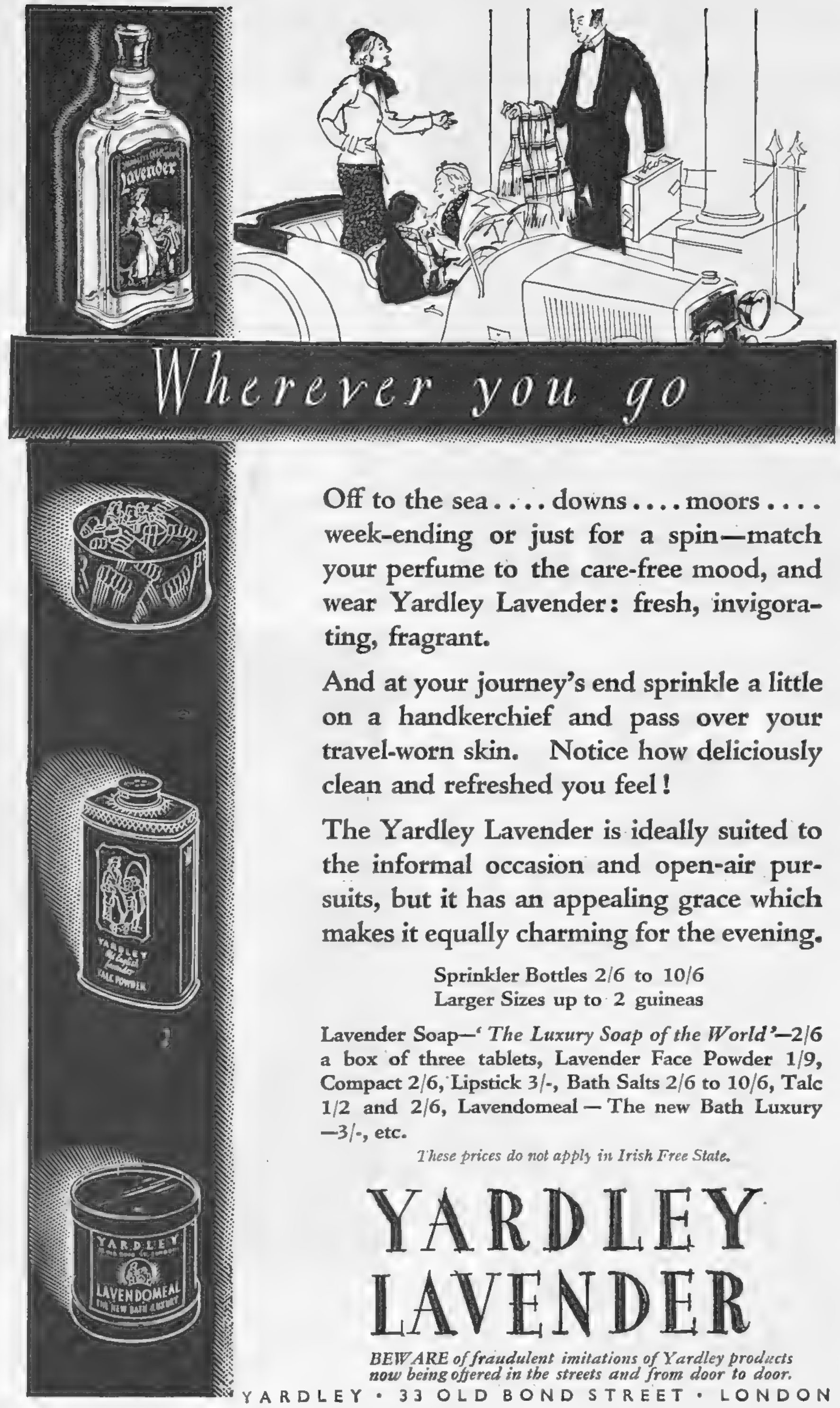
"So I see, Kitty, because you're here." He gave her a self-satisfied smile, this Mr. Robinson, who was the only man that had ever called her Kitty, and she hated it.

"I'd rather you spoke to me as Mrs. Landers," she said with sudden firmness.

"Indeed!" The man lifted surprised eyebrows. "What about Mrs. Foot, eh?"

Pussy's eyes flashed sudden fire. Dick Foot, the man who stood in front of her and who was known in the lodging-house as Mr. Robinson, had passed as her husband, thanks to a form of marriage that they had gone through in the early days of the war. It was not until the end of 1917 that the casualty lists freed her, but by then she had been disillusioned for more than two years as to the character of the man she had "married," and it was the restraint that she had put

(Continued on page 126)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upon herself during those two years, so that nobody—family or friends—would know what she endured at the hands of Dick Foot, which laid the foundations of her stoical indifference and almost inhuman self-restraint. But it was a severe strain upon both, two years earlier, when the first letter came from the resurrected Dick to shatter the calm tranquillity that fourteen years of Landers Royal had brought.

She had made the mistake of answering that letter, and it was the first of several. Five times in all had he made demands upon her—five times had she consulted Sir Julius—five times before this afternoon had she seen Mr. Plumbury. Now this was the sixth demand of his, and it was to be the last of them. It had taken Sir Julius two whole years to find out how she could draw the fangs of Dick Foot, and in her bag was the instrument to do it.

"I am not and never was Mrs. Foot," she announced quietly.

"What the hell do you mean ?" blustered Foot.

"You know perfectly well," she told him. "I want all my letters back—the old ones, and the last five. I'm buying them from you now."

"And—the price ? What figure do you suggest ?"

"There are two prices," she announced equably, rummaging in the bead bag, and taking out of it a folded paper of a faint azure tint. "You can have three thousand pounds cash here and now, or you can have five hundred pounds, payable at the General Post Office, Melbourne, to you in person, together with this document." She held up the folded blue paper.

He was disconcerted by her air of calm certitude, which to his uneasy conscience was very disquieting.

"And that document is——" he broke off suggestively.

"A copy of your marriage—your real marriage—certificate, when you married Ellen Cotgrave. It's dated 1911, and your wife died two years after the war in which you did not die."

His eyes narrowed.

"And if I take the three thousand ?" he asked.

"Then I'm afraid that this certificate, along with your last letter, will be put into the hands of the police. This is the last time I shall see you or hold any communication with you, so make your choice."

"Not so fast," he said roughly. "You're not the only market."

"I am," she said, and this time her calm was icily smooth. She paused, while her right hand went into the pocket of her coat. "If I leave here without those letters I go straight to the police, and it will be too late then for you to try to make a bargain with my husband or anybody else."

He started forward, his face livid with passion, but drew back when she took her hand out of her pocket, holding an automatic pistol in a steady line with his breast-bone.

"Put that damned thing down, Puss, and don't be silly," he cried.

"Keep your distance then. And try to get it into your head that I mean precisely what I say, neither more nor less. Three thousand pounds and prison, or five hundred and freedom in Australia, after I get those letters from you."

"Five hundred pounds is no good to me," he growled. "It'll cost me a hundred of that to go out."

"The third class fare to Melbourne is forty-two pounds," she said, in the same level voice. "Your ticket will be handed to you on the boat at Tilbury or Southampton—whichever you prefer, and the five hundred will be waiting for you when you land."

"God, but you're grown hard!" he said bitterly. "Have you no feelings ?"

For the first time she showed emotion. Her lip quivered slightly, and Foot's hopes leaped. He had beaten her down again, as he had always been able to do. Then her expression hardened again, and he knew he had lost, irrevocably.

"What I am to you you've made me," she said tonelessly. "Let's not talk about responsibility, or I'll maybe remember what a fool I am to pay you five hundred when fifty would do the trick. The letters, please, and quickly."

"You'll have to give me something to go on with," he said sullenly. "I'm strapped. Can't pay my bill here."

Contemptuously she peeled off ten of the five-pound notes from the wad in her bag and flung them on the table.

"Those will be deducted from your five hundred, so make the most of them."

A couple of minutes later she let herself out at the blistered hall door, and her bead bag was fuller than when she had come in. The letters were bulky. What a voluminous correspondent she had been in those early days of her "marriage," and what a silly fool!

On the way home from Yardsley Green she passed the Linfolk County Hospital. There was a streamer across the front of the building: "Help Us to Wipe Off the Deficit on Last Year's Funds ; £2,337 Still Needed."

Those figures had meant nothing to her on the way out to see Dick, but now they had some significance. She could pay the whole of it out of the money that she had in the bead bag—the money that Dick did not want under the conditions she imposed. She drew up a little past the grey stone pillars of the entrance gates, for she had passed them before making up her mind ; and waiting until a bus shot by she turned the car round. She then drove through the gates, and was received in the registrar's office by the medical superintendent himself, old Doctor Higgins, who was a visitor on occasion at Landers Royal. The registrar had long since gone home, for it was now close on six o'clock.

Mr. W. C. Thorne, who was recently appointed general manager of India Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd. He is also a director of The Inveresk Paper Co. Ltd.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Landers ?" the somewhat tired voice asked courteously.

"I've been collecting for you," she said, with a hovering little smile fluttering the least bit uncertainly about her lips. After all, it had been a rather tiring day. Once more she opened the bead bag, and took from it the packets of notes.

Doctor Higgins watched her, at first with perfunctory gratitude registered on his mobile face, but it quickly changed to astonishment, and finally to tongue-tied relief, as the three wads of currency followed each other on to his desk.

"But, Mrs. Landers," he found tongue at last, and looked down into her gently shining eyes, "this is—why, there must be hundreds of pounds here."

"It's not quite all for you, doctor," she explained. "You want two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven pounds——"

"That was this morning's figure," he amended. "We took in twelve pounds to-day."

"Well, we'll say two thousand three hundred and thirty, to be on the safe side. If you wouldn't mind counting it, doctor."

"Certainly, Mrs. Landers, certainly," he said tremulously, but he made rather a long business of it. "I'll see that the receipt is sent out to you to-morrow, Mrs. Landers, and thank——"

"Oh, don't thank me," she smiled, taking up the slim packet of notes that was left. "I'm not giving you the money—I'm only passing it along."

"Then you'd better give me the name and address," the old man suggested, in something more like his normally modulated voice, "so that we can send him the receipt."

"Foot is the name—Captain Richard Foot, Poste Restante, Melbourne."

If he was surprised, he did not show it, but wrote down the name and address, just as she had given it.

"It must be wonderful to be able to do so much good in the world," he said rather wistfully. "If only I could make Captain Foot realise what his generosity means to us! I'll write him a long letter myself, and try to tell him."

"Oh, do," she said. "Dick will be delighted to hear. Now I must run, doctor. When are you going to tear yourself away from here for another day's fishing ? Gil would love to have you."

"I'll try to make a day soon, Mrs. Landers. You are determined to overwhelm me with kindness this afternoon." He smiled, and talking of Landers Royal they reached the Bentley drawn up at the great portico.

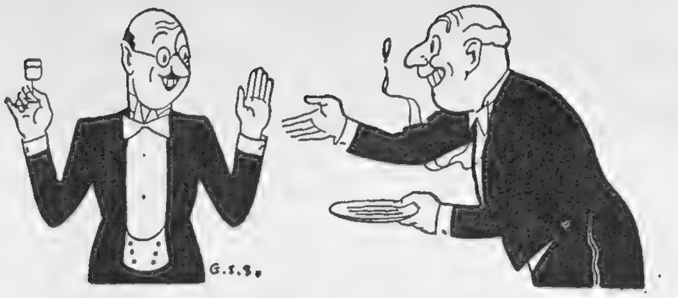
Strange to say, Pussy Landers was not at all amused at the thought of Dick's face when he read Doctor Higgins's letter. It seemed to her, as she felt for the starter button, that somehow she was cheapening the fine old man who stood watching her. For once in a way she acted impulsively, and was glad of it :

"On second thoughts, doctor, better send that receipt to me. And—I think I'd like to make the amount up to five thousand. I'll send you a cheque for the balance next Thursday. Good-bye." She anticipated the torrent of words that was imminent, and in a flurry of gravel she was gone.

On the drive back she had a great deal to think about, and most of it came under the heading of men. What a number of nice men there were in her life! There was Gil, of course, who was in a class all by himself. There was Sir Julius, her godfather, to whom she had gone in every trouble she had ever had, and whose ceaseless efforts had uncovered Foot's past ; who had enabled her, in place of the money she would not accept from him, to obtain the money for herself on the market whenever Dick's demands had been too much for her slender little private income—for Gil's money she would not use to buy off her former "husband," and it was necessary to keep him quiet until the mine that would blow him and his claims upon her sky-high was ready to touch off. There was Doctor Higgins, living for his work and the cancer ward that represented his life's ambition. There were others too, and amongst them all only one rotter. And he would soon be on the other side of the world. . . .

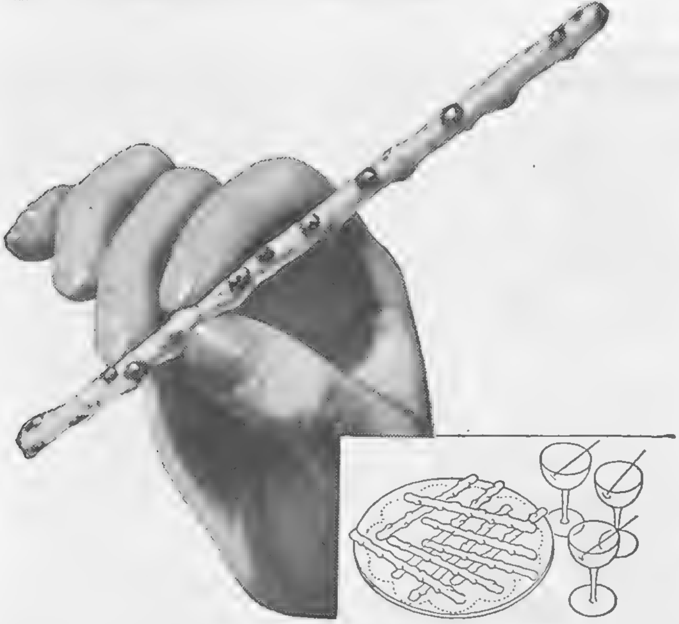
When she drew up in front of the house she saw that Gil had not yet returned, for his den was not lit. There was still some light in the April sky, and while he could see he would not tear himself away. The evening rise was always the best.

She went along to the Terrace Room, giving her coat and hat to the attentive maid that met her in the lounge, with a word of thanks : (*Continued on page 128*)



TWIGLET-vous, my boy?

You're not one of those who consume their cocktails without masticating? You know what Harley Street physicians have said . . . But you're not listening. You're just goggling at the eyes. These? Ah, these are the genuine, original Twiglets, made specially to prevent cocktails from curdling within. They tickle the palate, *hein*? Try them also on the dinner table, but *not* in your bath unless you are in the habit of drinking it . . . No, I refuse to leave you the plate, because unfortunately I am not a shareholder in Peek Freans.



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"And I'll be up in a few minutes, Mason. Run my bath in quarter of an hour."

She kicked the logs into a spurt of hissing flame, and for the last time that afternoon she opened the bead bag, emptying out its contents. The little roll of notes she put into the drawer of the table for the moment, and one after another she threw the letters on the fire, moralising as she did so. All that sentiment—so much rapture—so much and so many fond hopes—crumbling into ash as long ago they had withered and charred and been blasted into frustration.

As the last of the flame flickered and died she went to the centre window of the three that formed the wall of the room on the garden side. It was too dusk now to see the tapestried wall across the garden. She went to the door and touched the switch beside it. The electrolier scintillated into light, and she saw the drawer of the table, not quite pushed home. It reminded her of the notes that she was to take upstairs with her. She opened the drawer fully, and put the automatic into its compartment at the back. It was quite safe to do so, for it was not loaded. She knew Dick too well to bother about loading it for him—one look at it was enough to settle him.

She lifted the notes and tucked them into the front of her dress. Beside them lay the cigarettes and the patience pack. She lifted them out, and, seating herself at the table, she lit a cigarette, before starting to lay out the tableau of her patience. The tobacco and the game soothed her rather rebellious thoughts. It was not so easy to be restrained and poised this evening—she had been over-doing it rather. It was all very thrilling, but definitely unsettling too. She turned the cards quite mechanically, emptying herself of thought. It was because she was able to do that while playing that she liked patience so much. It absorbed the mind, and yet at the same time freed it.

She was so engaged when Gilbert, her husband, came quietly to the door. He was full of the afternoon's doings, and the last capture of the evening, that had taken him a full twenty minutes in the dusk to land—a beauty of a six-pounder.

But his enthusiasm suffered a severe check when he saw Pussy sitting there, just as he had left her nearly seven hours earlier, playing her interminable patience. She was so absorbed that for once she did not hear him come, and seeing that he closed the door softly. She did not hear him go.

He went slowly along the corridor, towards the front of the house, and the lounge, and the great staircase, up which a grateful hot bath awaited him. He was shaking his head a little, and thinking to himself:

"It must be damned unhealthy for her, sitting in like that the whole afternoon. Hang it all, a little rain wouldn't hurt her for once! I must speak to her, I really must. 'Pon my word, I'll do it to-night, after dinner."

End

A Victorian Complex

(*Continued from page 17*)

thermos of hot coffee and some sandwiches. She sent Waveney out to fetch her sister; but Lucia did not want coffee. She swam beside Waveney, trying to copy his crawl-stroke, and wondering if it would be easy to take him away from Josephine. Not that Lucia was going to try; she was here to win Josephine's favour and—possibly—get a rise in that wretched allowance of two hundred. Anyway she was going to get what she could; and she was being very wise, avoiding all subjects that might displease Josephine. Neither their father nor Don had been mentioned yet.

When they came back to the punt Josephine was full of wonder at their swimming. She had pulled off her cap and her disordered curls and pink face made her look like a large cherub. She was altogether silly to-day, laughing constantly, offering Waveney coffee in a

(*Continued on page* 130)

Jubilee

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Incorporated in the year of His Majesty's Coronation, GAZES look back over a quarter of a century of progress with justifiable pride in their achievements.

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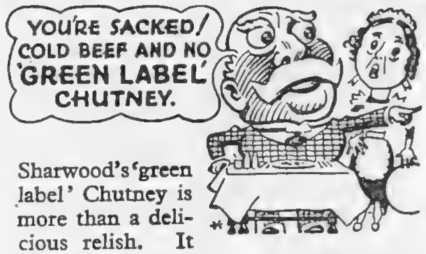
If you suffer from indigestion, if you want to get relief after years of suffering, get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. But do not accept an inferior substitute in order to save a few pence. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.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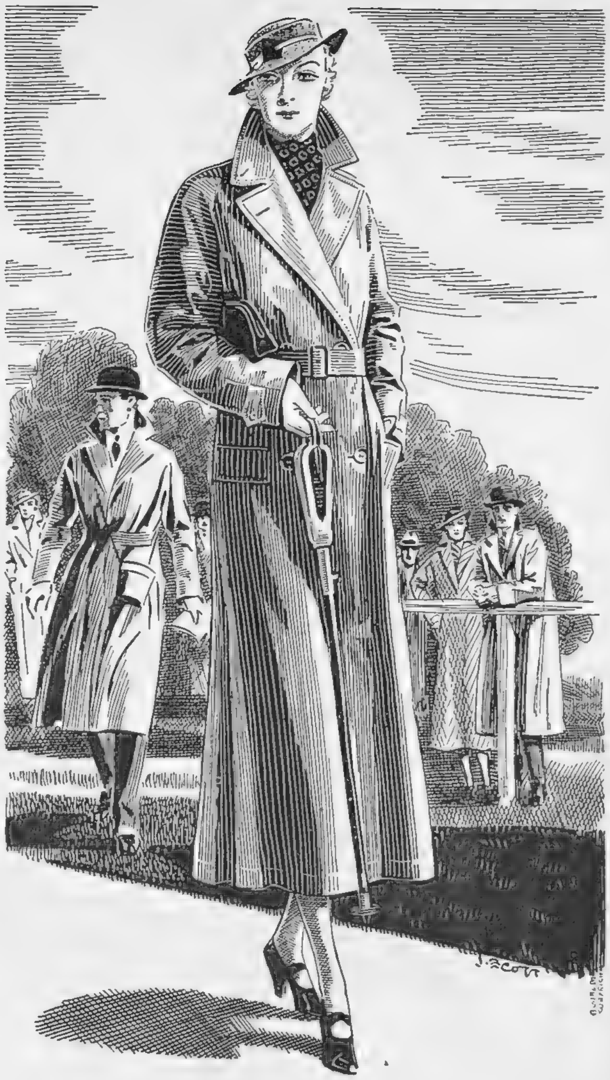

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Holidays *at* Home

IT is astonishing how many of England's famous beauty spots lie on the routes of the London Midland and Scottish Railway. It is astonishing, too, how much the L.M.S. has done to enhance the attractiveness of travel at home. "Summer tickets," under the name of monthly return tickets, are now permanently established. The advantages of the penny-a-mile, return-within-a-month and the facilities previously obtaining remain, but it is no longer necessary for passengers to complete the outward journey within three days. They can, if they desire to do so, take a month to complete the outward journey. An interesting experiment is also being made with first class travel. Monthly return, cheap day and day excursions, etc., are being fixed on the basis of 50 per cent. over the corresponding third class fares—a reduction of 10 per cent.

Other concessions apply in the case of tourist tickets issued from May 1st to October 31st, the fares being reduced by 26 per cent. first class and 18 per cent. third class. The minimum fares are, first class, 22s. 6d.; third class, 15s.; while their availability extends for a period of three months. At the same time the availability of the outward halves of the ordinary return tickets is increased from three days to three months.

The innovation by the L.M.S. of what are known as "All-in" services offers a form of travel minus the worry attached to the ordinary holiday.

Such service includes hotel accommodation, conducted sight-seeing tours, and, where required, boat and motor coach travel. Several "set" tours are available, but itineraries to meet individual requirements can be arranged on demand.

Of those places in England which everybody must see some time or other, none takes precedence of the Lake District. Derwentwater, charmingly situated amid woods and rocks and towering mountains, is claimed to be the "Queen of Lakes," while Ruskin described Friar's Crag, half a mile from Keswick, as being one of the five finest viewpoints in Europe. A splendid view can also be obtained from the head of the Kirkstone Pass over Windermere and across many of the highest dales and fells.

In Wales the scenery of Snowdonia and the north coast enjoys a more than national fame. Here, from Prestatyn to Portmadoc, runs a chain of resorts which comprise as representative a series as can be found anywhere in Britain, and beautiful Llandudno, set in a Naples-like bay bounded by the Great and Little Ormes, with excellent bathing and golfing facilities, is the central point of the chain. On the same coast there is ample provision for those who seek quietude and rest, not only in the quieter coastal places and in the Isle of Anglesea, but in the inland resorts such as Tal-y-cafn, Trefriew and Bettws-y-coed, whose famous Falls are one of the principal scenic wonders of a wonderful district, while the magnificent opportunities for climbing offered by the various mountains of the Snowdon range need no introduction to the amateur Alpinist.

For holiday visitors to North Wales the L.M.S. Railway provides special travel attractions in the form of weekly holiday "seasons," available between almost all stations in North Wales, at a fare of 10s. third class and 15s. first class.

No less distinctive in its scenic appeal is Scotland, and a visit to the Highlands inevitably involves making acquaintance with one or more of the L.M.S. luxury hotels. These include the Turnberry in Ayrshire, Gleneagles in Perthshire, Dornoch in Sutherlandshire and the Highland Hotel in Ross-shire.

LOCH KATRINE, one of the many beauty spots served by the L.M.S.

The Turnberry Hotel, situated in Scotland's most modern seaside resort, on an enchanting bay, embraces all the luxuries and refinements of the most celebrated hotels of London and the Continent.

Gleneagles, famous as a centre for all kinds of sport, and particularly for golf, is only a few miles distant from the Highlands. The historic cities of Stirling and Perth, the battlefields of Bannockburn, the Trossachs and Loch Lomond, can all be reached in an hour or less. Gleneagles itself is the centre of some of the most delightful scenery.

Farther north, under the shadow of Ben Wyvis, lies Strathpeffer, with its Highland Hotel, open from May to the end of September.

Farther north still—in the heart of Sutherlandshire—is the Dornoch Hotel. Situated amid scenery which earns the praise of men who have circled the earth, this hotel is the ideal place for a glorious holiday.

Finally must be mentioned the Isle of Man, which possesses an endless variety of scenery and is of particular interest as the smallest kingdom in the world, having its own language, traditions, customs and Parliament. Within eight hours' journey of London, it can be reached by a short sea passage from Liverpool, Heysham and Fleetwood (the last two during the summer season), while the L.M.S. Railway runs a splendid service of trains to the ports.

---

mussel-shell found in the boat, climbing out on to her rubber monster and kissing it. Lucia was disgusted; but Waveney seemed to find delight in this overgrown girlishness. He left them reluctantly, explaining that he had to see his agent.

Lucia dressed in the punt, thinking irritably of Josephine's fat and folly, her spoilt child airs. Everything was done for her; she took it for granted that she was the most important person on earth. And all because she had money. The local people were all smirks and civility, the servants rushed upstairs to fasten her frocks, the ferryman solemnly inflated her rubber monster.

Lucia glanced at Josephine lying on the monster, her big white arms round its neck, her big white legs trailing over the rubber ring. A thought wandered into Lucia's mind. A tiny hole in the monster would mean water-logging, slow sinking into the deepest water of the pool. (Waveney had kept Josephine in shallow water near the shore while he was teaching her to swim; but where the monster lay the water was deep—Lucia had heard the ferryman say just how deep it was.) But, even if the monster began to sink, there was the punt within easy reach of Josephine's hand.

If the punt were *not* there?

It was just an idle thought. It meant nothing—at the time.

THE seventh day was wet; and, in the sitting-room with her sister, Lucia tried patiently to bring the talk round to her own affairs. It was not easy; for Josephine's idea of "getting to know" one seemed to be telling one things about herself. Lucia was crocheting a cap and jumper for the autumn and, by a remark about these, introduced the subject of making one's own clothes.

"Oh, *do* you?" Josephine was on the couch with a book, but not pretending to read. "*All* your clothes?"

"Oh no. I make a point of having a well-made suit and a really good evening frock."

"'Mm. I thought you couldn't have made that black chiffon. But you're so neat—I suppose you find it easy to get bargains to fit you.'

"I don't find it easy to keep myself well-dressed. I have to appear on concert platforms rather often." "Rather often" meant about four times a year; but Lucia's pride was hot at what she felt was patronage.

"Have you really? You're wonderful. If I stay in London this winter I shall come to hear you, of course. And I'll bring all my friends."

"Won't you be ashamed to let your friends know you're connected with a struggling professional?"

Josephine looked surprised. A graver expression than usual was in her amiable face.

"Why, I'll be *proud*, Lucia. I wish I had a piano here. Jack Waveney would love to hear you play and sing, he's so fond of music. He sings Scottish songs himself—he used often to sing at the Foljambes' at Florence."

"Oh, you met him at Florence? I should like to go there," Lucia sighed.

"So you *shall*. We'll go lots of places together now we've got to know each other. . . . I remember your mother quite well," Josephine said suddenly.

It was not remarkable, seeing that Josephine had been twenty-four at the time of the witch-ball incident. Lucia smiled wryly.

"Of course I'm a lot older than you." Josephine blushed in her ready profuse way.

"Twenty years younger," Lucia said lightly, "and just ask Mr. Waveney if you don't look it."

"Oh Lucia" . . . Josephine blushed again. "I can remember the day you were born. I was at school at Eastbourne and I was so awfully excited to hear I'd a little sister, I could hardly wait for the end of the term. It must have been just about this time of the year." (*Continued on page 132*)

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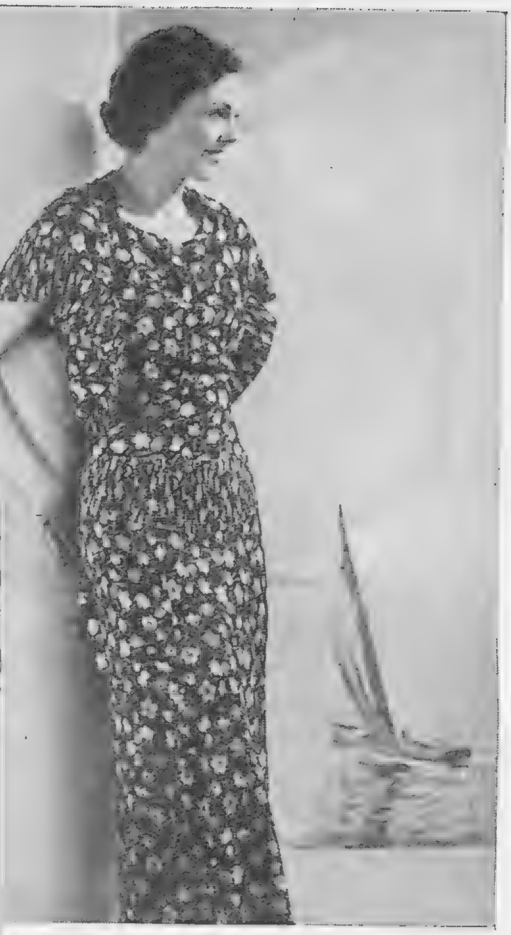

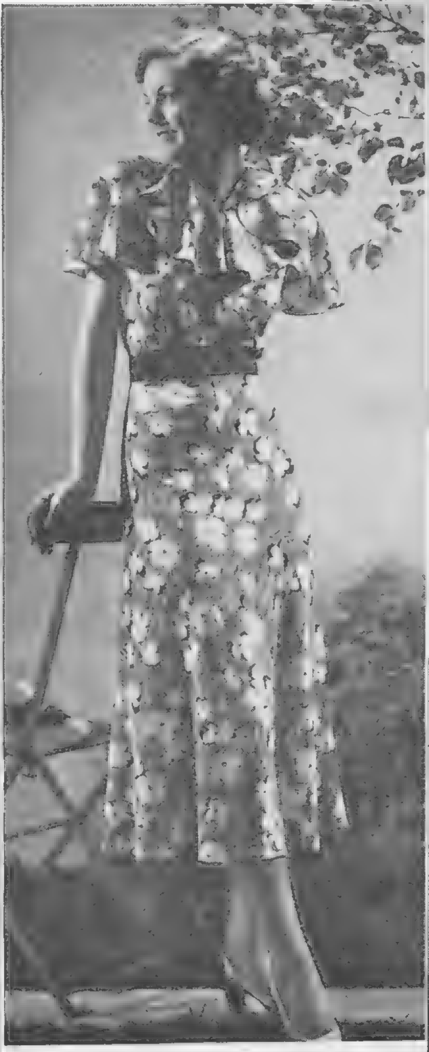

"APOLLO" (below)

Lovely Dress in Tootal's patented crease-resisting chiffon, trimmed velvet ribbon. Ideal for Summer parties and evening wear. Colours: White/pink, white/blue, white/yellow and white/green. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. hips.

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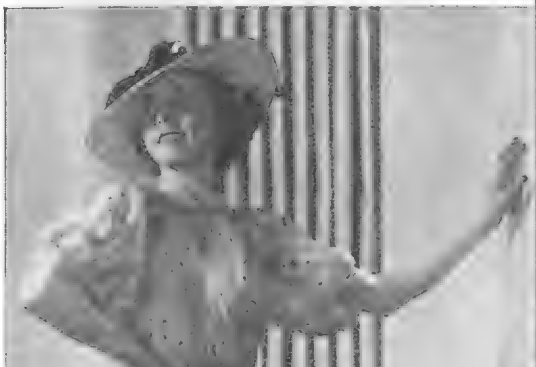

"TRUDY" (above)

Smart printed Dress with kilting, ideal for semi-dinner wear, in heavy rayon marocain. Colours: Multi-colours on black, navy, lido and light nigger grounds. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. hips.

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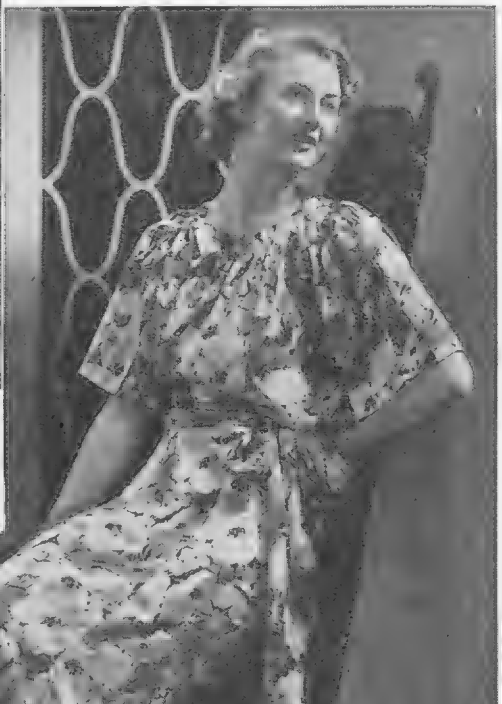

"BUSTER" (above)

Lovely print Dress in heavy rayon marocain. Colours: Navy/white/yellow, black/white/red, brown/white/yellow, black/white/blue and green/white/yellow. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. hips.

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"RENE" (on right)

Delightful Dinner Dress in heavy printed marocain, with new shirring in lovely multi-coloured prints in which the following colours predominate: White/duck-egg, white/pink, white/green, white/yellow, white/brown and white/blue. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. hips.

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Cocktail Hour . . .

LAST-MINUTE parties are always good fun; things planned on the spur of the moment almost invariably seem to go with more of a swing than those functions for which elaborate preparations have been made for days, or even weeks, beforehand.

If you decide to throw a last-minute cocktail party, the invitations must be last-minute ones too, and those guests who are able to accept are those who are, for the moment, at a loose end, so they come in the right spirit, prepared to enjoy an unexpected entertainment.

The only snag about an eleventh-hour party is that one hasn't usually time to prepare very elaborate eats, and these, at the contemporary cocktail party, are second only in importance to the drinks.

Hastily made sandwiches are not usually a success, and olives, gherkins and salted almonds, of which one generally has a supply, are very nice but not really substantial enough to be served alone.

There is a grand solution to this problem. The next time you fix up such a party by telephone and are at a loss to know what to serve with the drinks, just telephone your grocer and ask him to send you along a selection of Peek Frean's cocktail biscuits.

They are all so tempting that you will probably keep the lot. You can be sure that your guests will find them equally tempting, and when the party is over you won't find many to put back in the tins, probably just a few on each plate, if your friends have proper party manners and feel ashamed to clear the board.

Now a word about these biscuits. Probably you know some of them, but there are some quite new ones which you may not yet have discovered, so a few details about them may interest you.

First of all there are the "Savoury Assorted Biscuits." You can get these at 2s. 1d. per lb., or you can buy a special tin of them for 1s. 6d. This assortment includes Cheeselet Wafers, Cheeselets, Cocktail Puffs, Regal Flip, Cheddar Sandwich and Truffle Savoury. Clever names, aren't they? They give a perfect description of the various flavours. Makes you hungry to read them.

Next there are "Cocktail Varieties." These are sold at 2s. 3d. per lb. or in special tins at 2s. 4d. each. The assortment includes all those mentioned in the "Savoury Assorted" and in addition it contains Twiglets, Stiltonette Wafer and Celery Sandwich. The Stiltonette Wafer is tubular in shape and filled with a delicious cheese-flavoured cream. The Celery Sandwich is a celery biscuit sandwiched with an appetising savoury cream. Last of all come Twiglets, the latest cocktail novelty launched by Peek Frean. They have a delightful flavour and a lovely crunchiness due to their Vita-Weat base.

Besides using them for cocktail parties you can serve them with soups, salads and dessert. In addition to their delicious flavour they make such an attractive table decoration. Look at the picture of them at the top of this page. Don't you agree?

A Victorian Complex

"My birthday is on the fourteenth." Lucia's tone was firm, suggestive.

"You must tell me what you'd like for a present."

Lucia thought for only an instant. She had estimated the value of Josephine's belongings, casually mentioned as presents from friends."

"I should like a musquash coat."

She was aware of a mental recoil in Josephine: who indeed—proportioning Lucia's desires to her means—had expected a few pairs of gloves or silk stockings or something of that sort.

"Oh . . . I've been spending like billy-ho; and I'm afraid I'm too hard up to run to a fur coat just now. You see, I shouldn't like to give you a poor one. Perhaps at Christmas. . . ." Josephine took a chocolate. . . "I thought of something costing a pound or so."

"Then I'd like the pound—or so." Lucia swallowed a little dose of ill-feeling. "A pound is always useful to a poor professional. It means taxis instead of buses."

"You seem to me to have such a *romantic* life," Josephine said, sighing.

"Really? *Your* life seems romantic to me. I can't imagine a finer romance than lots of money."

Possibly Josephine was put on her guard. Anyway, she began to talk about money, explaining that her income was *not* large, that it just sufficed to keep her going. There were things she would *like* to do—she glanced wistfully at Lucia—but the capital was tied up; she could not touch it.

Lucia swallowed another dose of bad feeling—a black, bitter dose. It seemed to her that the fat, selfish creature was telling her to expect nothing but presents worth "a pound or so."

But Josephine was only trying to be frank and sisterly—and was perhaps subconsciously on the defensive as a well-to-do woman much pestered by the poor. Her idea of keeping going was naturally on a large scale.

She went on eating chocolates and talking. The subject of money led her to talk a little of the family. She meant well but was not too happy in her remarks. Lucia was rapidly returning to her position of complete resentment. It enraged her that Josephine should speak affectionately of "poor Dad": it was taken as an insult to Lucia's mother. But presently Josephine got on to the subject of Donald Carteret: who (she innocently supposed) Lucia could not remember. Poor Dad had not liked to cut this naughty cousin right out of his will, believing that blood was thicker than water. But poor Dad's kindness was not blindness: he knew what sort of boy Donald was. Donald had lived a really awful life in America; he was reported to have been involved in a gang . . . .

Here a horn tootled loudly behind the cottage. Josephine realised that Jack Waveney had come to drive her to his aunt's house. She rushed upstairs, rushed down again, donned her coat and, looking almost angelic, kissed Lucia, apologised for leaving her, and rushed up the wet garden.

Had she been in a better mood, Lucia must have smiled. But she was concentrated on swallowing the biggest, blackest of her doses of malevolence. All her inherited power of loving was for Don; she did not love any other living creature. The dose had gone down so hardly that her beautiful face was quite distorted when she was left alone.

Then the telephone rang.

It was Don calling her up: he was in the most awful hole, darling, and could she lend him a few pounds? Besides, he was longing to see her, of course. What about running up to Edinburgh? (where it transpired Don was). Old Josephine would surely stand the expenses of the journey. Had Lucia got anything out of old Josephine? Don hoped so—he was in the devil of a hole.

"THAT'S how it is," Don said. He and Lucia were sitting on the Calton Hill above Edinburgh. (*Continued on page 134*)

"Shopping all the morning . . . at the Academy this afternoon . . . and now I've got to face a public dinner—

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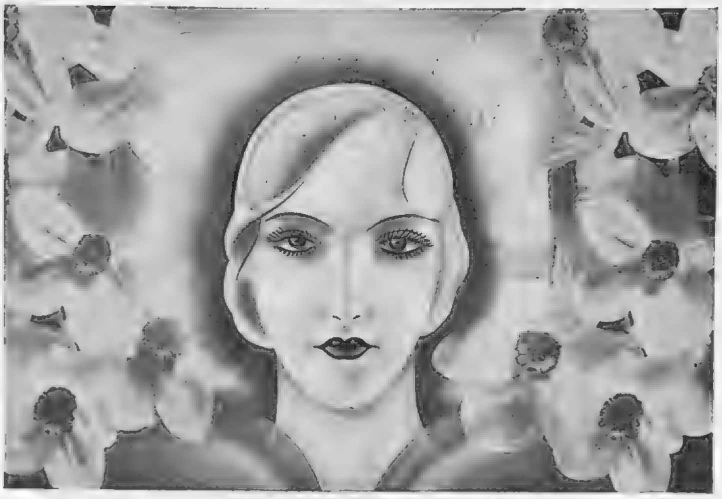

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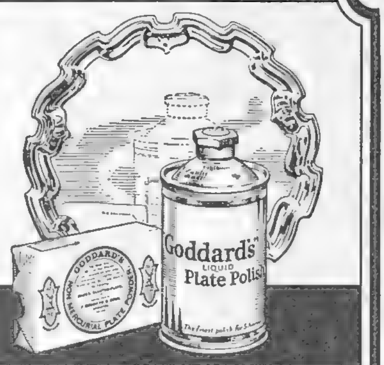

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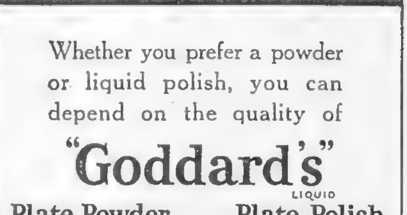
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Lucia did not say, nor think, that Don had done a wrong thing in using the funds of the society of which he was treasurer. What she said was:

"How silly."

It made Don angry.

"That all you've got to say?"

"No. How much is it?" Lucia had often and willingly lent him money. Her infatuation did not merely condone his meanness but was utterly blind to it.

Don paused for a full minute, then blurted:

"It's a hundred and forty-two now."

The rich colour ebbed from Lucia's face. She was dismayed—and for him.

"Oh, Don, darling. I haven't so much—not nearly. I've only forty-seven in the bank."

A silence. Lucia gazed at the rather chaotic buildings that decorate the Calton Hill.

"What are we to do, Don?"

"Ask me another."

"Oh, how did you let it go so far? If you'd asked me sooner . . ."

"Look here, if you've come here to talk in this fashion, you might as well have stayed with Josephine."

"But didn't you want to see me, Don?" The poor girl's eyes, usually so hard, were blurred by tears.

"Of course I did. I forgot everything but you when I saw you—looking so beautiful, like a little queen. *You* ought to be a rich woman, Loo." Don rolled over on the grass and rested his head on her knee. "How's Josephine looking? She must be getting on."

"No." Lucia never distorted facts unless she thought it necessary. "She's more of a girl than I am—in some ways, at least. And she's very good-looking—a lovely complexion and hair. She's too fat, of course."

"Not thinking of marrying now, of course?"

Lucia smiled.

"I shouldn't be surprised. She's the sort that attracts men, I believe. There's a man down there who's interested in her." Lucia was wondering a little at Don's dropping of the subject of the money; but it was her habit to follow all his remarks with adoring attention.

"Um! . . . . If Josephine marries I shan't have much chance of inheriting."

"You haven't much chance as it is, darling. Josephine isn't likely to oblige by dying." Lucia laughed, with an undernote of bitterness.

"Has she been—generous—to you?"

"She's been very kind. She's the sort of person who'd do anything for a guest. But once I'm out of her house she won't bother about me."

"She hasn't given you any money?" Don sat up.

"She gave me a pound. I'm to keep it for my birthday," Lucia sneered.

"Is she stingy?"

"No. I suppose she thinks a pound's quite a lot to me."

"Do you think you could get her to lend you a hundred? I could borrow the rest."

Lucia was dismayed.

"It would be fatal, dear. It would put her against me right at the beginning. She's been talking of spending the winter in London and taking me abroad. . . It would spoil everything. And I'm sure she'd say she couldn't. She was kind enough to give me a hint she needed all the money for herself."

"The cat! . . But you've some time with her yet. Don't you think you could get round her by degrees? Tell her you're in debt, or you've been ill and must consult a specialist? Something like that. Of course you must never mention me."

"I know. I'd do anything to help you, Don. But, honestly, it would be a mistake to try to get money from her so soon. You know what people are like about money. . . I'll get my two hundred at the New Year." Poor Lucia had the humble air of a devotee at a shrine.

"The accounts are audited in September," Don said drily. "And I haven't told you everything. I'm losing my job in the bank—got a month's notice."

"Oh, poor Don! It's a shame."

"Look here—I think, if you won't help me——"

"Don't say I won't—I'll try," Lucia sobbed.

"Well, if you can't—why shouldn't I make Josephine's acquaintance myself? Renew it, I mean. We're connections. I'll run down to this Highland paradise of yours."

"But she doesn't know I know you even!"

"Well? We can pretend we're meeting for the first time. I'll be discreet; and I'll be nice to her. If she's half decent she'll be glad to help me. I shouldn't wonder if I fascinated her."

A jealous fire leaped up in Lucia's blue eyes.

"Who knows what might come of it? She may take a fancy to me and solve all my difficulties by marrying me."

Don was teasing; but he had at the same time an exaggerated idea of his own attractions. Lucia's belief in them surpassed his own; she had no doubt that his rather pasty face and slim figure, his careless manners, would be fatal to Josephine's heart and to Waveney's chance. Lucia was already in a perfect agony of jealousy. Deep in her subconsciousness was the knowledge that Don had never actually asked her to marry him. Her love demanded no promises; she would have said that she trusted Don absolutely. Yet she was afraid as well as furious.

"What do you think? It would be rather fun."

"No." Lucia struggled to speak quietly. "We would be sure to give ourselves away; and if she found out I'd been deceiving her, she might drop me altogether—Don, I'd do *anything* for you. But don't you see how *unwise* it would be to risk trying to borrow from Josephine—so soon? When we've seen more of each other——"

"I shall probably be in gaol then."

Lucia wrung her hands at the thought.

"Don, I shall ask Josephine. I shall try to think of something to tell her."

Their eyes met. Don's had a strange dark look that somehow frightened her. His mind seemed far away.

SHE decided on appendicitis.

She was not really a good actress; and Josephine had a fair knowledge of all things fashionable, including fashionable diseases. When Lucia had retired to bed twice, complaining of "pains," Josephine had been very kind, forgoing expeditions with Waveney, and offering to read—from one of the inferior novels she favoured—to her suffering sister. But, asked to locate the pain, Lucia placed it too far up for appendicitis.

"I'm sure your doctor was mistaken," Josephine said at once. "Scores of my friends have been operated on for it." She went on, with an air of prospective enjoyment: "I'll take you into Edinburgh and we'll see Sir Stanley Frazer; he's a very big surgeon. I'm sure he'll set your mind at rest at once, dear. Even if you do have to have some kind of an operation there's nothing to worry about. People *like* having them nowadays. And I'll put you into a nice nursing home and I'll come to see you every day. I simply love visiting people in nursing homes; there's something so thrilling about surgeons."

Lucia said feebly:

"I'd rather wait till after my holiday, Josephine. You're so kind you give me courage to ask you—would you lend me the money for my operation and nursing? I don't know exactly—I think it would be about a hundred pounds?"

"Oh, my dear, of course I should get them to send me the bills. But I'm sure you're mistaken. Now be a good child; and, if you feel fit for it to-morrow, we'll get Jack to drive us into Old Reekie. That's what they call Edinburgh. Isn't it devastatingly funny ? "

Under the bedclothes Lucia's hands were clenched. Sardonic laughter at the mess she had made of the affair mingled with her agony of anxiety for Don and her fury against the bustling, happy Josephine. But she heard Josephine at the telephone below and resigned herself to the farce.

Waveney, when he helped her into the car, was very kind and even tender ; being the sort of man (she thought) who likes to think of women as weaker vessels. So different from Don, who brought all his troubles to her !

Sir Stanley was a grave man ; but he laughed when he had finished his examination. Lucia was not surprised to hear that she was " as sound as a bell."

She had to bear a good deal of kindly chaff from Josephine and Waveney. But, as the car went down Princes Street to a restaurant, she suddenly looked so ill that they were repentant and concerned.

" It's been a strain on the child," Josephine said, very elder-sisterly.

Lucia had just seen Don walking slowly past the Scott Monument ; and there was a policeman behind him. This chance juxtaposition of persons made too vivid an appeal to her anxious heart.

She could not telephone to Don except in Josephine's absence ; and she had warned Don not to call her up again. She yielded at once, with an air of gratitude, to Josephine's appeal that she should stay till the end of July. Lucia saw that the appendicitis story had endeared her to Josephine, who liked even imaginary invalids. To stay longer would mean more time for plotting to help Don ; and Lucia was so singlehearted in her feeling for him that she would have broken all her professional engagements for his sake.

She wrote to him, not giving details of her humiliation, but stating that she had failed to get any money out of Josephine. She was not, however, without hope.

Don did not reply to the affectionate apologetic letter. But, a few mornings later, when they were going to the bathing-pool, Josephine said :

" Rather an annoying thing happened this morning. I had a letter from my cousin Donald Carteret. *Our* cousin, I mean." With an increase of her kind feeling Josephine was becoming dimly aware of Lucia's pride.

Lucia, her heart throbbing fiercely, stared at the glittering lake, and could say only :

" Really ? "

" Yes. He has had the assurance to write asking me for money. Let's sit down for a minute." They sat on a seaweedy rock, decorated with white barnacles and flowerlike red and brown sea-anemones curving over tiny pools. " You don't remember him of course. You can't have been more than five the last time he came. It was the Christmas holidays. Auntie Joan was ill and I didn't go to Bath. Your mother gave a children's party "—

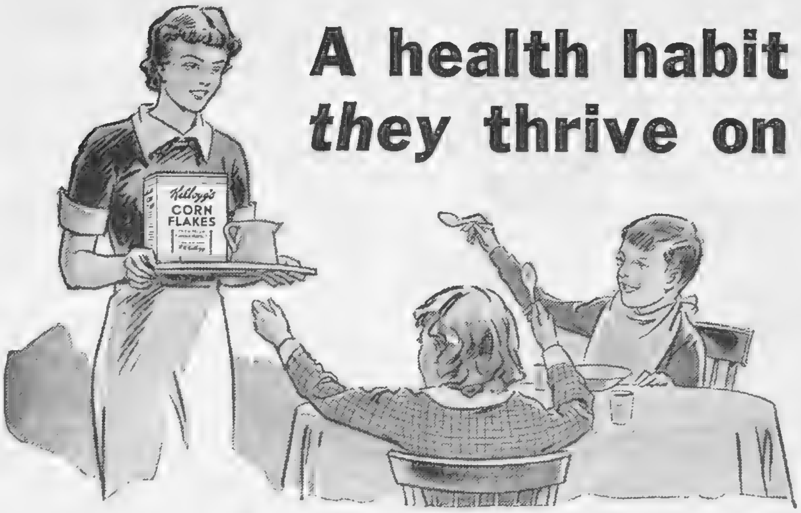
" I can remember the tree. . . . Mother always liked Don," Lucia said faintly.

The look that crossed Josephine's amiable face was a reflection of the amused tolerance with which the more good-natured portion of her friends had regarded Lucia's mother and her tastes. Lucia interpreted the look and added it to the long list of resentments written in her heart.

" She was very kind," Josephine said, her native sweetness ousting conventional stupidity. " It was such a *pity* "— She sighed. " Well, whatever Donald was then he turned out very badly afterwards. Terrible. Poor Dad knew things—Why, when he belonged to that gang in New York, he positively consorted with criminals. He says in his letter he's lost his job through no fault of his own : but I shouldn't wonder if they'd heard something about his past. Though poor Dad never breathed a word to anyone."

" To you apparently." Lucia smiled bitterly. Josephine was puzzled.

" Well, of course, in the family. . . . I can't understand (*Continued on page* 136)



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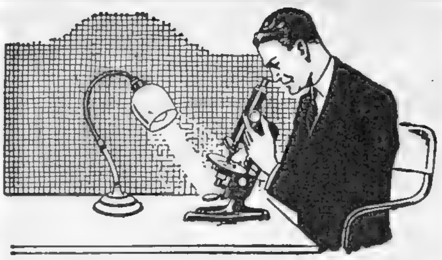

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how Donald got my address here. No matter. He has the impertinence to say that he expected Dad to leave him something."

"Well, you say yourself blood's thicker than water," Lucia said. "And really it *wasn't* leaving him anything to say he was to have it only if you died without having any children." She gasped at her indiscretion; for, speaking sincerely on Don's behalf, she had forgotten her hypothetical ignorance of him and his affairs.

Happily the allusion to children had sent Josephine off on another track. A dreamy look of sentiment came into her face; and increased as Waveney in his swim-suit broke through the hazels and came jumping over the rocks.

"I've no right to meddle, of course, and I don't know anything about it," Lucia said. "Only I've known a lot about poverty and I don't like to think of people being driven desperate for want of a little money."

"It would be silly to send a man like that money—it would just lead to further demands. And it really isn't kindness to give money, but to help people to make it for themselves. I'm going to ask Mr. Waveney's advice about it." Josephine patted Lucia's arm as if condoning her rash warmth of heart.

The swimming lesson was long that day. Josephine, laughing and panting, asked Waveney if he'd ever seen anyone so stupid at it.

"I don't care if it goes on for ever," he replied. Josephine, blushing, looked very well in spite of the unbecoming cap.

They did not row out to the raft that day because there was a breeze in the open water. But it was luxuriously warm in the pool and Josephine, after Waveney was gone, lay idly on Benito, her mouth smiling, her eyes sentimental. Lucia had dressed and sat in the punt with what Josephine called her "eternal crochet."

"You're such an industrious little soul."

"I have to be," Lucia quite snapped. She was in torture till she knew the result of Josephine's colloquy with Waveney. Selfish wretches!

It was pretty much as she had feared. Jack Waveney had said that only inferior men asked girls for money; had warned Josephine that "that sort of thing" might go on for ever.

Nevertheless Josephine—because blood was thicker than water—was going to send her cousin a cheque for fifty. It was really more than she could afford. Don—would Lucia believe it?—had actually asked for a couple of hundreds.

Three days later Lucia, lingering behind while Josephine went to the pool, saw the postman and ran. At last Don had sent a letter.

A dreadful letter.

LUCIA'S grim self-control enabled her to appear at lunch a little pale but neat and beautiful in a washing-silk frock, yellow, with brown spots.

"How nice!" Josephine was eating enthusiastically. "Isn't it a glorious day? See how brown my arms are now! Naughty girl to miss your swim."

Lucia explained that she had crossed the road and wandered up the hillside. So lovely there!—she had forgotten the time.

"We'll go to Ardmally and have a picnic tea," Josephine said; adding that Waveney could not come because he was on a committee to arrange a fête in the neighbourhood. Highland games and dancing and all those devastating things. Lovely that Lucia would be able to see it.

Josephine drove the car to Ardmally; and they opened the big tea-basket in a scene of loveliness by a waterfall. Lucia's heart contracted at the beauty of the day, the peace of the sweet place. After tea Josephine lay down on a rug and some of her many cushions and fell asleep. Lucia sat tensely, now and then glancing at the large child-like face with its sweet look of content.

The dreadful letter was secured in Lucia's underclothing; for she dared not leave it anywhere, nor dared she destroy it. It contained orders that were hard to obey; but to disobey them would mean to her something worse than death.

Don wrote revealing desperate circumstances. He was resolved to end his miserable life of struggle and shift. (Lucia had been pierced with terror here: but, reading on, saw that Don did not mean suicide.)

For the first time he expressed his desire for marriage. Lucia was so beautiful: he could not live without her. Marriage was impossible without money. Don must inherit his due. He could not inherit while Josephine was alive.

If Josephine were "out of the way" and Don had got his due, he and Lucia could be married and go to live somewhere in Europe. The loss of Lucia's two hundred a year would not matter when Don had got his "due" of eight thousand.

She remembered that strange look on his face on the Calton Hill. Had the idea come to him then? Or before? He had memorised everything that she had told him; of the loneliness of the place, of Josephine's habits. . . .

If Don could not get his due, all (he said) was over between them. He would go back to America and marry a woman with money.

Don was in imminent danger of arrest. He would not be taken alive. But—with his "due" made certain—he could borrow while the law-business was loitering.

No one would suspect. The thing, done so, would have a complete air of accident. It would, in fact, *be* an accident. Lucia not benefiting by old Rush's will, had no motive in the eyes of the law. The marriage could take place anywhere abroad.

Impossible that this should be real. Lucia heard the rush and sweet tinklings of the waterfall, the voices of sheep; saw the fine green turf dotted with tiny flowers, the trees, the hills, Josephine (now snoring a little) on her cushions. Yet a part of Lucia's consciousness was busy with details of a crime story that someone was going to write?

Josephine awoke, stretched, laughed, reached for the chocolates.

They went back to the cottage.

THE fete lasted for three days of brilliant heat.

Josephine had revelled in the first day; watching the Scottish dancing, seeing Waveney dance reels and schottisches with the people on the grass, hearing the pipes, seeing the devastating kilted men running, leaping, throwing hammers. Josephine and Lucia had tried to dance too and had been introduced to lots of county people.

But on the second day, with the thermometer rising, Josephine voted for a good laze. Waveney (she knew) had to go to Glasgow on business and would stay over the week-end.

Josephine, according to her previous arrangements, gave the servants a holiday to go to the fete—which took place some twenty miles away. Mac drove the two pleased girls in the car; he would not need to be back before five, when possibly the steamer might whistle to deliver a parcel or a wandering native.

Mac had inflated Benito. Josephine said that she would go down to the pool in the afternoon, she spent the morning lying in the garden. The roofish bedrooms were too hot.

"They're a drawback certainly," Josephine yawned. "I believe that's what has made you so pale."

Lucia said that she was all right: but she was dark-eyed, moving and speaking in an automatic way, as if her vitality were absorbed by some mental or physical endurance.

An hour after their light lunch, Josephine was still in the garden. No hurry, she said. Lucia said that she would have her swim.

She went to the telephone, rang up a number, spoke only two words:—

"About three."

She went down to the pool and swam a few strokes. Rowing the punt out to the gorgeous swelling Benito, she busied herself for some time with the rope in the boat's bow, then coiled it carefully. Something glittered in her little hand. She leaned out and just touched Benito's rubber flanks. Then, hearing Josephine's hail, she rowed back to the shore.

Josephine sat in the stern while Lucia rowed out again. Languidly, Josephine climbed on to Benito's back.

" Heavenly and cool."

Lucia rowed the punt to its iron ring in the rock, secured it firmly with the rope in the bow. Then plunged and swam for the shore.

" Going in already ? " Josephine called.

" Yes. I feel like sitting on that rock in the shade. I'm going back to the house for my crochet."

" Oh blow your crochet ! " Josephine laughed.

Lucia, in her canvas shoes, went swiftly back to the cottage. An intense hot silence was everywhere, making her feel blind and deaf. She dressed and waited in the sitting-room, starting and shaking when the telephone bell shrilled.

The message came :—

" Rhoda is very bad now. No hope. She is asking for you. Could you possibly come to-day ? "

The day before yesterday, Lucia, in the presence of the servants, had mentioned to Josephine that a girl-friend at Manchester was ill. Lucia had also, in the servants' presence, said one day to Josephine that it was rather risky to go into such deep water when one could not swim. The raft was " miles away."

" But I've the punt—even if Benito weren't so tried and trusted."

" Yes, of course, you've the punt. You must take care to keep Benito close to it."

" Oh I do. I give a little kick every now and then and he obeys like a lamb."

Now Lucia put on her coat, cap and gloves, and brought down her little attaché case. She scribbled a note to Josephine. Her friend was unexpectedly worse, begging to see her. She would take the second car, drive to Inverallan (ten miles distant) and catch the quarter to four train. She would ask someone to return the car to-night. She would let Josephine know when she was coming back. She did not want to spoil the " laze " by her bad news, so was just going off without seeing Josephine.

In the hot loneliness she seemed to make a tremendous noise with the car. She was not a good driver but, in this curious soldier-like state of obedience she would have tackled an aeroplane ; and she drove steadily, her beautiful face set, her mind empty of any thoughts except the observance of road rules. But she got to the station too early and found that the mere act of sitting down in the waiting room brought a horrible turmoil of mind. Had she done that ? Yes : it would always be there. Could she rush back in time to undo it ? No. If it were undone she would have lost Don. Nothing else mattered. All her life she had been wronged. Wrongs had to be paid for. The guilt lay with the people who had begun by putting things wrong, making her feel wicked.

She got into the train and sat alone in a third-class carriage.

But now and then she wanted to spring up and scream. The rubber monster, blue and black and crimson, lying on the water, the cut strands of the rope slowly disintegrating in the wash of the ebbing tide. The little holes in the monster slowly letting in, making him sag, wrinkle. The punt, loose now, drifting out into the open lake, down the lake, round its various bends to the sea. The raft twenty-five yards away, impossible to reach for anyone who could not swim.

Don had done this to her. Since her mother's death she had not loved anyone until she had met Don at a house where she had been asked to sing. She had given him her heart, had turned away from other men.

For a moment her being trembled on the verge of a *(Continued on page 138)*

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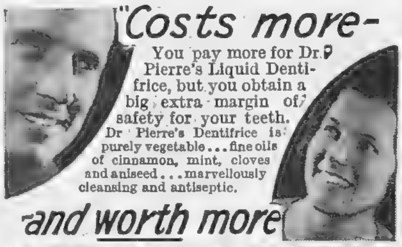

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Some German Holiday Resorts

MISDROY, the largest bathing resort on the island of Wollin, off the Pomeranian coast, has a delightfully sheltered situation amid woodland surroundings, and the trees and shrubs grow to the very edge of the beach

A SUMMER holiday spent at one of the bathing resorts of Germany offers endless opportunity for amusement, rest and recuperation.

The Baltic watering places have a unique charm in that the densely wooded country, which stretches in nearly every case to the coast, enables one at one and the same time to inhale the air both from the forest and the ocean, and also to undertake walking tours inland when the weather is unfavourable for basking by the sea.

The amusements offered to the visitor are unlimited, and include such a variety of pastimes as racing, sailing, aviation, aquatic sports, tennis, golf, sea fishing and riding.

The Mecklenburg coast is particularly celebrated for the charm of its landscapes, and at Heiligendamm, a favourite resort of the Mecklenburg aristocracy, every possible comfort and convenience is afforded to visitors. Rowing, sailing, tennis and golf are all available and walks and excursions in the neighbouring woods afford pleasing variety to the ordinary routine of a seaside holiday.

At Bad Doberan, a short distance inland by rail, there is horse-racing on the oldest racecourse in Germany, and architectural interests include the Gothic church and existing outbuildings of the former Cistercian monastery, which date from the Middle Ages.

Warnemünde, a little further east, is a seaside resort with very fine sands and picturesque woodland surroundings, and is well known as the starting point of the daily ferry-boat service to Gjedser, in Denmark. This service enables tourists to cross the beautiful Baltic Sea at a very moderate price, and no passport is necessary to land in Gjedser.

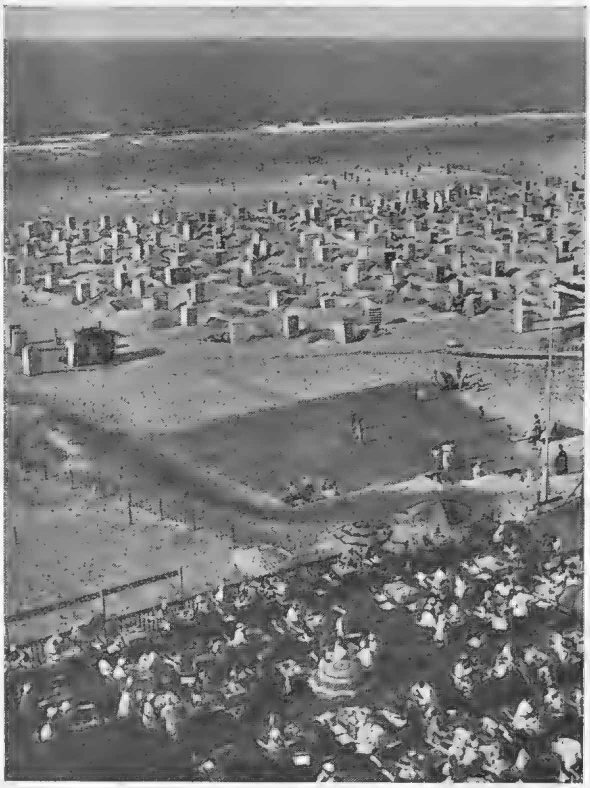
Between the Mecklenburg and the Pomeranian bathing resorts on the Baltic, Rügon stands out with its lofty, white chalk cliffs glittering far into the sea. It is the largest island off Germany, and on it is situated Binz, an entirely up-to-date international watering place with excellent sands and a fine bathing beach.

In an unbroken chain the series of Baltic coastal resorts continues through Kolberg, with its famous thirteenth-century Gothic cathedral, as far as the amber coast of East Prussia and up to Kurische Nehrung.

OF the North Sea bathing resorts, Heligoland, that island flung far out into the ocean, is by far the best known. The climate is mild, so that chestnut, mulberry and fig trees grow here. Places of interest include a very fine Marine Aquarium and North Sea Museum. Visitors to Heligoland should not fail to take a trip round the island to see the steep, crevassed cliffs on the west coast with numerous caves and grottoes where thousands of guillemots nest each year.

To the south-west of this island lies the attractive cluster of the East Frisian Islands. Norderney, one of the largest islands in the group, although only 9½ miles long and little over one mile broad, boasts a forest of 200 acres and has an excellent sea-water swimming bath with artificial waves in which one may splash when conditions are unfavourable for a dip in the open sea. Langeoog, another of the East Frisian islands, is the most important bird sanctuary on the German North Sea coast.

DELIGHTFUL surf-bathing, sunshine and bracing air all combine to make the North Sea resorts ideal places in which to spend a summer holiday, while the hot sea baths, medicinal baths of every kind, massage, gymnastics, dietetic and other internal treatments, which may be obtained everywhere, offer unusual advantages to those whose state of health demands rather more than the health-giving properties of the ordinary seaside holiday.



OF the East Frisian Islands off the North Sea coast Juist is one of the most popular holiday centres, and its long stretch of golden sand offers excellent opportunities for riding and beach games

---

dreadful knowledge of Don as he really was. But she was spared that realisation.

A Highland lad, nonchalantly driving a lorry-load of felled trees, saw no reason why he should not clear the level crossing before the train reached it. The signals were against him, but he was not going to stop for that.

At the impact the engine leaped from the rails. The first two carriages were jammed together. Lucia was in the first.

The driver, flung from the smashed lorry, had a marvellous escape. The train's driver and fireman were unhurt.

A little knot of men, appearing as if from uninhabited country, were gathered round the ruined carriages and panting engine, and passengers were jumping and struggling from the rest of the twisted train. The field-labourers, with tear-filled eyes and soft Highland voices, were lamenting the "only fatality" as they lifted Lucia's body from the wreckage.

JOSEPHINE, stretched on the monster, felt no need for any occupation save her own pleasant thoughts. She had not wetted her swim-suit, but the water rose coolly over her legs.

She thought, of course, of Jack Waveney; of the winter which she would probably spend in London with the Foljambes; of shopping. A black evening frock would look well with a diamond ring on her third left finger (she blushed). . . . She thought of Lucia: she would see a great deal of her half-sister, would help her a lot. She could manage (if she was careful) to give Lucia a cheque now and then, even a regular sum. Lucia was proud, but—now that she and Josephine had got to know each other so well—she would not mind taking an allowance from her sister.

She thought, too, of Don. Sweet of Lucia to be so sympathetic to an unknown cousin of sinister reputation. After all, Lucia was right. One could not be too kind when one was happy. (Josephine sighed blissfully.) Superior men were perhaps inclined to be too hard on outsiders. She would use her influence with Waveney, they would find Don some respectable job. It would be thrilling to reclaim him.

She looked up. Benito was rather far from the punt. Remembering Lucia's sisterly anxiety she kicked out a little. Benito moved rather heavily on the ebbing tide which was so gentle in the pool: but the punt was moving faster. Josephine glanced at the iron ring: the rope was still knotted to it—but was the rope long enough to allow the punt to float, as it now did, on the confines of the pool?

In another half-minute it had rounded the rocks, vanished into the open lake.

Certainly Benito felt heavy: his hindquarters were curiously low in the water: there were wrinkles in his shoulders.

Josephine, perfectly calm, put her hand under his ribs. The stopper was intact.

Benito began to twist: his body went flaccid. Suddenly a deep furrow came at the base of his neck, his head ducked forward absurdly with a hissing noise.

Josephine smiled.

"Oh, Benito!" she said with a soft reproach. She freed herself from the sinking mass, took a powerful stroke forwards, performed an admirable duck dive, came up and swam strongly round the pool. Her crawl stroke was infinitely better than Lucia's and, indeed, quite as good as Waveney's.

She lay on her back and laughed. Lucia, coming down with her crochet, would certainly see her; and Josephine had a touch of sentimental regret for her lost deception. Yet she was sure it had served its purpose.

Because Lucia had been right about Josephine: she had a strong Victorian complex. To reconcile her sense of propriety with her irrepressible longing to be held in Waveney's arms she had had recourse to that obsolete dodge, the jest of a bygone generation of humorists—pretending that she could not swim.

END

OUT ON
JULY 20TH

◆ ◆ ◆

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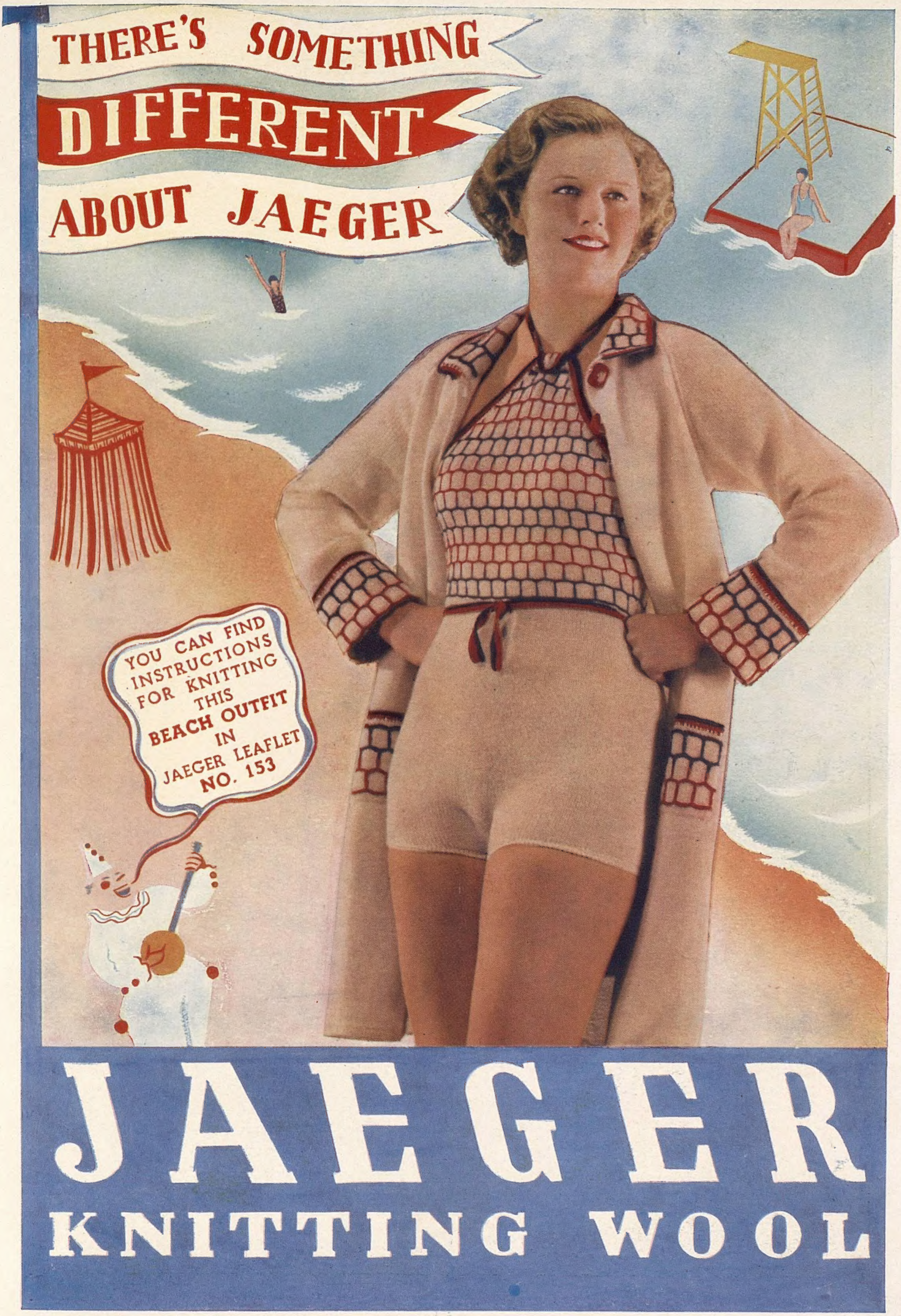
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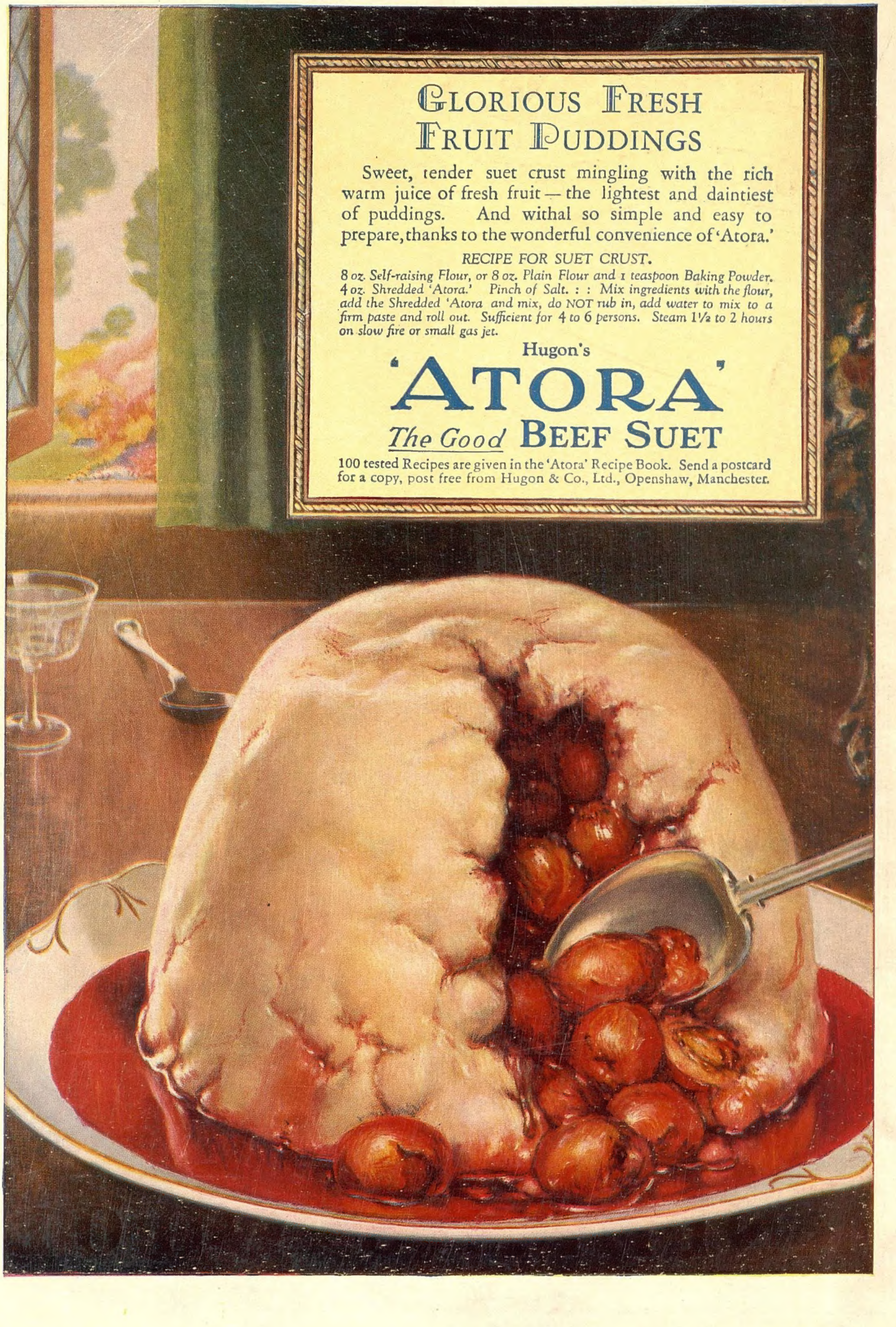

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